WEEK ENDING
JAN. 3, 1931

READERS SERVICE

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,250,000
NET PAID
CIRCULATION

Calendar-1931

January

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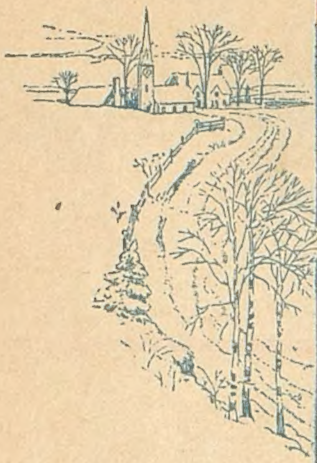
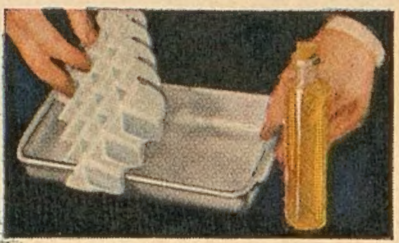
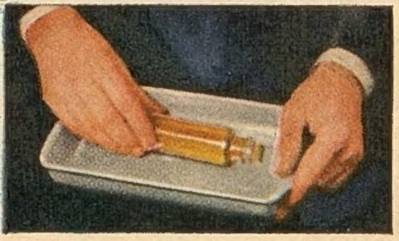
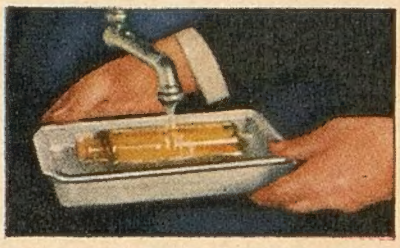




1 *Remove the ice-cube separators from one of the freezing pans of your refrigerator.*

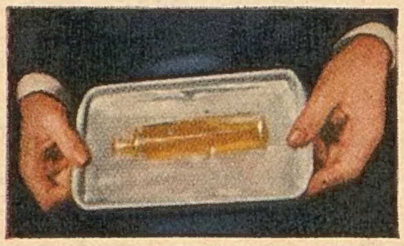


2 *Place a bottle of the new crack-proof Texaco Motor Oil, not quite full, in the pan.*

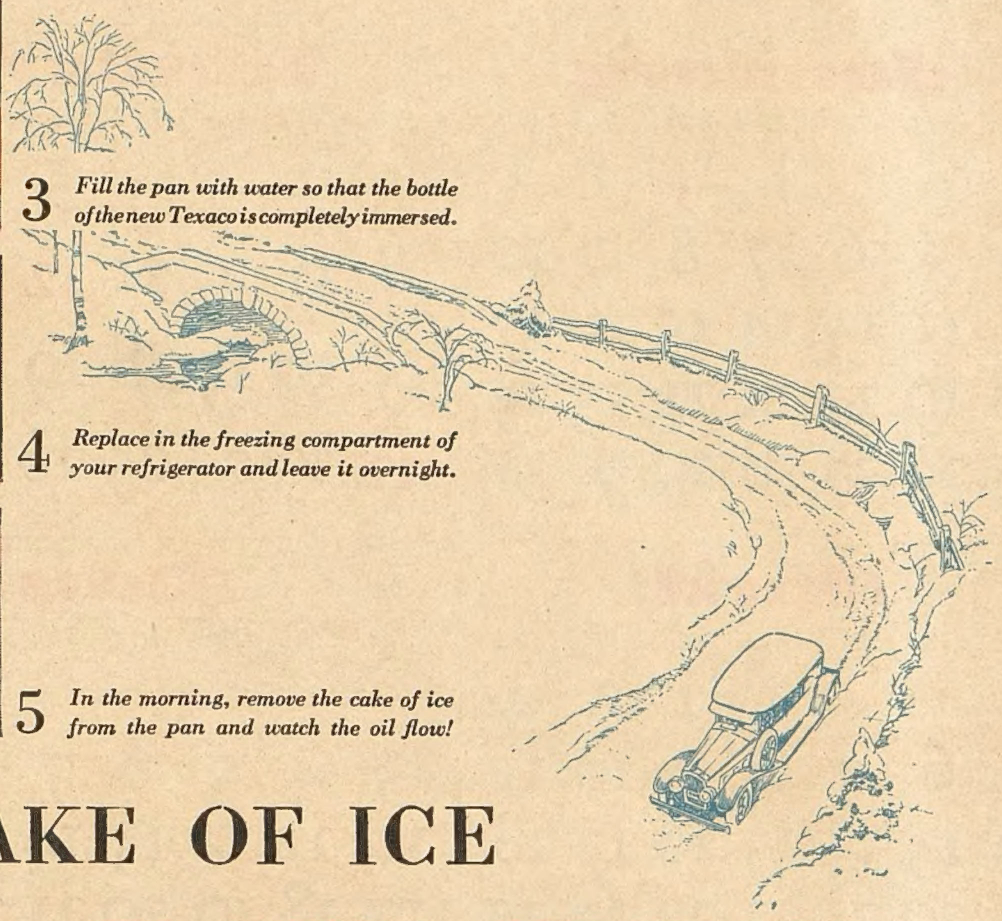


3 *Fill the pan with water so that the bottle of the new Texaco is completely immersed.*

4 *Replace in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator and leave it overnight.*



5 *In the morning, remove the cake of ice from the pan and watch the oil flow!*



FROZEN IN A CAKE OF ICE

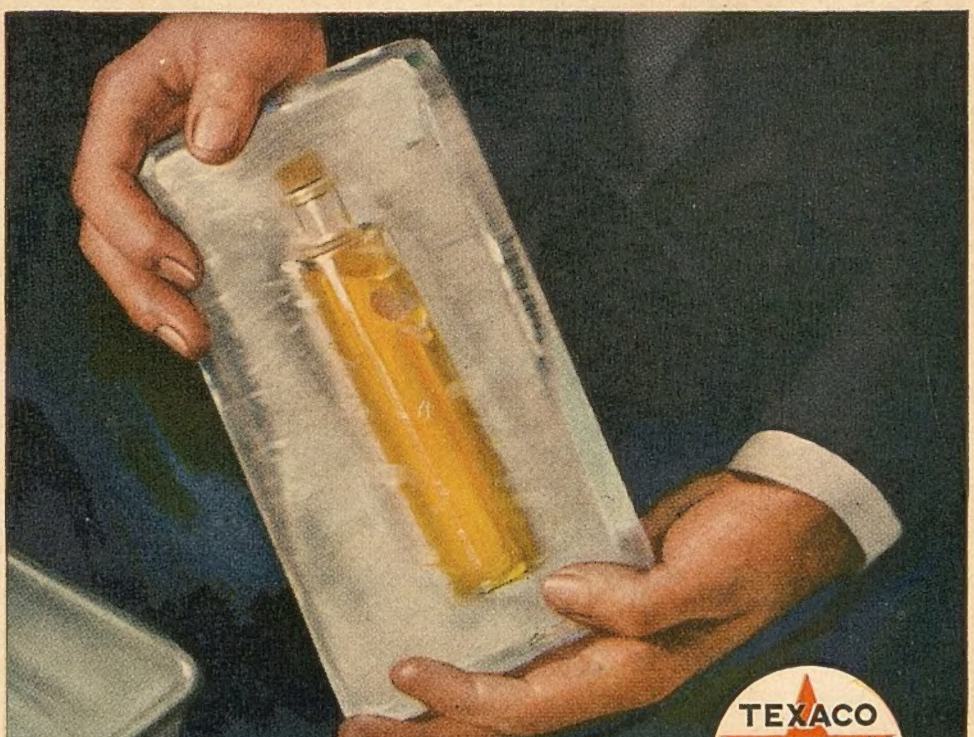
TEXACO FLOWS FREELY

HERE'S a convincing "cold pour" test that anyone can make in the freezing compartment of a refrigerator! Frozen in a solid cake of ice, the new crack-proof Texaco still flows freely.

Watch the bubble rise as you turn the cake of ice from end to end. Many oils are dangerously sluggish in the cold—many harden thick as grease. Such oils bring needless winter wear.

The new Texaco flows instantly. It lubricates even when water freezes! It is as free from objectionable carbon-forming impurities as from the cold-congealing substances that imperil an engine on frosty nights and mornings.

Drain out the old oil. Fill with the correct winter grade of the new crack-proof Texaco today.



THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial, Railroad, Marine and Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing

TEXACO

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THE NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

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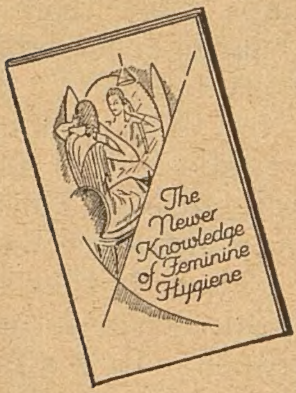
"CRACK-PROOF"···LONGER-LASTING

Such knowledge is too vital to be avoided . . . *or to be hushed*

and this one small booklet will tell you all the facts (without the embarrassment of asking anyone)


The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

GRADUALLY the fact dawns upon the young wife. Her married friends are showing reluctance to discuss one particular subject frankly. Surely they *are* her friends. She has always counted on them. And now they seem to be failing her when she has joined their ranks and needs the help of their experience.

Many women are so confused about feminine hygiene that they fear to discuss it. They refuse to assume the responsibility of advising others. But don't worry. The knowledge you seek is too vital to be avoided or to be hushed. An authoritative booklet has been prepared for your guidance. Send for a free copy of "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" and read the facts for yourself.

The old-time fear of poisons

The viewpoint of physicians on feminine hygiene is enlightening. Naturally you would expect them to appreciate the complete surgical cleanliness it affords. They do. But they do *not* approve the caustic and poisonous antiseptics that some women still think necessary to use. All too often they have seen the irreparable damage caused by old-fashioned methods and they will *not* sanction bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid.

Women never liked these poisons either. And when they discover *Zonite*, when they realize the difference, all the old fear leaves at once and forever.

Zonite is safe as pure water

Zonite is a modern antiseptic. That women today are grateful for Zonite is proved by the fast increasing number of its users.

Zonite is not caustic. Zonite is not poisonous. Zonite is safe in actual use and safe to use regularly. It cannot cause mercurial poisoning nor areas of scar-tissue; nor will it interfere with normal secretions. Zonite is safe even if accidentally swallowed. No need to worry about children getting hold of it. Yet—*Zonite is really far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* And in addition Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant.

Send for book of facts (free)

Send coupon today for the book of information and instruction on feminine hygiene. It is complete and revealing. Meanwhile you will find Zonite at drugstores in the United States and Canada. In bottles: 30c, 60c and $1.00. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION LI-11
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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JAN. 3, 1931

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 8, No. 1

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

COLUMBIA

This editorial is suggested by a report of Columbia University, whose campus and buildings are located in the heart of New York City.

The campus isn't much. Most university graduates, accustomed to wide stretches of tree-shaded lawn bordered by historic fences, would hardly call this a campus at all. Stores and apartments crowd in upon it, and there is little quiet.

According to the report, during the scholastic year which ended last September, Columbia enrolled 38,230 students, which would provide a population for a very fair-sized city. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that 52 per cent of the students were women. During the same period 5,069 individuals received 5,773 university degrees and diplomas—which, of course, count as the tangible evidence of the work done by the students.

Among these degrees that of Master of Arts was the one most frequently conferred. Recipients of the M.A., the report indicates, exceeded by 300 the combined total of students receiving the various baccalaureate degrees.

The baccalaureate degrees—Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, and so on—are the ones traditionally given for what are known as "college courses," usually completed in the four years immediately following high school. Masters' degrees come later, for work more advanced.

So Columbia is primarily a university, and only secondarily a college. They don't play such good football at Columbia (as the university registrar, who signs the report, points out), and undergraduate life as we find it in fiction and the movies is not so much in evidence.

But for all that, we think Columbia is as good a university as any, and perhaps better than any, for all American boys and girls to attend, because it is in the city of New York.

Here, in many ways, is the best possible background for a university.

It is the greatest of cities, and here things are always happening. The business of the nation has its nerve-center here. Here books and magazines are published, and here, sooner or later, most of the writers and artists come.

What is done in the American theater is done now almost entirely in New York. Ships come in from everywhere, bringing famous people from other lands. The surroundings are always glamorous and always alive. Even if you didn't attend a university, about all you need for a "higher education" is here for the asking.

For that reason it is a good place for every young American—*except* for New York boys and girls and perhaps those from Chicago, Philadelphia, and other large cities which have something of the New York tempo.

We think New York young people ought to go west of the Mississippi for their university training. The city of New York, curiously enough, has a broadening influence on everybody except New Yorkers. They, if they stay in New York, become provincial, because they somehow get so preoccupied with the city's affairs that they don't know, and don't bother to find out, what the rest of the country is like.

This is true of no other American city, and nobody knows exactly why it should be so, unless it is a survival of the old-world tradition that set London and Paris utterly apart from all the rest of the countries by which they are surrounded. Anyway, theater men in New York today speak vaguely of "the road" just as people in London have always spoken vaguely of "the provinces." And to most New Yorkers everything outside is dim and pretty much unknown.

But American boys and girls from any of the smaller communities, anywhere, could do no better than seek university training at Columbia. In addition to the background of which we have been speaking, it has famous educators and a president who seems to have a broad and genial view of life. We agree with him because he is a wet and disagree with him because he is a pacifist, and we think he is a particularly interesting public figure because you seldom find those two points of view in the same individual. Pacifist or not, he presides over an institution which might well have twice 38,000 students.

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Luxury with Economy

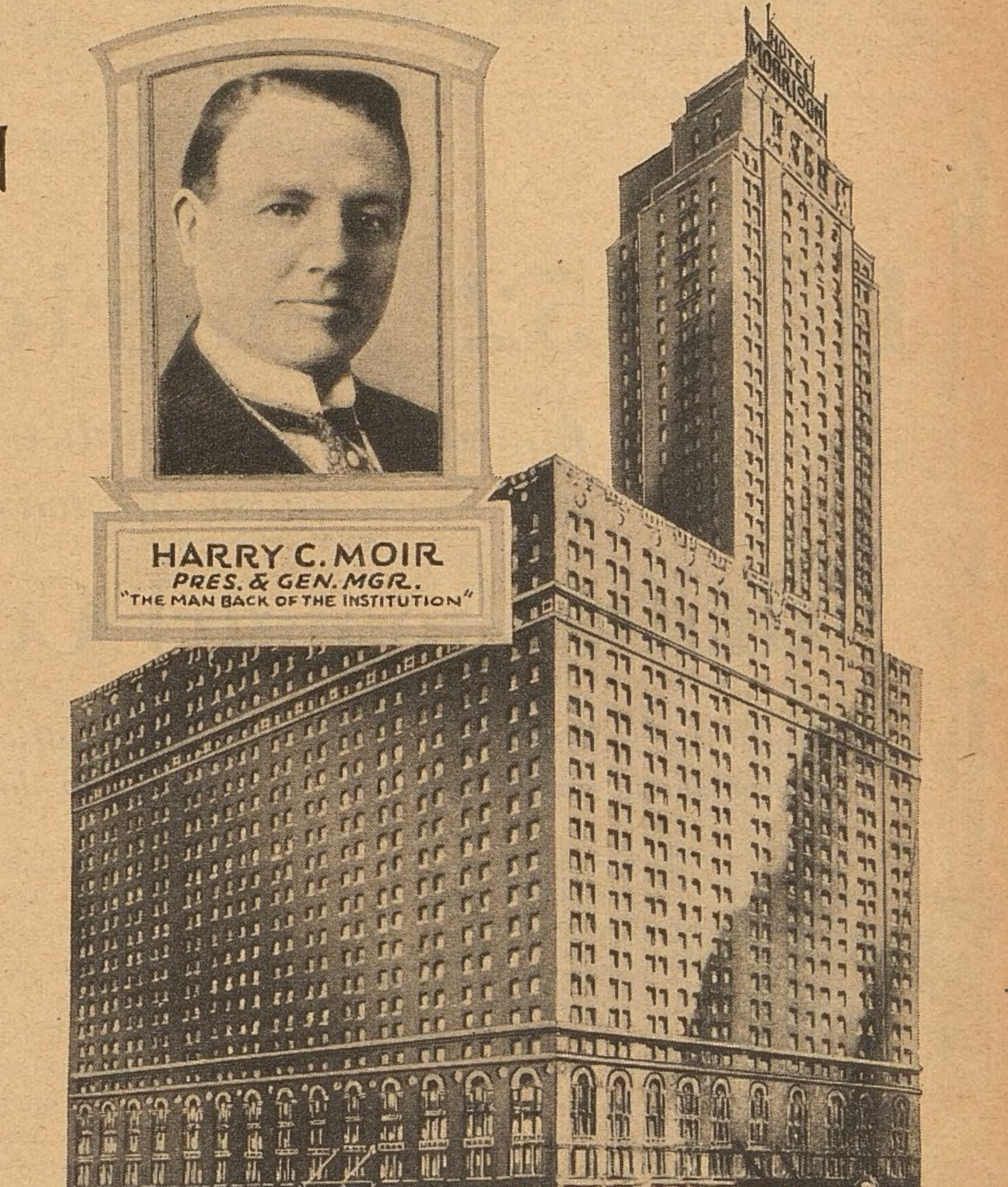
at Chicago's MORRISON HOTEL

A GUEST at the Morrison enjoys all the luxuries that only a hotel of premier standing can offer to travelers.

Here, every guest has an outside room with private bath, circulating ice water, bed-head reading lamp, telephone and Servidor. Every comfort is provided for—every service is immediately available.

Yet, in this great hotel—the tallest in the world—rates are remarkably low. Rooms may be rented for as little as $2.50. Meals may be had in the Terrace Garden or in the Boston Oyster House at moderate prices.

Morrison economy is made possible through the central location of this hotel. At the corner of Madison and Clark Streets, in the heart of the loop, sub-rentals pay all the ground rent and the saving is passed on to guests.



HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3,450 rooms

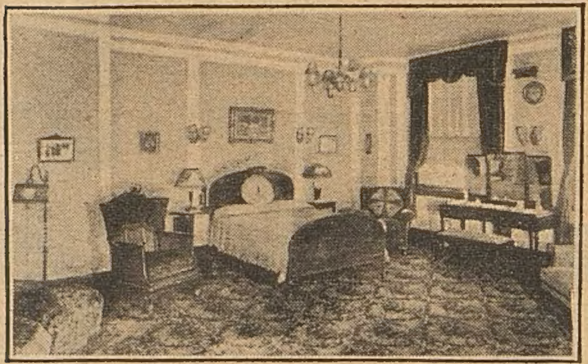


TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00
16 Corner Suites, $12.00	16 Suites, $15.00	6 Suites, $20.00

Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

MORRISON HOTEL

Corner of Madison and Clark Sts. "In the HEART of CHICAGO"

BOSCH
of New York

MYNDALL CAIN
of Minneapolis

JULIA AKERGREN
of San Francisco

PIERRE, of New York, whose fame as a beauty specialist is international

ROSE LAI
of New York

PEARL UPTON
of Chicago

"LORENZO"
of Omaha
(Brandeis Store)

TOM JAMES
of Dallas

FRANK GERLACH
of Columbus, Ohio

In 1552 American Cities

famed beauty specialists urge the olive and palm oil way to keep

that Schoolgirl Complexion

And over 20,000 of the world's beauty specialists agree—a vast professional endorsement unlike anything ever known in the history of beauty culture

EVA O. STERM
of Chicago

ROBERT BISHINGER
of Pittsburgh, Pa.

FRESH, exquisite coloring. Fine, smooth, flawless skin. They can be and they should be yours, experts insist.

"If women would only learn the importance of foundation cleansing!" one hears over and over again.

And it's this emphasis on foundation cleansing that has led to the recommendation of Palmolive Soap, by more than 20,000 experts all over the world. In America, alone, specialists in 1552 cities repeat this advice to their patrons.

To keep that schoolgirl complexion

With the fingertips, massage a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin of face and throat. Rinse it off with plenty of warm water, then with cold. An ice massage is a refreshing astringent.

That's the home treatment Dumas, of New York, suggests. So do Emile et Paul, Pierre, Robert, Fred, of the St. Regis. In Chicago you find experts like Eva O. Sterm, of the Congress, Carter, of the Blackstone, Madame Condos—enthusiastic about Palmolive. 76 of the entire 80 shops in Hollywood advise it!

Why not try Palmolive for a week and see what it does for you? You'll soon be using it for bath as well as face. It costs only 10c the cake, you know.

Palmolive Radio Hour

Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time — over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

FREDERIC
of Philadelphia

BATTEL
of Boston

JESSICA BOURNE
of Portland, Ore.

ADOLPHE
of Atlanta

EVELYN CASSIDY
of Hollywood

FLORENCE CARLSON
of Duluth

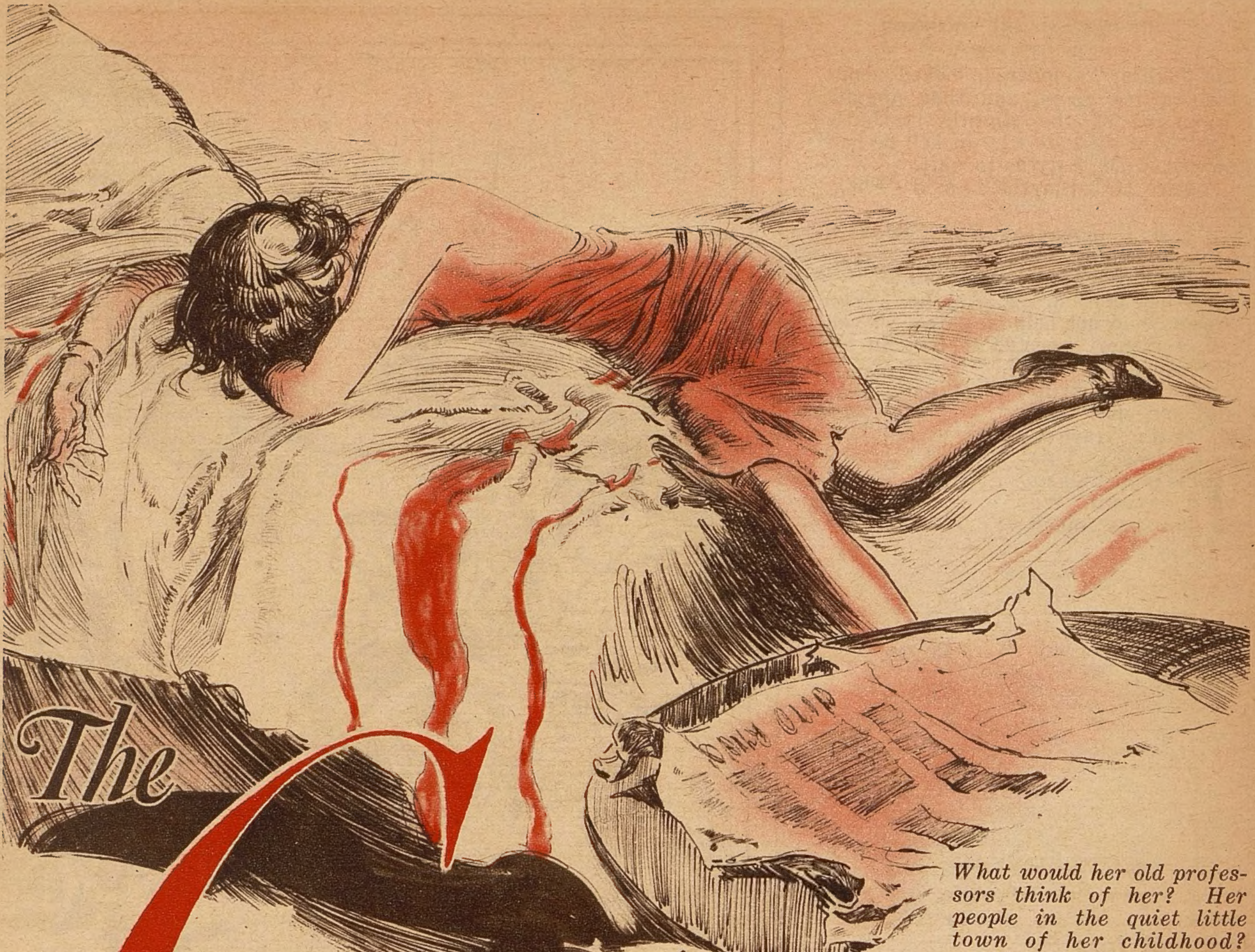
SUZANNE
of Washington D. C,

KATHRYN DWYER
of Cleveland

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

6276

Retail Price 10c



What would her old professors think of her? Her people in the quiet little town of her childhood? Abby cried for an hour.

The Cat and the Bolster

The Story of a Soft-Hearted Sleuth

By

JOHN A. MOROSO

a native of South Carolina now living in New Jersey. His last newspaper job was reporting Lindbergh's arrival at Le Bourget for the Paris Herald. He has written short stories, scenarios, and novels.

Pictures by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

(Reading time: 27 min. 15 sec.)

"ABBY SMYTHE, Ph. D.," had a distinctly pleasing sound to the young woman who, after four years of hard study, waiting on table, selling lotions, even scrubbing, successfully attained the right to so sign herself.

But getting a job in New York, a job that would furnish three meals a day and a shelter for the night, on the strength of mere education, was another matter. Nobody was hiring young philosophers, however pretty and vivacious, that year.

The Vincent murder case was filling the tabloids to overflowing. One couldn't help but read it, so stark was the tragedy and, as the story unfolded, so bitter the disappointment of life to the central figures. One couldn't help but feel sorry for the woman in Tombs prison and sorry for her slain husband.

Dr. Smythe studied it unself-consciously and tick-tacked on her secondhand machine a brief philosophic and psychological treatise of the crime, presenting herself at the outer gate of the city room of the Daily Clip and requesting that it be shown the editor. In due time

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CAT AND THE BOLSTER
Continued from page seven

the "editor" appeared, looked about the waiting room, and then angrily demanded of the slightly scorbutic Nathan-at-the-gate why in hell he had not asked Dr. Smythe to wait.

"I'm Dr. Smythe," said Abby, rising.

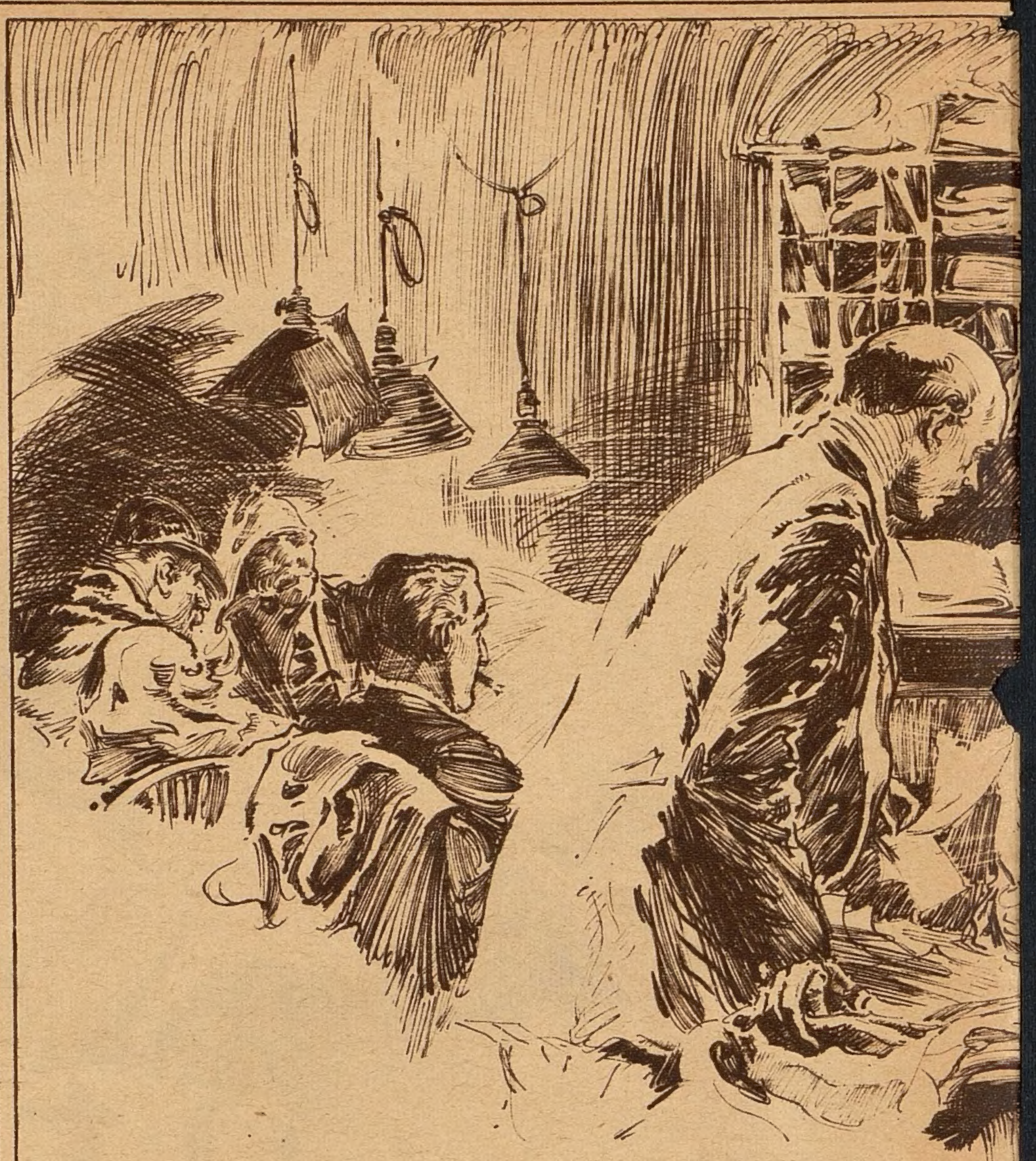
"You?" demanded Van Siclen in astonishment.

"Yes. Barnard 'twenty-nine."

"I beg pardon, Dr. Smythe." Van Siclen could not help laughing. "You see, I rather expected to find an old gentleman or an old lady with wrinkles and specs and all that. Have a seat, please. This article is just about what we want. We do not pay much for stuff from the outside." His keen gray eyes were studying her.

"I might be able to write others for you," said Abby. "Or, if there is a chance, I could work regularly for you."

She held her breath in anxiety as he pondered a moment, excused himself, and darted back in his mysterious realm. It seemed hours before he returned to usher her within. It was coming evening and reporters, male and female, were banging out the news grist of the day, the A. P. wire cricketing wildly, copy readers, with bared arms, bending low to the job at a semicircular desk. Yells of "Boy!" rose above the machine sounds.



"WHAT do you think, Charlie?" Barron asked. "The sob is there good and plenty," replied Graves. "But it's different from the sort we usually use."

Van Siclen led Dr. Smythe to a desk in a far corner and Graves, the city editor, rose and bowed politely, drawing a chair.

Abby Smythe had a job at thirty a week in the course of the next five minutes and was asked to report the next afternoon at two o'clock.

At the end of the first week Van, who was the assistant city editor, came over to her desk and from under his green eye shade said, "Your stuff is great stuff, Abby, but you *will* keep on calling Mrs. May Vincent by her full name. And you haven't got the sob yet."

"But Mrs. Vincent is forty," she reminded him.

"She could be fifty-five and it would be all right with me. She could almost be a grandmother and I wouldn't kick. She makes a peach of a picture and therefore she is May to us and our readers. Do you get it?"

"Yes, sir."

"'Ata girl! You'll make plenty good. Just get rid of some of the education and refinement."

He turned, a little wearily, to resume the routine of his job. One of his duties was to get the beginners off to the right start.

If, he told himself, this slender bit of female reporterhood, with her education, thought that she could continue to grow as the rose she was in his garden of tabloid journalism, the sooner she realized that a strong weed was wanted the better for her peace of mind and her pocketbook.

ABBY SMYTHE, Ph. D., made a note, "May." Then she resumed her study of the latest developments in the Vincent murder case.

Mrs. Vincent's life had been one of luxury until the night her husband came to their apartment penniless. Many other speculators had suffered the same fate; some had committed suicide and some had been taken to sanitariums. Sinclair Vincent had not only lost his own fortune but also his wife's. But he did not kill himself or go mad.

Jewels, automobiles, paintings, plate, rugs gradually went from them.

After the winter of disaster the springtime found them in a lodging house. The landlady told the police of a bitter quarrel one night. The following morning the wife was gone.

The husband lay dead on the floor of the room, a pistol bullet high up in the center of his back. May Vincent was found in a distant city and brought back to New York on suspicion of homicide.

The night of the tragedy had been warm. The time of the murder was fixed at ten o'clock. The window overlooking the street was found open the next morning. Rain had set in shortly after ten and much of it had come into the room. It was reasonable to suppose that had Vincent been alive when the rain started he would have closed the window. The dead body lay face downward, the head farthest from the window, as if he had turned from looking out.

"Why did Mrs. Vincent—May—kill her husband, if she did kill him?" began Abby. But she did not get on with the job.

"WHAT'S the matter, little one?" came a pleasant voice at her right shoulder. "Tired?" Of course it was Jimmy Luffboro, the kindliest of men, never entirely sober, never hopelessly otherwise, brilliant, the star of the staff.

"No, Mr. Luffboro; not exactly."

He leaned over and read her opening sentence.

"Say, little one," he exclaimed, "you're starting something. Nobody has even suggested that she might not have killed her husband. But, hell, what's the use? The desk won't stand for that kind of a yarn. May is already convicted by the tabloids and the harpies are all praying for another female execution and the chance of getting a snapshot of the electrocution. Stick to the old psychology. Start all over.

"I'm out for a drink. If Van calls for me you go up to him and whisper that Jimmy has gone out to buy a new hat. It will make him furious."

Abby delved into the drawer of her desk and drew forth a copy of Criminal Psychology, by Hans Gross, sometime professor of criminal law at the University of Graz, Austria.

Van wanted more of a sob in her stuff. It was distasteful, but thirty a week was heaven to a girl who had been hunting a job for nearly a year.

She turned to the chapter headed "Emotion" and began her article with this quotation:

> We lay a cat on a soft bolster — she stretches herself, spreads and thins herself out, in order to bring as many nerve termini as possible into contact with the pleasant stimuli of the bolster. This behavior of the cat may be construed as instinctive, also as the aboriginal source of the sense of comfort, which Roscher calls highest. (I. Luxury in eating and drinking. II. Luxury in dress. III. Luxury in comfort.)

"What would the cat do," wrote Abby, "to one who suddenly and violently jerked the bolster from beneath it?"

She was typing rapidly when Jimmy returned with his new hat, several of them. He leaned over her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CAT AND THE BOLSTER
Continued from page nine

shoulder and read the opening with gleaming, intelligent eye.

"It's a wow, Abby!" he said.

II

OVERNIGHT, with the Cat and the Bolster article, Abby achieved high fame in tabloid circles, but it was a fame that shriveled her soul. She unfolded her paper in her room as she nibbled her toast and sipped her coffee. Across the top of the first page was a streamer reading, "The Cat and the Bolster, by Abby Smythe, Ph. D.," and in small type beneath, "See page 3 for article."

The rest of the space was given to a composite picture. It showed Mrs. Vincent coiled on a silken lounge, two terrible hands reaching to yank it from under her.

The face of the unfortunate woman, a rather pretty, somewhat sad face, was from her photograph. Another woman had posed for the body, showing a shapely leg, a pose of extreme sensuousness.

The hands were real hands—long, lean, brutally knuckled, black, greedily reaching to destroy.

What would her old professors think of her? Her people in the quiet little town of her childhood? With the text she had supplied, this ghastly illustration brought her paper's treatment of the accused woman to the limit of persecution. Abby cried for an hour.

But in the offices of rival tabloids envious managing editors and city editors studied the picture and read and reread the text. Something had been put over on them. And it did not seem to be merely a one-day smash, for this acquisition of the Daily Clip, this college kid raw to the game, knew her onions.

Worried and ashamed, Abby reached the office at two in the afternoon and slipped into her chair. Perhaps Mr. Graves, the city editor, had been drinking when he passed that picture. What would Mr. Barron, the managing editor, think? Jimmy Luffboro leaned over from his desk and whispered, "They're in a huddle in Barron's office. Listen, little one, don't put your name on the dotted line for less than one-fifty per week. The other tabs are out to get you. Not a cent less than one hundred and fifty smackers, and only for one year, with an option for two hundred the next year."

ABBY didn't believe it until the contract was signed. She had blindly followed Jimmy's advice, sometimes hoping during the conference that the figure would be refused and that in her spare time she might manage to find a job that would not hurt her sense of right and decency. By itself, her article had not too greatly violated her conscience. But the faked picture exploiting her effort, carrying her good name!

The following pay day her envelope contained seven crisp twenty-dollar certificates and a ten. She had never had that amount of money at one time in her life. She could command every little comfort a fastidious young woman could desire—a room with sunlight, her own bath and a kitchenette, a comfortable bed that was a lounge in the daytime, warm clothes, a picture or two, and a bookshelf.

Jimmy Luffboro, in the pay line behind her, laughed his delight at her success. He had no conscience to worry him. His finer sensibilities had been planed down long ago by the exigencies of tabloid existence, and humanity was divided into but two parts: sweetie and boy friends, its *raison d'être*, Love, with Love's ugly sister, Hate.

She invited him to dinner with her that evening at the Beaumont, after the first dead line, eight o'clock.

"Check," said Jimmy.

A red-haired stalwart, with blue eyes ever laughing, coming out of the great West somewhere, care-free, indulgent to others and self-indulgent, Jimmy's charm was natural, holding men as well as women. More than once he had put on the wire for an incapacitated rival a better story than he had supplied his own sheet.

Van was pleased with their respective news and psychological stories of the Vincent case that afternoon, and being informed by Jimmy that a little dinner of celebration was on the carpet, told them to take their time, report by telephone at ten o'clock, and that if there was nothing doing then the rest of the evening was theirs.

"But get on the job early in the morning, Jimmy," said Van. "Meet Abby and see whether you can't get May's lawyer to let her have a talk with her. If you can manage an exclusive interview I can see a fat bonus for you."

In the taxicab Jimmy managed to extend as many nerve termini as possible into contact with the pleasant stimuli afforded by Abby Smythe, Ph. D., until she protested.

"Please don't, Jimmy. You've had a drop too much."

"No, little one. It isn't that."

"Then what is it?" she asked, laughing.

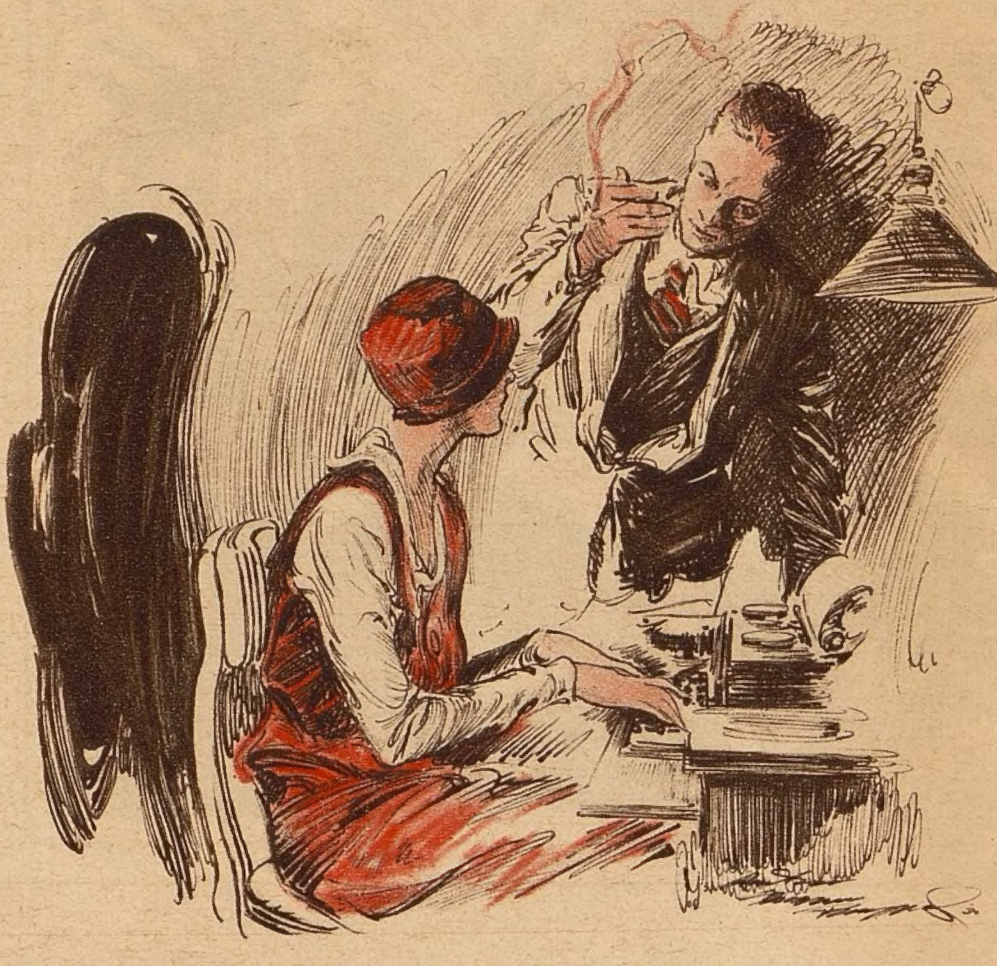
"Well, from the first yarn you turned out, I've been hoping for you to make a quick smashing hit. But I was afraid another sheet would grab you and I'd have to change my job. But now you're nailed down right next to Jimmy's desk. What more could a fellow ask?"

"You like me that much, Jimmy?"

"Abby." He paused to summon his eloquence for a noble flight. "Abby, when I'm close to you I feel like that—that—er—cat of yours. You're my bolster!"

Her little hands pushed him away. She was about as near furious as a philosopher could be.

"You're greatly mistaken, Mr. Luffboro," she informed him, "if you think I'm something to be clawed and rolled over on."

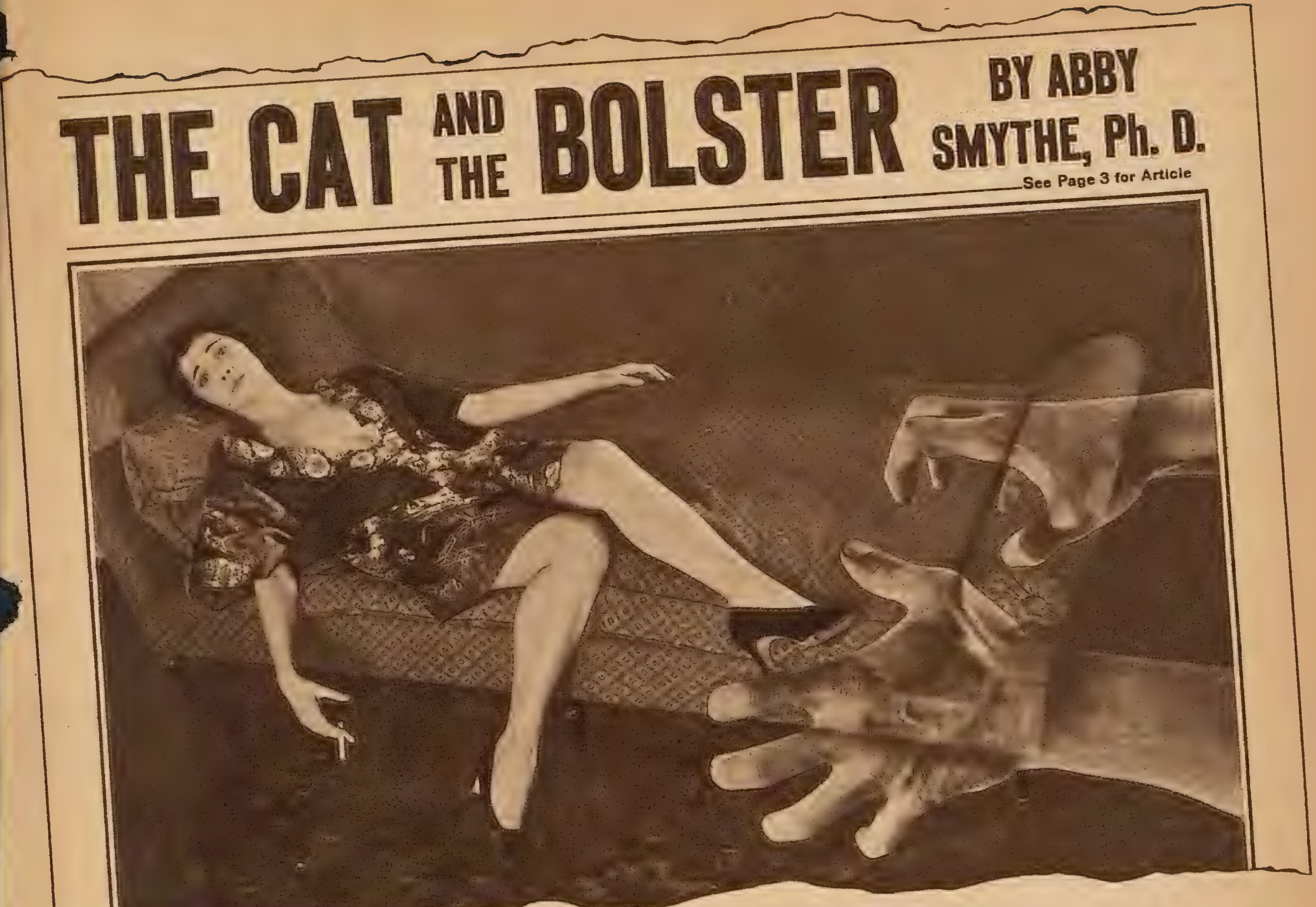


"Say, little one, you're starting something. Nobody has even suggested that she might not have killed her husband."

They were at the hotel. Nothing could jar Jimmy's nonchalance. He stepped from the cab and extended a hand. "Forgive me, dear," he whispered. "I just can't help thinking what a knockout that Cat and Bolster piece was."

III

ELISHA TRENT of Trent & Campbell, lawyers, had consistently refused to receive representatives of the tabloid section of the press. As an old friend of Mrs. Vincent's family he had offered his services to the accused lady without fee. He had known her since childhood. Old-fashioned, not realizing how much harm he might do her cause by antagonizing newspaper men, Trent, nevertheless, took second thought on his attitude when his secretary showed him the Cat and the Bolster article



THE CAT AND THE BOLSTER BY ABBY SMYTHE, Ph. D.

See Page 3 for Article

The face of the unfortunate woman was from her photograph. Another woman had posed for the body. The hands were real hands—long, lean, black, greedily reaching to destroy.

with its illustration. He would like to see what manner of woman scholar this Abby Smythe was, would like to talk with her, but his pride prevented him inviting her to his office.

Her card was brought in by his secretary. "There's that reporter from her paper—the one that's been pestering us—with her," said Miss Caldwell.

"Let them in."

Trent rose as they entered, a broad-shouldered man of fifty, shaggy gray eyebrows, saggy, thoughtful features, piercing little black eyes, like shoe buttons.

"You are Dr. Smythe?" he asked, plainly astonished.

"Yes."

"The one who signed that article, The Cat and the Bolster?"

Abby's face was pale and at the reproach in his nicely modulated, fatherly voice her soft eyes became moist.

She did not answer the question.

"I would like to interview Mrs. Vincent," she managed to say.

"My dear child, my dear child." Mr. Trent half turned in his chair and stared thoughtfully at the rug. "I have a daughter about your age, just graduated, Master of Arts, I think. If she had taken a Ph. D. do you think I, her father, would let her assume the responsibility of molding public opinion in the matter of the life or death of a woman?"

Abby was twisting her fingers in her lap, her embarrassment increasing, her face flushed. She felt that any moment she would begin to cry. There was something about Mr. Trent, especially his voice, that made her think of her own father.

"Mr. Trent," she began with a catch in her voice, "I might just as well tell you. I had no idea such a picture would be made for the article I wrote. It is that article you are thinking of."

"My client, Miss Smythe," he offered, "is like hundreds and hundreds of other well bred women. She came on misfortune, just as many, many people have come on misfortune. Your fantastic theory could not apply to her. She gave her money to her husband freely, to help him in a last desperate effort to recoup. Any faithful wife would have done the same thing."

"WILL you be able to produce evidence at the trial to prove that, Mr. Trent?" asked Jimmy.

"Certainly."

"But the quarrel just before the murder?" insisted Jimmy.

"Nerves."

"Her running away?"

"She didn't run away. She left and went to the home of an old friend. She was penniless and a burden to her husband."

He turned to Abby again. "I believe, Miss Smythe, that you would like Mrs. Vincent and that she would like you. You know she had but one child, a daughter who is dead."

"Oh!" Abby's face went into her hands. That was the reason for that somewhat sad look in her photograph, the thing that made so terrible the faked pose on the silken lounge, made it as incongruous as it was cruel.

"Don't be disturbed, my dear child," said Trent. "Mrs. Vincent does not read the tabloids."

"None of us knew about that—her child," said Jimmy.

"In one of the articles printed," continued Trent, "it was said that my client was of the cold type, perhaps the calculating and selfish type. If I am not mistaken,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CAT AND THE BOLSTER
Continued from page eleven]

Schopenhauer was quoted, a philosopher accepted by many as a mere misogynist, a hater of women."

He had a copy of Criminal Psychology on his desk, a place marked with a slip of paper. He opened it and turned to Abby.

"You might have gone further in your study of Gross, Miss Smythe," he said. "After all his lengthy and careful analysis of women as witnesses and as defendants at the bar he thus concludes: 'When we summarize all we know about women we may say briefly: Woman is neither better nor worse, neither more nor less valuable than man, but she is different from him, and inasmuch as nature has created every object correctly for its purpose, woman has also been so created. The reason for her existence is different from that of man's and hence her nature is different.'"

He closed the book, looked up, and for a moment studied Abby's pretty features.

"Come back at two o'clock, Miss Smythe," he said, "and I shall take you to the Tombs to interview Mrs. Vincent."

IV

HER brain was in a turmoil and her heart beating furiously when Abby returned to the office from the Tombs.

"Did you get it?" asked Van.

"Yes."

"You've got two and a half hours. Write all you can in short takes. Is it exclusive?"

"Yes."

Her pretty face was pale and tired-looking as she tucked her knees under her machine. Jimmy Luffboro leaned over and touched her lightly on the arm. "Don't forget the sob, Abby," he said.

"I couldn't forget it, Jimmy," she replied. "I've got a debt to pay."

She had no notes and she needed none. Every word that had come so quietly from the lips of the woman seated beside her in the keeper's office had burned itself into her memory. This final tragedy of Mrs. Vincent's life, her imprisonment with the charge of murder hanging over her, the electric chair at the end of the dark corridor of her existence as wife and bereaved mother, had whitened her hair, but, outwardly at least, had not broken her.

"'You see, Miss Smythe,' Abby quoted the prisoner, 'after the death of our daughter Jessica it seemed to my husband and myself that we had nothing to live for. She died only two years ago, at fifteen, and there was no hope of my having another child.'

"Her voice may have broken a little but no tears came," the story continued. "The little smile of sadness and resignation remained, like the ghost of a hurt soul, in her blue eyes.

"'Mr. Vincent plunged deeper into business. The excitement Wall Street offered could take his mind from the terrible disappointment of our life together.

"'You see, Miss Smythe, Jessica was a beautiful girl and not at all modern. She was old-fashioned, just as I was, strong and healthy. Pneumonia, and in three days she was gone from us.

"'I couldn't blame my husband for speculating and doing anything else that would make him forget. But money meant nothing to us now. He made a great deal and then lost it all, and when he came to me to help I gave him everything I had, gladly. That went and we were poor. It did not matter.

"'At last I felt that he would have a better chance to get started again if I went away. He accused me of deserting him, but he did not realize what he was saying. I reproached him for that. It wasn't exactly a quarrel, as the landlady described it. I gathered a few things and left. There was no one in the halls when I went away. I remember that distinctly, for I thought of saying goodby to Mrs. Williams, from whom we rented the room.'"

Van stood over her shoulder as she wrote, pulling half pages from the machine and hurrying with them to Barron and Graves, who had pulled up chairs to the copy desk. There was nothing sensational about the interview, no flamboyant opening paragraph. As a tabloid "beat" it was disappointing, but as the three men read it, each waiting for the other to suggest a change of treatment, they realized that Abby was giving a picture of a brave, dauntless wife and mother, as remote from the preconceived woman of wealth and idleness as noontime from midnight.

"What do you think, Charlie?" Barron asked.

"The sob is there good and plenty," replied Graves. "But it's different from the sort we usually use."

"Yes. And more effective, I think."

They read on:

"'When I reached the street it must have been about half-past eight. The night was warm and I thought it was going to rain shortly. So I hurried for the Grand Central Station. Halfway down the block two men came rushing by me, a policeman after them. I heard either a shot or an automobile back fire. I hurried on.

"'That afternoon I had sold my last piece of jewelry, an emerald bracelet that had come down to me from my grandmother. It brought five hundred dollars. Half of this money I gave to my husband. With the other half I hoped to keep alive until I could find work, perhaps as a housekeeper or nurse.

"'I went first to Chicago and, using my maiden name, May Sutton, began to hunt for employment. My money was all but gone when I got a position with a family in the suburbs.

"'I had not seen a newspaper in all that time, having used the employment agencies. But my employers recognized me from the picture of me published, and soon the police came and I was brought back here a prisoner. That is the whole story.'"

"Miss Smythe!" Barron called.

Abby hurried from her desk.

"This is a good interview, Miss Smythe," said the managing editor, "but none of us feel convinced by it."

"She's innocent, Mr. Barron," protested Abby. "She's innocent. She convinced me of it."

"She may be a good actress."

"She was not acting. I know she's innocent and her innocence can be proved."

"Yes? How?"

"I can prove it, but I don't know how to get out with the police and do that end of the work."

"You mean you have evidence of her innocence that might be substantiated?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know." She was half distracted.

"Maybe I could do the police work," suggested Jimmy with a smile.

"Yes, yes. Come, Jimmy. Come. Let's hurry."

"We'll just hold this interview until we hear from them," decided Barron. "I wonder what's in that keen little mind of hers!"

V

ON their way in a taxi to police headquarters Abby did not withdraw her stimuli from Jimmy's many nerve termini. In fact, she closely cuddled.

"You're worried, little one," observed Jimmy. "I won't let the big cops hurt the teeny-weeny philosopher."

"Jimmy!" She pulled his encircling arm tighter. "You help me get her out of that dirty prison and I'll be your slave for life—your bolster, Jimmy."

"Yea, boy, I'll get her out if I have to get a bunch of gunmen to break in to her."

"After she left the house, Jimmy, her husband came to the window and threw it up to see whether she was really going to leave him. He saw her on her way and turned from the window. The policeman running after the two men fired a shot in the air. It either hit Mr. Vincent directly or ricocheted from something."

"Yes? Go on."

"Mr. Vincent was found lying face down, his feet near the window, his head farthest from it. Mrs. Vincent could not have killed him unless she was at the window and almost flat against him. Then there would have been powder marks on the clothes, wouldn't there?"

"Yes, Abby; but there's something you don't know about—a story we have been holding. She stood to get seventy-five thousand dollars by his death. He carried that much insurance. Accident policies. The money would take her out of extreme poverty."

"Oh, I'm so glad! She doesn't know about it."

"It would be damaging for her to tell about it until she got clear of suspicion of murder."

They were in front of the gilt-domed building in Center Street and hurried inside between the two stone lions guarding the main entrance.

Inspector Sweeney greeted Jimmy as an old friend and was introduced to Miss Smythe.

Abby gave her theory to the handsome gray Irishman in charge of detectives.

"We would have heard of that," said Sweeney. "The man on the beat would have to report such a chase and the fact that he fired his pistol."

"But he may not have reported it," insisted Abby.

"Why wouldn't he?"

Abby didn't know what to say in answer and turned to Jimmy, begging him with her eyes to come to her aid.

"He may have arrested the men," suggested Jimmy, "and they may have broken away. They might have been wanted on a serious charge and if he reported their escape it wouldn't have been so good for the cop. Would it, chief?"

"The night patrol is just about assembling in the stations," said Sweeney as he picked up his desk phone and called for the precinct.

In a few moments he had the name of the policeman on that beat. He had not reported chasing anyone or firing his gun.

"Send him down here!" he ordered.

"Could you tell whether his gun was fired as far back as that night?" asked Abby.

"If he fired it and did not report the incident he probably oiled it and cleaned it after he was off duty."

"Could you get hold of Harry Butts, chief?" asked Jimmy.

"Sure. He's in his laboratory." He called the firearms expert.

"Has he got the bullet taken from the body of Vincent?" Jimmy asked.

"I'll ask him."

"Get him to bring it here."

IN a few moments Butts reported, bringing the bullet with him.

"Is that the same kind of a bullet used in police pistols?" Abby demanded abruptly, taking the investigation out of the hands of the inspector and Jimmy.

"It's the same caliber, miss."

"Could you say it was fired from a policeman's weapon?"

"Not unless I had the weapon to examine."

"Officer Michael Larsen outside, chief," reported the inspector's doorman.

"Let him in."

"May I question him?" asked Abby.

"Sure. Go ahead."

"Let me have the bullet, please." Butts handed it to her.

"Larsen, this young lady wants to ask you a few questions," explained Sweeney. "Pull up a chair."

"Mr. Larsen," began Abby, "you were on the beat where Mr. Vincent was killed, weren't you?"

"Yes," he answered, surprise on his face.

"About eight thirty that night didn't you chase two men through the street in front of the house where Mr. Vincent lived?"

"Me? I chase lots of loafers."

"Tell the truth," admonished Sweeney.

"I might have, chief. That thing happens almost every night on my beat."

"Had they committed a crime?" asked Abby.

"Who?"

"The men you were chasing."

"They might have been squabbling on a corner."

"Would you fire your pistol after them, to make them halt?"

"Say, chief, what's the idea? The regulations compel me to report using a gun."

"Did you fire your gun that night?" Sweeney's voice was just a trifle hard. Larsen was beginning to perspire.

"No, sir."

"You have your weapon with you?" asked Abby.

"Yes."

"Put it on the desk," ordered Sweeney. Abby placed the bullet beside it. She turned to Butts. "Can you tell me whether that bullet was fired from this pistol?" she asked.

"Yes. But it will take a little time."

LARSEN'S broad face was ashen white and his eyes downcast under the steady, searching stare of his chief.

"Come clean, Larsen. Come clean. It was accidental, of course."

Sweeney picked up the bullet and held it before him between two fingers. "Do you want Harry to prove it on you?"

"No, sir. I did fire it in the air. I had two men wanted for a holdup. They got away from me. I didn't report it because I knew I'd get a trial. When I got off at midnight I cleaned the gun."

They went with Butts to his workshop. His stereoscopic microscope showed a very faint scratch in the bullet. A powerful light was put on the mouth of the pistol's barrel and there the glasses discovered a scratch in the metal.

"The bullet came out of this gun and no other," said Butts.

Abby sagged and Jimmy slipped an arm about her waist.

"Brace up," begged Jimmy. "We can make the second edition. Come on."

"Could you let her out tonight, inspector?" pleaded Abby. "Oh, couldn't she get out tonight, please, inspector?"

"Sure. I'll telephone her lawyer and take her before night court."

At the office the decision was not to change a word of the interview and that Jimmy should write the running story of the solution of the Vincent mystery. Abby was tired and hurried away to her one-room "suite."

She had paid her debt to a fellow woman in distress—a good woman, she was sure; a woman she had unconsciously used to get one hundred and fifty dollars a week. But before she rubbed the grime of the job from her face with a cream she could not have afforded a short time before, she looked up Hans Gross, which she had brought from the office, to check and double check on what Elisha Trent had quoted her.

She knew little about lawyers, was learning about cops, and was, she told herself with a little laugh, learning about newspaper birds like Jimmy. She had fooled herself bitterly once with the Cat and the Bolster. She didn't want to be fooled again. After much digging she found the chapter and page and read:

> Woman is neither better nor worse, neither more nor less valuable than man, but she is different from him, and inasmuch as nature has created every object correctly for its purpose, woman has also been so created. The reason for her existence is different from that of man's and hence her nature is different.

She was greatly comforted by having been taught something by the old lawyer who knew nothing about criminal law or practice but knew about the love of parents for a child and could find even among the hard German philosophers something other than bitterness.

She was up early to get her copy of the tab.

A streamer ran across the first page:

ABBY SAVES MAY

She spilled the coffee on her new frock and the rolls went bouncing about the floor.

She laughed and cried at the same time, but she thanked God that the picture under the streamer was a good portrait of the woman she had hurt and then helped.

THE END

Where are The

What's Happened to the Unsung Heroes of the Air

By RICHARD CARROLL

(Reading time: 14 minutes 6 seconds.)

THERE is an old saying applied to aviators that if a pilot sticks long enough at his job he'll "get his in the end." That bright remark has cost aviation many a good man, even if it has won it as many more. It had been applied as the test of aviation's safety. The idea being that if a fellow stayed in the game the game would get him, and matter not how good he was.

It was sad, and it was true. I say it *was* true because it is true no longer.

The Early Birds did pay the penalty of their ambitions. And if the old-timers who are still on the wing fly now in comfort and with safe years ahead of them, it can be taken as definite proof that actual years have been added to the flying life of man.

By that I mean all men. Where in 1912 a pilot's life was three years, today he can storm around for fifteen with every year adding a year to his safe existence.

Twenty years ago there were no figures given on comparative safety in methods of transportation. That was a good break for flying. The death list for the men who stayed with it was almost 100 per cent of the whole. Today aviation ranks in danger 200 times greater than the railroad. But the railroad is close to the ultimate in safety and the 200 figure isn't as bad as it looks.

How far flying has advanced in safety can be judged by the early days. Go back to the neutral days of 1911. The Gay Nineties had tobogganed away and the war days were coming and the world was just cocking a wonder-struck eye at the new craziness called flying. About that time Chicago gave it a full view.

William Badger. Dived to death.

St. Croix Johnstone. Drowned in lake.

J. J. Frisbie. Crash victim.

It wasn't a bad era, or dull, and it has memories for many. Lillian Russell, at the height of her fame and beauty, was writing in the Chicago Tribune the secrets of her success; W. S. Gilbert had just died in London, Kermit Roosevelt was fighting off bandits in Lower California. The girls were wearing willow-plume hats and the foam was on the beer at the corner saloon. The city of Chicago was running wild over the first big aviation meet the country had ever seen. It was August of 1911.

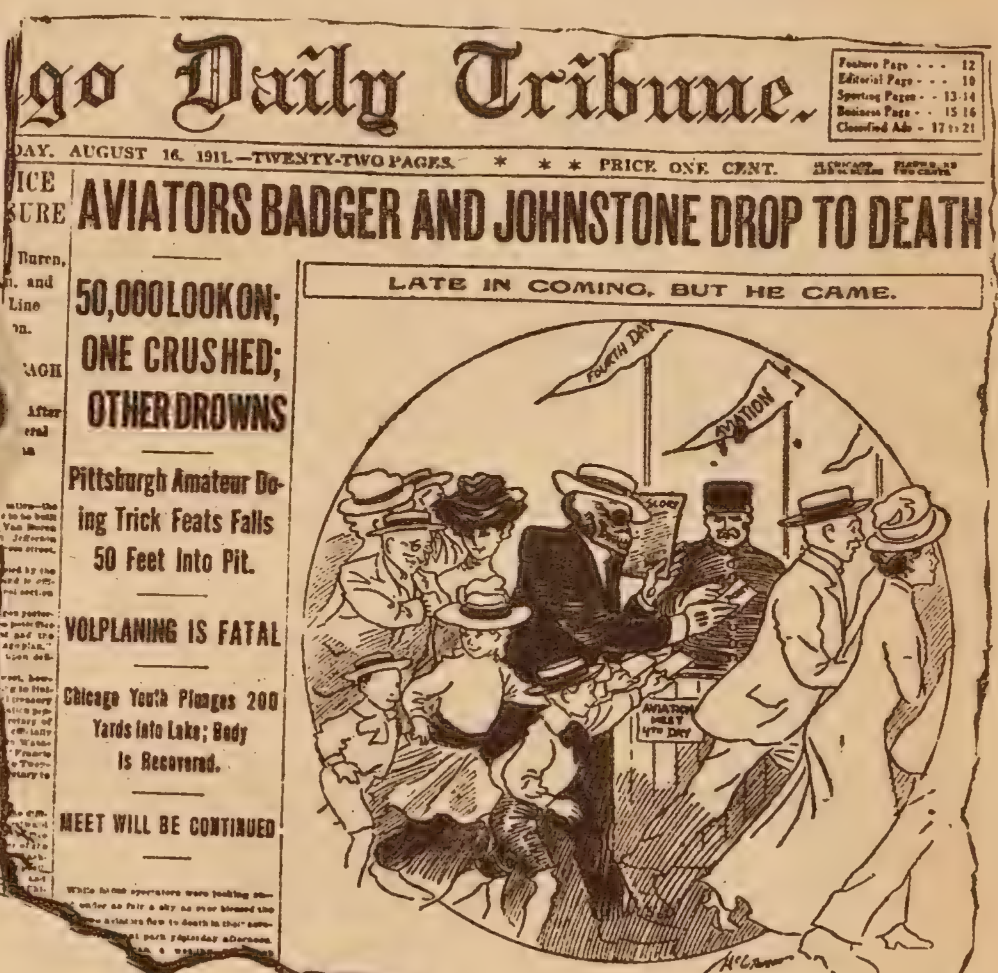
There had been attempts at aviation meets before, small affairs in the west and east, but the middle west had seen few airplanes and certainly not anywhere had there been an affair so elaborate as this.

The Wright brothers, having first flown several years before, had emerged from their laboratories again with planes that could really fly longer than the epochal three minutes of Kitty Hawk. Glenn Curtiss at Hammondsport, New York, was designing planes in the intervals of his motorcycle racing to push the Wrights for supremacy of the air.

Europe was catching up and adventurous boys and men everywhere were looking for the new thrill offered from the heavens.

Not much of all this had come to the public. Only in favored localities could curious crowds glimpse the crazy contraptions that wabbled so uncertainly through the air at the dizzy speed of sixty miles an hour or so.

The Chicago meet was important in that it brought to concentrated view the planes and the pilots who had been startling the country by their progress in the new science.



go Daily Tribune.

Feature Page - - - 12
Editorial Page - - - 10
Sporting Pages - - 13-14
Business Page - - 15 16
Classified Ads - 17 to 21

DAY. AUGUST 16. 1911.—TWENTY-TWO PAGES. * * * PRICE ONE CENT.

AVIATORS BADGER AND JOHNSTONE DROP TO DEATH

50,000 LOOK ON; ONE CRUSHED; OTHER DROWNS

Pittsburgh Amateur Doing Trick Feats Falls 50 Feet Into Pit.

VOLPLANING IS FATAL

Chicago Youth Plunges 200 Yards into Lake; Body Is Recovered.

MEET WILL BE CONTINUED

LATE IN COMING, BUT HE CAME.

Meeting Will Not Be Abandoned; Committee and Rules Held Blamele

How the day of double death in the first Chicago air meet was mirrored in the Tribune.

As in the era following the World War Alcock and Brown and the naval crew of the NC4 reclaimed aviation from the war and, by their transatlantic flights, brought it back to the commercially spectacular, so the three years preceding 1911 had seen equally remarkable flights started when on July 4, 1908, Glenn Curtiss flew his June Bug biplane over a measured mile in the first publicly announced flight in America. Most of the pilots who were

Early Birds?

Lincoln Beachey, the man who could take off from a nickel and land on a postage stamp, flying his ship of eighteen years ago.

How Beachey looked on the ground.

Photos from J. L. Callan's scrapbook

Eugene Ely. Killed in Georgia, 1911.

C. P. Rogers. Died in 1912 crash.

Phil O. Parmalee. Killed in dive, 1912.

to appear at Grant Park had already won fame by some outstanding feat or other.

The program that thrilled the crowds at Grant Park when the meet opened on August 11, wouldn't amount to much today, but there were no Travelair Mystery ships then, or Cyclone Hawks boasting 600 horsepower, or Racing Lairds to take a pylon at 200 miles an hour. But skill was needed to guide the bamboo-strutted flying boxes.

Speed, of course, was the feature of the programs and races were run from twelve to fifteen miles. Alighting, now called landing, was a stunt that furnished some thrills. So was the take-off, or getaway. The biggest prize—$5,000—went to the aviator who during the meet put in the most time in the air. The winner of that event got in twenty-seven hours. Other events were climbing, weight-carrying, passenger-carrying, altitude, and exhibition flying.

Should one get the idea from this that the simplicity of the aërial feats made them safe, it will only be necessary to read of the pilots and their subsequent fates. While but two men were killed out of the thirty-eight flyers at the show, there were exactly thirty-one crackups, in a number of which the pilots were more or less seriously injured. On the opening day five ships came croppers to the tune of a few bruised bodies. On the fourth day William R. Badger, wealthy and young and adventurous, crashed to his death when his wings crumpled after a steep dive. An hour later St. Croix Johnstone, son of Dr. Stuart Johnstone of Chicago, got into trouble while flying over Lake Michigan and dived into the water. He was dead before the launches could reach him.

BUT the wonder is not that two were killed, but only two. Not one day passed that some flyer did not tangle his machine up in some wires, hit a wing on a turn, catch fire in the air, fall out of control into the lake, or in some way endanger his life. "Did you ever hear of the aviator's cocktail?" Chicagoans asked each other. "One drop and you're dead." And that prediction was only too tragically borne out. In the years succeeding the show, thirteen who took part in it died in air crashes. Six vanished from the news and fifteen lived long enough to quit the game and take up less hazardous pursuits. Only two died naturally in bed.

John J. Frisbie of Ireland was the first to die. Frisbie

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Glenn Curtiss. Died last year.

Frank Coffyn. Still flying.

Julia Clarke. Killed in 1912.

Tom Baldwin. Died peacefully.

Farnum T. Fish, schoolboy pilot.

J. Lansing Callan. Living.

Five photos from J. L. Callan's scrapbook. Coffyn's from his F. A. I. pilot's license.

WHERE ARE THE EARLY BIRDS?
Continued from page fifteen

started his aërial adventures in a balloon. Later he tried parachute jumping and kite riding. He was killed in a crash at Norton, Kansas, a few days after the meet ended at Chicago.

Eugene Ely was next to go. His ship cracked up on him at Macon, Georgia, a month after Frisbie died. Ely was among the greatest of his day. He first won fame when he proved to the United States navy that airplanes were practicable at sea. In 1910 he flew nine miles out into San Francisco bay and landed on a battleship. After lunching with the officers, he took off and landed safely ashore. Not much in these days of the Saratoga and Lexington, but marvelous twenty years ago.

C. P. Rodgers, cousin of the Commander Rodgers who later flew to Honolulu, and himself winner of the Chicago duration prize for his twenty-seven hours' flying, was killed in 1912 when his plane cracked up at Long Beach, California, where he was giving an exhibition. It was Rodgers who made the first cross-country flight, hopping from Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, to Los Angeles.

Phil Parmalee dived to death in June of the same year when his ship failed in an exhibition at North Yakima, Washington. Al Welsh went out the same road at College Park, Maryland, the same month. Colonel Paul Beck, veteran of the air and the first United States army officer assigned for instruction under Curtiss, died in Chicago in September of 1912. The same month saw Howard Gill die, in the same city. Gill had drawn attention to himself by several cross-country hops and had turned to exhibition work and passenger-carrying. Louis Mitchell got his at Montgomery, Alabama, in October, and at the same time another famous flyer who was not at the meet, Otto Brodie, crashed to death.

Andy Drew survived until June, 1913, when at Lima, Ohio, his ship nose-dived and he was killed. The following year saw the death of a pilot who was probably the greatest of them all, Lincoln Beachey. Beachey was in his day what Al Williams is in this. Everything that a pilot could do in the air, Beachey did, with something of his own for good measure. His first bid for fame came when he flew a Curtiss pusher over Niagara Falls, under the steel arched bridge, down the whirlpool and rapids to the canyon, where the down draft was so strong he made the bluffs above with only a few feet to spare. There are legends grown about Beachey, tales of his daring, his skill, and his marvelous luck. His mechanics, when he went barnstorming, always insisted they first get enough money for carfare home, as it was never certain where Beachey would land or how.

THESE years before the war saw the end of several other famous pilots. Walt Archer, John B. Moisant, famous throughout the world as a pilot of skill and judgment, Arch Hoxey, Bill Purves, George Kelly, and A. V. Hartle, all were killed. And in France Edouard Nieuport crashed fatally at Verdun. What happened to most of the foreign delegates to the meet is not known. René Barrier of France went home. So did his comrade, René Simon. The war swallowed them up. Another French participant, Georges Mestach, was last heard from when his plane fell behind the German lines. André Ruel went back to France and Thomas Sopwith returned to England, where he later designed ships to plague the Germans. Sopwith is alive today and prosperous. Ladis Lewkowicz returned to his native Poland. Others who vanished are J. A. Cummings and Jimmie Ward, once called the "Boy Aviator." Old Captain Tom Baldwin lived to see aviation grow out of its warped-wing days. He died peacefully in Chicago a few years ago. Charlie Witmer left flying to others a few years after the meet and lived to die naturally at his home in California.

The rest of the thirty-eight are alive, but none of them is flying. Frank Coffyn is sometimes an exception. Frank, who cracked up a few pushers in his day and whose license number is 26, is now white-haired and gentle. Not at all the Frank of the 13 Club days or the youngster who startled New York in 1912 by flying around Battery Place and swooping down on the Statue of Liberty while taking movies for Biograph. Only once in a while now does the urge get him and he persuades himself he needs a flight.

G. W. BEATTY is living in Brooklyn. Walter Brookins made money enough to retire to California, but he didn't make it flying. Leonard Bonney is dead, killed when the freak Bonney Gull he designed cracked up with him a few years ago at Curtiss Field. Lee Hammond is prospering in Chicago. Hammond quit aviation when he discovered a new way to pour oil into motor cars. His patented flexible neck for oil cans has made him a fortune. W. M. Hilliard is believed still alive, and if he reads this he can tell the Early Birds Association where he is. They want to know. The same with Bud Mars and J. C. Turpin.

Of the rest, James V. Martin lives in Garden City, Long Island. It was he who designed the Martin Bomber. J. A. D. McCurdy makes his home in Toronto, Canada, and August Post writes and lectures on aviation; his home is in New York. Hugh Robinson is in Florida building trailers for automobiles. M. H. Simmons is in Dayton, Ohio. Charles Willard is in Los Angeles. And Earle Ovington, first man to fly the United States mail, is as active as ever. I saw him last in Chicago, trying to get permission to go up for his first parachute jump. He had friends enough around him, however, to stop him.

While that list takes care of the Early Birds who flew at Chicago, it leaves many old-timers unaccounted for. Many of them are alive and prospering, but here again the old croak stood true. If the game didn't get them it was because they got out when the getting was good. Charlie Walsh is dead. So are Tod Schriver, Cromwell Dixon, and Mickey McGuire, the Wild Irish Rose of the Skies. Harriet Quimby, among the first of the girls to fly, crashed her ship and was killed on July 1, 1912, at Atlantic, Massachusetts. Some of the other girls have vanished from ken, among them Blanche Scott and Mathilde Moisant. Julia Clarke, who learned to fly with Curtiss, was killed at Springfield, Illinois, in 1912.

When it is remembered that aviation started in life as a circus attraction, it is small wonder that the flyers were notorious daredevils. And in 1911 it was considered a badge of courage for the spectator to trust his life to a pilot for one ride on the wing seat of a pusher. When Harold F. McCormick took his second air ride in 1911 it was a feat worthy a write-up in the newspapers. That can be understood when it is remembered that any added weight to the frail ships made them that much harder to keep in the air, and a heavy passenger was something for the pilot to worry plenty over.

Beachey, seeking some new stunt to get the crowds' hair on end, finally resorted to a hot one. He placed a heavy log at the end of the runway and covered it with canvas. Just as his ship got ready to take the air it hit the log and bounced high. Beachey caught it by skillful handling while the spectators prayed.

These were the boys in the bedchamber when aviation was born and one should not wonder that the new baby got a bad name.

During my wanderings I stopped in at Hammondsport, New York, to say hello to J. Lansing Callan. Curtiss himself taught Callan how to fly when the two worked side by side in the bicycle sheds on the hillside overlooking Lake Keuka.

Callan was in France when Curtiss won the Gordon Bennett Trophy and again was present when Curtiss took off from Albany May 29, 1910, to make his historic flight down the Hudson to New York.

Callan was a circus rider, taking his Curtiss pusher with him on the treks of the " International Flyers " who formed the Three-Ringed Aërial Circus, advertised as " a mile high and three miles wide." With him were Bill Pickens, the manager and the same Bill who managed Dale Jackson and Forest O'Brine in their 640-hour flight at St. Louis a few months ago. Mohan Singh lent color to the group. Singh was the first Indian who ever learned to fly. Julia Clarke, the Bird Girl, Farnum Fish, Boy Aviator, Horace Kearney, Peck's Bad Boy of the Air, J. Kaminski, the Polish Star, M. Kondo, Japanese, and Spaulding, American. Callan, who was born in Cohoes, New York, was billed as Jean Callan, the Flying Frenchman.

THE ballyhoo started outside the city where the meet was to be held. The idea was to get the prospective customers all het up in advance by threats of bloody battles in the air among the international rivals.

That worked out beautifully until once in Milwaukee the French colony sent a delegation to honor Callan. That was on the second day of a three-day meet. Callan was warned by Frank Taylor, his mechanic, and as the delegation came down the field with a band at its head and the Tricolor waving, he took off and didn't land again until they retired. The handicap was that he couldn't speak a word of French.

Such were the early days, days of Casey Baldwin, Charley Niles, Bill Atwater, Bob St. Henry, and Harry Atwood. The air was still pregnant with great names and great deeds, though Tom Selfridge was dead, killed when Orville Wright crashed with him at Fort Myer, Virginia. Tom was the first man in America to die in a heavier-than-air machine.

It seems to me wrong to blame these circus days for keeping away from aviation the dignity it desired. Circus riding, barnstorming, paid the way for the industry when more conservative means could not be found. At the Chicago meet $80,000 in prizes was offered. Tom Sopwith won $13,520 and used that money to build more and better ships. Beachey alone won $11,162 for Curtiss, and Cal Rodgers alone took in $10,785 for Wright. The flyers themselves did not keep this money unless they were piloting their own ships.

The boys flew for twenty-five dollars a week and fifty dollars for every flying day—and mostly for the fun of it. The makers of the ships split the big money and used it for further experiments. So with the proceeds from the circuses. At Chicago twelve pilots earned for their employers sums ranging from $2,000 upward, and ten split from $150 to $2,000.

If today the survivors of that age are inclined to live on golden memory, to wax loquacious over a cocktail or two, by every standard under the sun they earned the right.

In this day of lighted airways, of minute weather reports, air-cooled engines, sturdy ships, and uncanny instruments, of million-dollar aviation corporations and palatial offices, it is well to remember the crates that bumped to a landing in the open field and beside the road, the motors that sputtered and quit, the drive chains that broke and the wings that wouldn't lift, to remember it all and give the boys a great big hand.

THE END

CHARLEY'S AUNT
Featuring CHARLIE RUGGLES
You'll LAUGH as you never LAUGHED before
FROM BRAZIL WHERE THE NUTS COME FROM
A COLUMBIA PICTURE
COLUMBIA PICTURES
PRODUCED by CHRISTIE
ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN "CHARLEY'S AUNT" WILL BE SHOWN

PICTURES of

Listing the Best of the Past, and Reporting on Some That Are New

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 9 minutes.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

Lightnin' gives you Helen Cohan, Louise Dresser, Joel McCrea, and Will Rogers.

BEFORE I go into the pictures of the week, I'd like to do a little reminiscing about the output for 1930 and list the nineteen best pictures of the year, excluding those released during December. Why nineteen? Because there were nineteen four-star pictures during the year.

My list of the finest productions of 1930 are Devil May Care, starring Ramon Novarro; Lummox, with Winifred Westover in the name part; Street of Chance, featuring William Powell; Anna Christie, Greta Garbo's first talking picture; The Green Goddess, one of George Arliss' famous performances; Puttin' on the Ritz, with Harry Richman and Joan Bennett; Song o' My Heart, which served as John McCormack's début in pictures; One Romantic Night, marking Lillian Gish's one appearance of the year; Journey's End, with a cast recruited almost entirely from the English stage; Paramount on Parade, featuring all the Paramount stars; All Quiet on the Western Front, with Louis Wolheim and Lewis Ayres; The Silent Enemy, the Indian epic with an Indian cast; The Florodora Girl, with Marion Davies as the star; With Byrd at the South Pole, Admiral Richard E. Byrd's record flight to the South Pole; Abraham Lincoln, in the person of Walter Huston; Whoopee, with Eddie Cantor; Outward Bound, with Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., sharing honors; The White Hell of Pitz Palu, a foreign film; and The Big Trail, Director Raoul Walsh's great effort.

Walter Huston and Kay Hammond in Abraham Lincoln, chosen by Kate Cameron as the best picture for 1930.

I would like to give a gold star to the best picture of the year, in so far as story interest, originality in the treatment of the subject, intelligent direction, and superb acting are concerned. My choice is Abraham Lincoln, and I would pin the accolade on the lapels of D. W. Griffith, Stephen Vincent Benet, and Walter Huston, whose genius combined to make it a great picture. For the finest individual performance of any actor or actress during the year I would select Greta Garbo's Anna Christie.

I won't go into detail over the worst pictures of the year; we will let all but one of them rest in peace. I'll resurrect Outside the Law from its oubliette to name it as the worst picture of the year. Do you remember it? It was a crook drama with Mary Nolan, Owen Moore, and Edward G. Robinson playing the featured parts.

For this first week of the year we have no four-star pictures to offer you, but neither have we any particularly bad ones.

★ ★ ★ LIGHTNIN'

CAST

Lightnin' Bill Jones	Will Rogers
Mrs. Jones	Louise Dresser
John Marvin	Joel McCrea
Millie Jones	Helen Cohan
Thomas	Jason Robards
Sheriff	Frank Campeau

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Henry King.

Will Rogers brightens up the prospects of the new year by giving us a fine presentation of the character of Lightnin' Bill Jones, which Frank Bacon made famous on the stage some years ago. The dialogue has been brought up to date, but otherwise

1930

Two sure-fire players: Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler in the tragi-comedy Min and Bill.

Sin Takes a Holiday puts Kenneth McKenna and Constance Bennett before you.

there has been very little tampering with the original, in so far as plot and character are concerned. It is an amusing and touching story with Will Rogers bringing out of the character of Lightnin' all the authors and originator put into it. It has been directed with care. The action is a trifle slow throughout, which makes for a few boring moments in the film, but this, I suppose, could hardly be helped, since the pace was set by the character of Lightnin'.

George M. Cohan's daughter, Helen, makes her screen début as Millie Jones, Lightnin's daughter. Louise Dresser is fine as Mother Jones, and Joel McCrea is a nice young John Marvin.

★ ★ ★ MIN AND BILL

CAST

Min	Marie Dressler
Bill	Wallace Beery
Nancy	Dorothy Jordan
Bella	Marjorie Rambeau
Dick	Donald Dillaway
Mr. Southard	Frank McGlynn
Mrs. Southard	Gretta Gould

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by George Hill.

Lorna Moon's Dark Star was used by Metro as the basis for the story of Min and Bill. It is an interesting tale of a waif raised by the hard-boiled keeper of a water-front hotel frequented by sailors. It is funny, pathetic, and tragic by turns.

Marie Dressler is probably the most dependable actress on the screen. I have never been disappointed in her, and whether in comedy or tragedy she gets the ultimate out of a part. She does Min beautifully.

Wallace Beery, as the star boarder in Min's hotel, is a grand roughneck, and Dorothy Jordan and Marjorie Rambeau are both good in their respective parts.

The fun of the picture overbalances the tragedy.

★ ★ SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY

CAST

Sylvia	Constance Bennett
Gaylord Stanton	Kenneth McKenna
Durant	Basil Rathbone
Grace	Rita LaRoy
Richards	Louis Bartels
Anna	Zasu Pitts

Produced by Pathé.
Directed by Paul Stein.

The shades of Laura Jean Libby and The Duchess stalk protestingly through Sin Takes a Holiday. The story is a combination of the Cinderella and wife-in-name-only themes. After all, they are unbeatable for romantic interest, but in this case the romance seems spurious, because of the unheroic hero.

The story is beautifully mounted against luxurious and interesting backgrounds and it does set Constance Bennett off to her greatest advantage.

Basil Rathbone has one of those custom-made parts into which he fits perfectly. As the other man in the case he makes love suavely to his friend's wife. Kenneth McKenna is presentable as the selfish philanderer who takes on a contract wife in order to get out of certain obligations to another woman.

Throughout the picture the dialogue sparkles hardly at all. A little more attention might have been given the lines. This may be a sin but it's not another Holiday.

★ ★ DERELICT

CAST

Bill Rafferty	George Bancroft
Helen Lorber	Jessie Royce Landis
Jed Graves	William Boyd
Fin Thomson	Donald Stuart

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Rowland V. Lee.

This is the story of two men and their two loves: one woman and the sea. George Bancroft and William Boyd are excellent as rival seamen and lovers, and Jessie Royce Landis, as the disputed woman, is personable and competent in the rôle, although this is her first appearance on the screen.

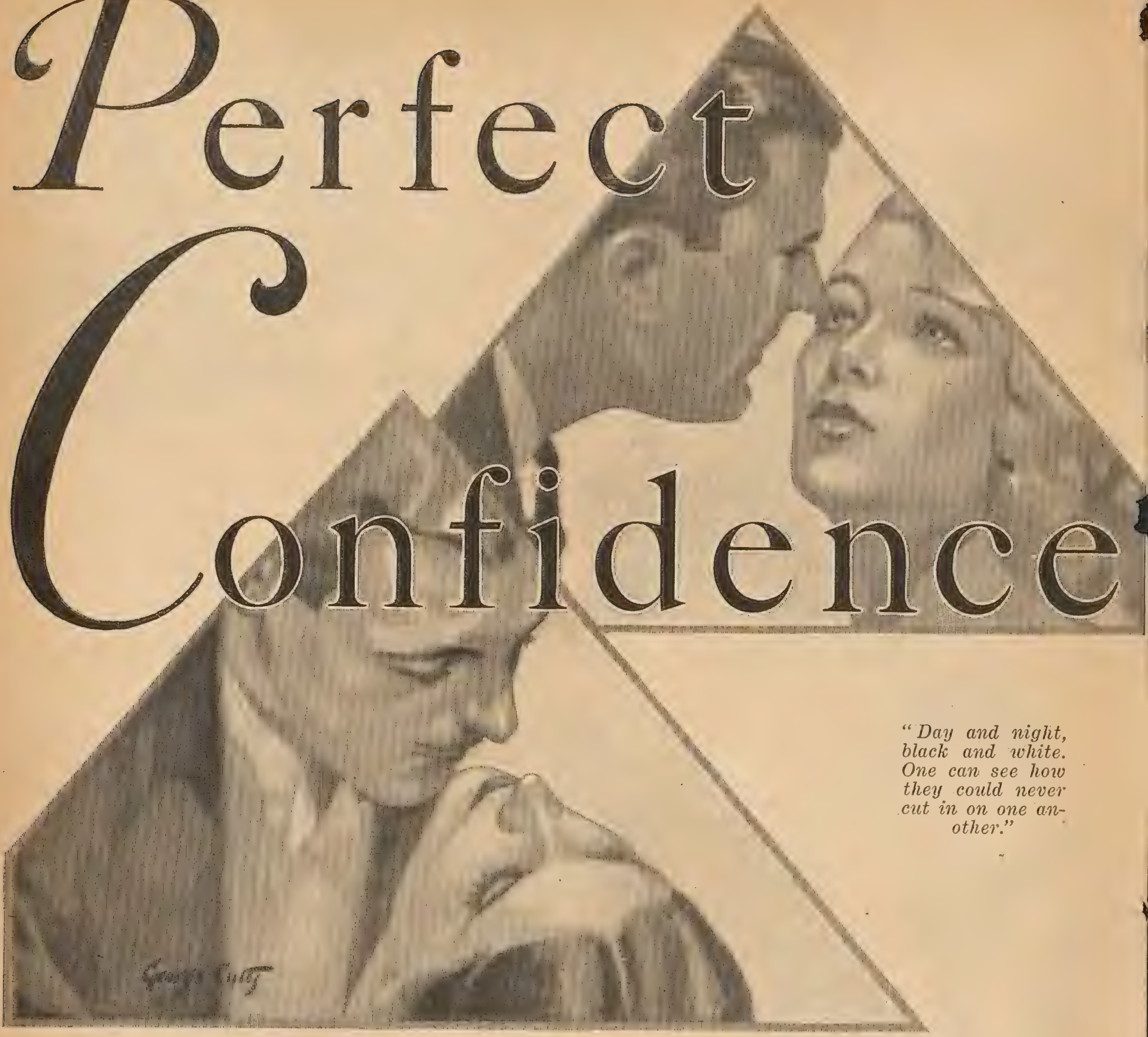
The story is as old as the sea itself, but it has been given good direction and acting, and its well written dialogue raises it above mediocrity.

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—The Big Trail.

★★★—Morocco, Tol'able David, Laughter, A Lady's Morals, The Doorway to Hell, Kismet, Check and Double Check, Playboy of Paris, Just Imagine, Murder.

Perfect Confidence



"Day and night, black and white. One can see how they could never cut in on one another."

(Reading time: 7 min. 50 sec.)

The Story of a Foursome in Love

By

ELSIE JANIS

born and educated in Columbus, Ohio; now lives in North Tarrytown, New York, in a house that was built before her ancestors went to war under Washington. Her own career includes a beginning in vaudeville, stardom on Broadway, service as entertainer overseas, playwriting, and fiction.

Pictures by GEORGE CUTTS

"THERE'S Marcia Stackpole and Bettina Patterson—they're as inseparable as Haig and Haig!" Peg Martin, often called by her enemies "The Town Crier," bowed cordially to the two women in question. "But," she continued without dropping a beat, "did you ever see two women so absolutely different?"

Her friend looked the two women over carefully. "Day and night, black and white, scotch and gin—all of those apply. One can see how they could never cut in on one another. After all, that is a help!"

"Rather!" Peg Martin looked again at the two, one so blonde and petite, the other long and dark. "Look at them now, gabbing away as if they had just met. I'd like to be that waiter and listen in a few moments, just to find out what one talks about to a woman one can trust."

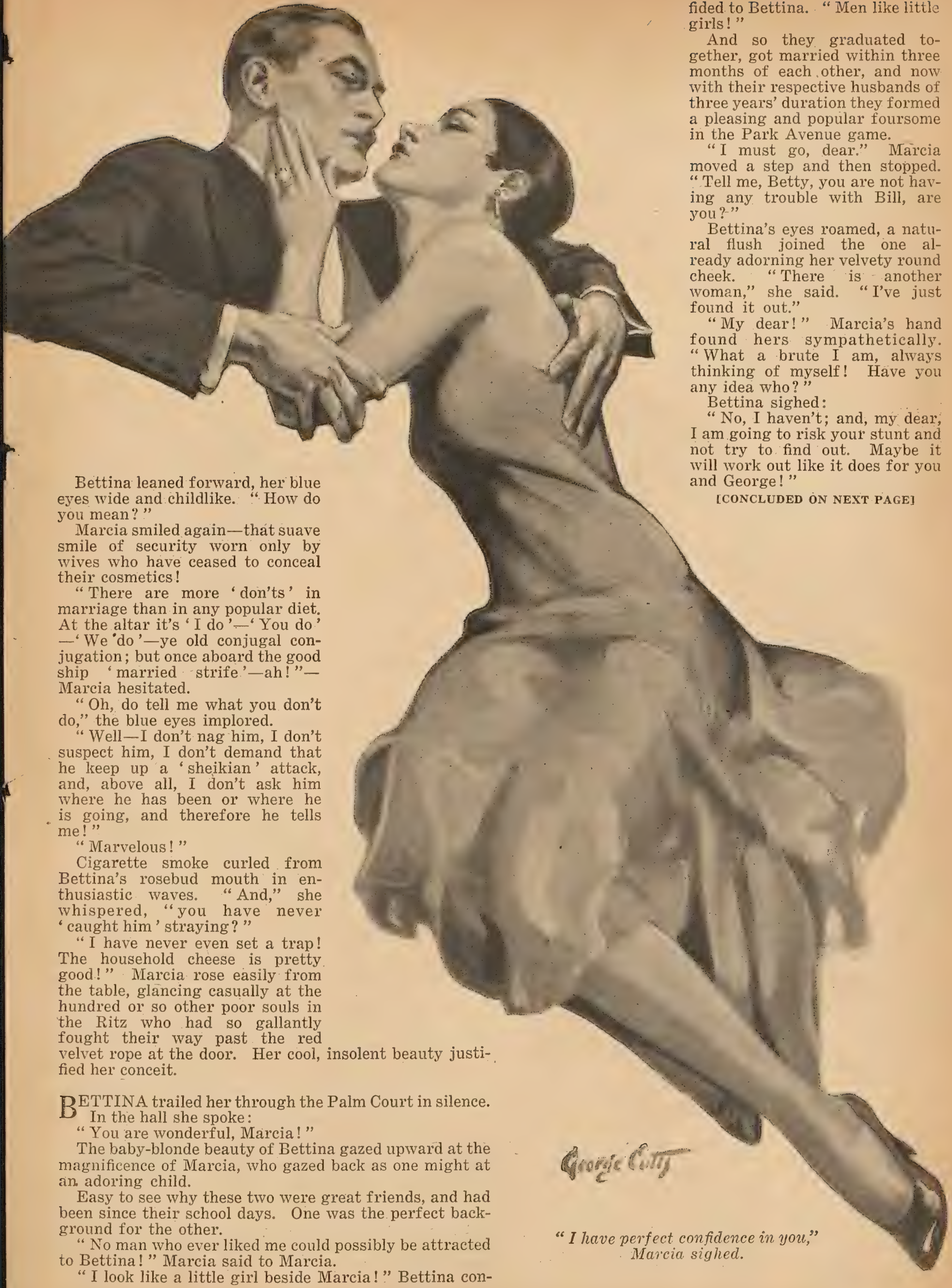
"They are probably talking about their children."

Peg Martin laughed. "Well, if they are," she said, "they will have to use their imaginations." She returned to her crab cocktail with a purr. . . .

"Marcia, what do you do to hold George?"

Bettina Patterson, apparently unconscious of the fact that her question carried in its breathless interest other than sheer flattery, waited expectantly while Marcia Stackpole rouged her smiling lips.

"Perhaps"—Marcia peered interestedly into the mirror of her compact—"perhaps it's what I don't do that counts!"



"I have perfect confidence in you," Marcia sighed.

Bettina leaned forward, her blue eyes wide and childlike. "How do you mean?"

Marcia smiled again—that suave smile of security worn only by wives who have ceased to conceal their cosmetics!

"There are more 'don'ts' in marriage than in any popular diet. At the altar it's 'I do'—'You do'—'We do'—ye old conjugal conjugation; but once aboard the good ship 'married strife'—ah!"—Marcia hesitated.

"Oh, do tell me what you don't do," the blue eyes implored.

"Well—I don't nag him, I don't suspect him, I don't demand that he keep up a 'sheikian' attack, and, above all, I don't ask him where he has been or where he is going, and therefore he tells me!"

"Marvelous!"

Cigarette smoke curled from Bettina's rosebud mouth in enthusiastic waves. "And," she whispered, "you have never 'caught him' straying?"

"I have never even set a trap! The household cheese is pretty good!" Marcia rose easily from the table, glancing casually at the hundred or so other poor souls in the Ritz who had so gallantly fought their way past the red velvet rope at the door. Her cool, insolent beauty justified her conceit.

BETTINA trailed her through the Palm Court in silence. In the hall she spoke:

"You are wonderful, Marcia!"

The baby-blonde beauty of Bettina gazed upward at the magnificence of Marcia, who gazed back as one might at an adoring child.

Easy to see why these two were great friends, and had been since their school days. One was the perfect background for the other.

"No man who ever liked me could possibly be attracted to Bettina!" Marcia said to Marcia.

"I look like a little girl beside Marcia!" Bettina confided to Bettina. "Men like little girls!"

And so they graduated together, got married within three months of each other, and now with their respective husbands of three years' duration they formed a pleasing and popular foursome in the Park Avenue game.

"I must go, dear." Marcia moved a step and then stopped. "Tell me, Betty, you are not having any trouble with Bill, are you?"

Bettina's eyes roamed, a natural flush joined the one already adorning her velvety round cheek. "There is another woman," she said. "I've just found it out."

"My dear!" Marcia's hand found hers sympathetically. "What a brute I am, always thinking of myself! Have you any idea who?"

Bettina sighed:

"No, I haven't; and, my dear, I am going to risk your stunt and not try to find out. Maybe it will work out like it does for you and George!"

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

"You are so right!" Marcia squeezed Bettina's hand until the last square diamond Bill had given her screamed out for recognition. "Be sweet; let him know you have perfect confidence in him!" she said.

"I will, darling. Thanks for being so understanding!"

Marcia watched Bettina's little town car trying to move through the traffic of Forty-seventh Street for a moment, then she turned and walked briskly toward Park Avenue.

Inside the little town car, Bettina was trying to down the natural flush on the baby cheeks. She tapped on the window and motioned her chauffeur to pull over to the curb.

"I will walk home!" she said. "Seven thirty, unless I tell you otherwise."

Bettina cut quickly through Forty-eighth Street to Madison Avenue. Glancing at her wrist watch, she doubled her pace. In front of the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance of the New York Central Station she hesitated and looked nervously to the right and left.

"What train, lady? Any baggage?" The Red Cap grinned.

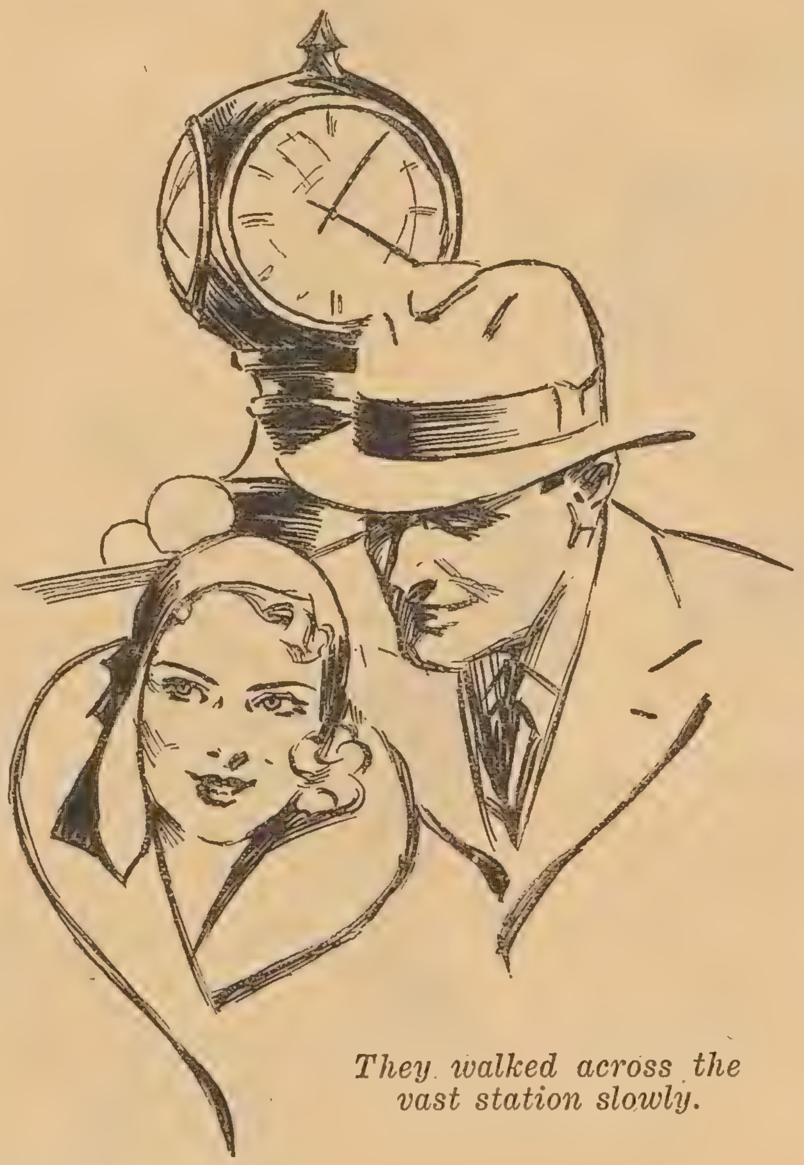
"No, thanks!" Bettina went inside. At the news stand she stopped and fingered several magazines with a real buyer's technique.

"See anything you want?"

Bettina turned to the voice and looked into the eyes behind it. "Yes!" she whispered, with meaning.

"It's yours." It seemed that he must be going to kiss her.

"I'll take this Vanity Fair!" Bettina spoke for safety's sake.


They walked across the vast station slowly.

They walked across the vast station slowly. He had to literally bend almost double to see under the little "last word in hats."

"Darling," she took his arm, reaching up to do so, "I'm so happy. I have just had lunch with Marcia, and you are all wrong!"

The man smiled. "I hope so."

Bettina stopped and faced him. People passed in droves, unseen by them. "I know so," she said. "Marcia has absolute confidence in you! She even told me how she holds you!"

GEORGE STACKPOLE laughed out loud. "I hope you will stick to your own methods, baby," he said.

"I will, dearest. Must fly now. I'm certainly relieved that we don't have to meet here any more. I hate pretending to go places!"

"And not be able to do things!" he added.

They had reached the Forty-second Street entrance.

"What about tonight?" she said.

"O. K., seven thirty."

His eyes kissed the tip of her tilted nose.

"Betcha!" she smiled and was gone.

. . . . .

"The gong will indicate exactly seven thirty-two P. M., Daylight Saving Time!"

Marcia Stackpole snapped off the switch and glared at the radio with animosity. She resumed her walk up and down what was conceded to be one of the smartest living rooms in New York. She crushed a cigarette into a smoldering heap and lit another. It was obvious that the cool and disdainful Marcia was not running quite true to form.

The door opened, she turned, a tigress greeting a trainer!

"Mr. Patterson, madam!" The butler stepped forward, and so did Bill Patterson.

"AH, Bill, it's sweet of you to come so quickly. You see, I want to ask— That's all just now, Max!"

The butler bowed and closed the door gently behind him.

"You see," Marcia continued, her voice highly social, "I wanted to ask your advice about—"

She crossed quickly to the door and opened it; satisfied, she closed it again and, leaning against it, held out her arms. "Darling!" she whispered.

He moved swiftly and surely. "Marcia, my dearest!" They kissed endlessly.

"I've such news," she said, her mouth against his. "I had lunch with Bettina. She suspects something, but knows nothing. I advised her to have perfect confidence in you and she promised that she would."

"I'm glad we don't have to have the great marital showdown, at least not just yet."

Bill Patterson sighed into the depths of Marcia's beautifully dressed hair.

Marcia clung to him.

"We will dine here, shall we?"

"Whatever you say, darling!"

They walked hand in hand to the divan in front of the fire.

"George has gone with some business men from the west." Marcia sank into the corner of cushions. "I wonder anyone bothers to live in the east, when all the big business seems to be in the west."

Bill Patterson sat down beside her and kissed her thoroughly. "Not all the big business," he said and kissed her again.

"You are wonderful," he murmured.

"So are you!"

"Shall we prove it?"

"I have perfect confidence in you," Marcia sighed.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the birth stone for January?

2—What is the anchor watch on shipboard?

3—What is the largest island of the West Indies?

4—What is the smallest liquid measure?

5—Where did the Wright brothers make their first successful airplane flight?

6—What does the cornucopia symbolize?

7—What was the former name of the Isthmus of Panama?

8—Who commanded the American fleet at the Battle of Manila?

9—What is a constellation?

10—What is an axiom?

11—What is the capital of Persia?

12—What is the name of the membrane that incloses the heart?

13—Who was Vice President of the United States when President Lincoln was assassinated?

14—What is saleratus?

15—What is the antonym of polygamy?

16—What does salubrious mean?

17—What is a wallaby?

18—What is a format?

19—What is a holographic will?

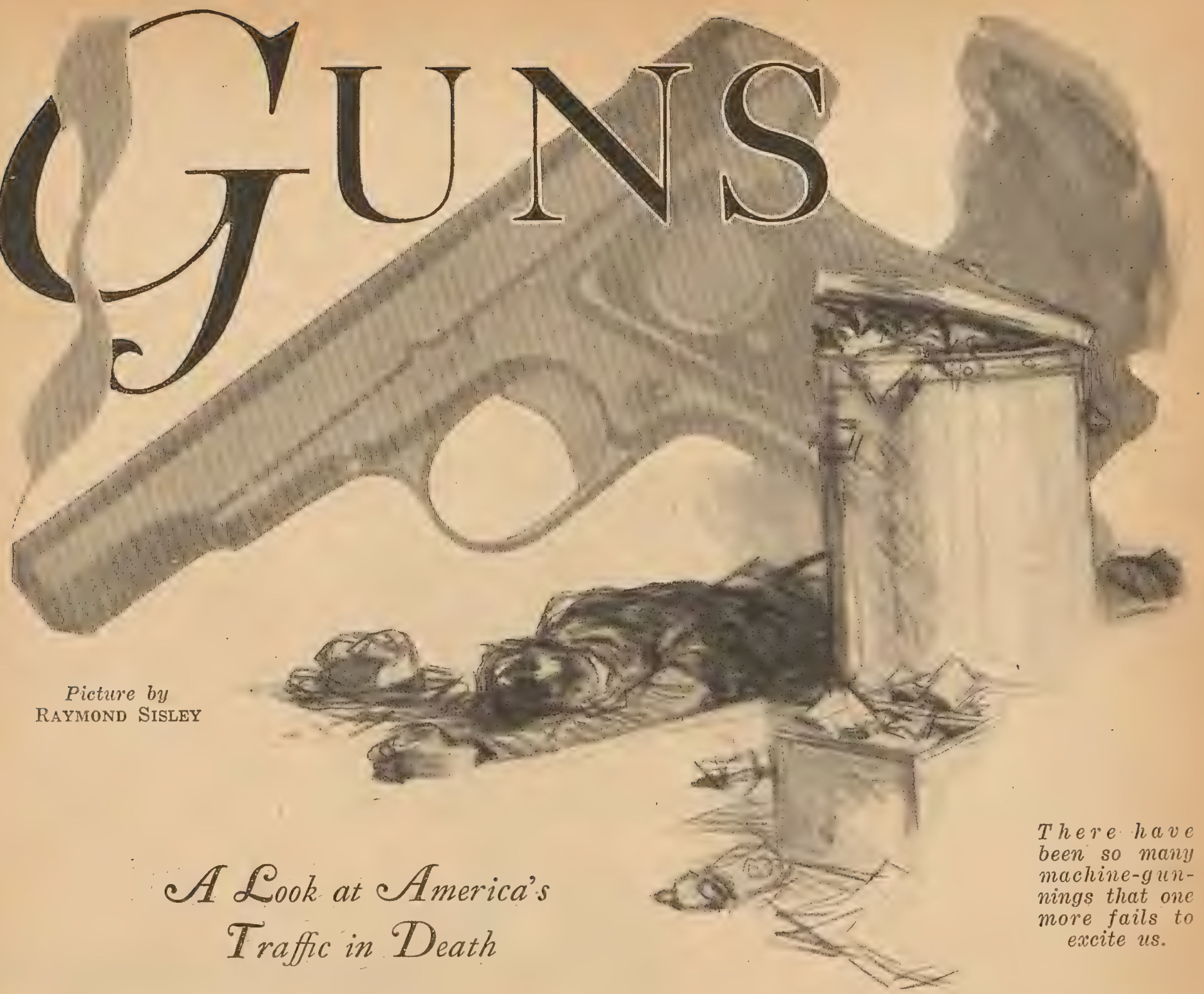
20—What is the name of the winged horse in Greek mythology?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-five)

GUNS

A Look at America's Traffic in Death

By EDWARD DOHERTY



Picture by
RAYMOND SISLEY

There have been so many machine-gunnings that one more fails to excite us.

(Reading time: 13 min. 41 sec.)

THE New York newspapers today contain the story of Joe Aiello's trial by fire. Joe, one of the bad men of Chicago, was rubbed out by machine guns. The guns barked as he walked through the courtway of an apartment building, and steel-jacketed bullets cut him nearly in two. A strictly modern passing.

There wasn't anything new in the story except the name of the victim. The alarming news was that it wasn't news. There have been so many machine-gunnings in this land of the free that one more fails to excite us.

The country is gun-mad. No nation in the world is so filled with gun owners and gun carriers. Perhaps this has been so since the landing of the Pilgrims. Your American forefathers carried guns when they went to church—to protect them from the Indians. Your emigrants carried guns. Your cowboys were known as two-gun men. The history of the United States could not have been written without guns. But the history has been written now—and there are more guns in the United States than there ever were. And the men who own and use them are growing in numbers every day.

The same papers that tell of Aiello's taking off have these other gun stories less prominently displayed.

Herbert M. Campbell is on trial in Washington, D. C., charged with shooting to death a navy department clerk, Mary Baker.

Jack Diamond, better known as Legs, a princeling of New York's underworld, tells the district attorney he doesn't know who shot him.

Men with guns tie up a watchman in a downtown New York jewelry store, and escape with $100,000 worth of jewels.

Frank de Martino, seventeen, is accidentally shot by a gun in the hands of Salvatore Colongelo, thirteen. He is in a hospital. Salvatore is held on a technical charge of felonious assault. The boys were playing with the gun.

Napoleon Normand, wanted for shooting his wife and stepdaughter, is found in a wood near Waterbury, Conn. He had shot himself. The gun was in his right hand.

Rum runners attempting to land a $150,000 cargo in Marblehead, Mass., fire tear-gas shells at the police. Seventeen are arrested and the liquor is confiscated.

Two men with guns hold up the manager of Mary Pickford's golf course in Hollywood and escape with $75.

Samuel Grossman, charged with killing a prohibition agent who was raiding a brewery, is extradited from Philadelphia, and will be tried in Elizabeth, N. J.

Two men with guns shackle Harry Ditchter to a banister in a dark New York hallway, and relieve him of $500.

Three men ambush J. W. MacCausland, paymaster for the Salem Glass Works, Salem, N. J., shoot at him from the running board of a car, and fatally wound him. MacCausland, father of three children, fights the bandits and saves a satchel containing nearly $5,000.

Frank L. Scheep of Brooklyn is waiting trial for murder. The state charges he shot and killed his wife.

Joseph Pieto, a New York criminal, is slain in Philadelphia by a policeman who surprises him in an attempted holdup.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GUNS

Continued from page twenty-three

Lieutenant Governor Lehman shakes hands with Captain Steve McGrath of the New York state police, the man who led the battle against the Auburn prison rioters—many of them armed with guns.

Judge Bertini in the Court of General Sessions, New York, permits Samuel Goltz to present evidence in his defense before the state closes its case. Goltz is on trial as an accomplice in the killing of Jacob Gross, a dentist shot in a holdup.

Firearms are comparatively so cheap, so accessible, and so deadly that it is strange there aren't more killings recorded daily in the newspapers.

Three hundred and fifty-seven persons were slain in New York in 1929. Of these, sixty per cent were killed by guns. In 1928 the percentage of gun killings was fifty-one. The New York police say the rate increases by about eight or nine per cent a year.

More than 300 have been killed by guns in New York up to late in October of 1930.

Yet New York is rated low in the list of homicidal cities. It was debited last year with 5.9 homicides per 100,000 of population. Detroit was high with 13.8. St. Louis was next with 12. Chicago had 9.2, Philadelphia 8.1, Cleveland 6.3, and Los Angeles 4.2.

Nobody knows how many millions of guns there are in the United States, in the homes of citizens or carried on their persons.

In 1929 the New York police arrested 993 men armed with guns, and twenty others charged with having guns in their offices or homes.

In Manhattan, one of the five boroughs of the city, 583 were held for trial. Of these, 375 were convicted of a violation of the Sullivan law. That doesn't mean that the others were freed. It means that the gun-carrying charges against them were dropped—and other crimes pressed.

The Sullivan law makes it only a misdemeanor for a man to carry a gun—unless that man has been convicted of a felony. In this case the possession of a gun is also a felony.

There is another law, recently enacted, whereby the possession of firearms adds five years to the sentence of anyone caught in the commission of a felony. The penalty may be stretched to twenty years for a third offense.

P. & A. photo

Tools of the terrorist's trade. Guns seized in the home of Terry Druggan, Chicago beer racketeer.

Brown Bros. photo

Liquor smugglers want Lewis machine guns, like this.

Close-up of the fountain-pen pistol, innocent-looking but deadly-shooting weapon for a surprise murder.

YET most anyone can obtain a permit to keep a gun. There are in the metropolitan city almost 35,000 licensed gun owners outside the police department.

But there is no way to tell the number of unlicensed gun owners.

The New York police work hard and skillfully to enforce the laws concerning the owning and keeping of guns and to punish offenders, but they are actually helpless.

A man can buy a revolver in almost any pawnshop, giving a fictitious name and address. He can write to an arms company and get a gun by express. He can take the tube to New Jersey and buy all the guns he wants. He can go to Philadelphia in two hours and buy an arsenal. Or he can step across the line into Connecticut and get just as good bargains.

He can go into many sporting-goods stores and buy Thompson submachine guns. And he doesn't have to have any credentials—not even a letter from his pastor—to get it. All he needs is cash. He can carry that Thompson gun down Broadway, if he wishes. And there's nothing the law can do to him. It isn't against the law to have a machine gun. The men who bought the machine guns intended for the rubbing out of Joe Aiello broke no laws whatsoever until they cut loose. Then they were guilty of murder—and shooting inside the city limits.

WHAT'S to prevent a criminal from printing a lot of stationery, organizing the Jones or Smith or Brown Arms Company, obtaining a police permit to buy and sell guns, and setting himself up in business? Nothing. He has to keep a record of sales. But the law doesn't say how long he must keep that record. He keeps a record for a week—in which he sells, say, four or five guns. Then he quits keeping the record—and sells in wholesale quantities to his criminal friends.

The New York police have some records—but how can they keep a record of the million guns a year that are smuggled into this country, and of the hundreds of thousands of guns that come in legally from foreign countries?

These "legal" guns are declared at the port of entry. They are consigned to a wholesaler in New York. And he distributes them in lots of a thousand, or even ten thousand, to retailers all over the country. He isn't going to have a record of each gun. He isn't compelled to. It would be a lot of trouble.

A man is found dead in a city street. He has been shot. The authorities decide, from the bullet, that a "Spanish" gun was used. Try to find that gun! Its number is not on record anywhere. The same is true of the army guns shipped to France during the war. Their records ended when they arrived at the front.

"Spanish" guns are seldom made in Spain, though the name of that country is stamped on the butt. They usually come from China, Japan, or Russia. They are poor imitations of American weapons. But many crooks use them because they are untraceable.

Smuggled guns come in pieces and are assembled in New York and distributed secretly. If the smugglers are caught—well, it's no great crime to be taken in possession of a case or two of gun butts, or trigger parts, or gun barrels.

All it takes to square it with the federal authorities is the payment of duty and a fine.

One firm in New York is said to have sold approximately 7,000 Thompson submachine guns within the last ten years.

Few of these weapons went to chiefs of police or village marshals. Most of them went to criminals.

One shipment was traced to Detroit. Nineteen men were murdered by machine guns in that city within a few weeks after the shipment arrived. And there is no record to show who bought the guns.

A BEER runner anxious to wipe out his competitors gets the name of a reputable gun seller in New York. He writes—inclosing cash—asking that one or two guns be shipped to a certain hardware store in his city. He tells the owner of the store that a package is coming for him from New York. When it comes the proprietor hands it to him. For all the proprietor knows the package contains toys for the children, chains for the car, or a set of croquet mallets and balls.

One thug in the middle west had his machine guns shipped to a coal company that had gone out of business.

The sales of machine guns have increased 100 per cent in the last two years. And, unless something is done to stop them, they will continue to increase. Every up-to-date gunman must have one or two. He can buy as many as he can afford—and the dealer is not obligated to make any entry of sales on his books.

Al Capone, the New York police declare, bought at least six machine guns from one dealer in New York. One of them was used in the killing of Frankie Uale, Brooklyn gunman. One may wonder who bought the two used in the murder of Aiello.

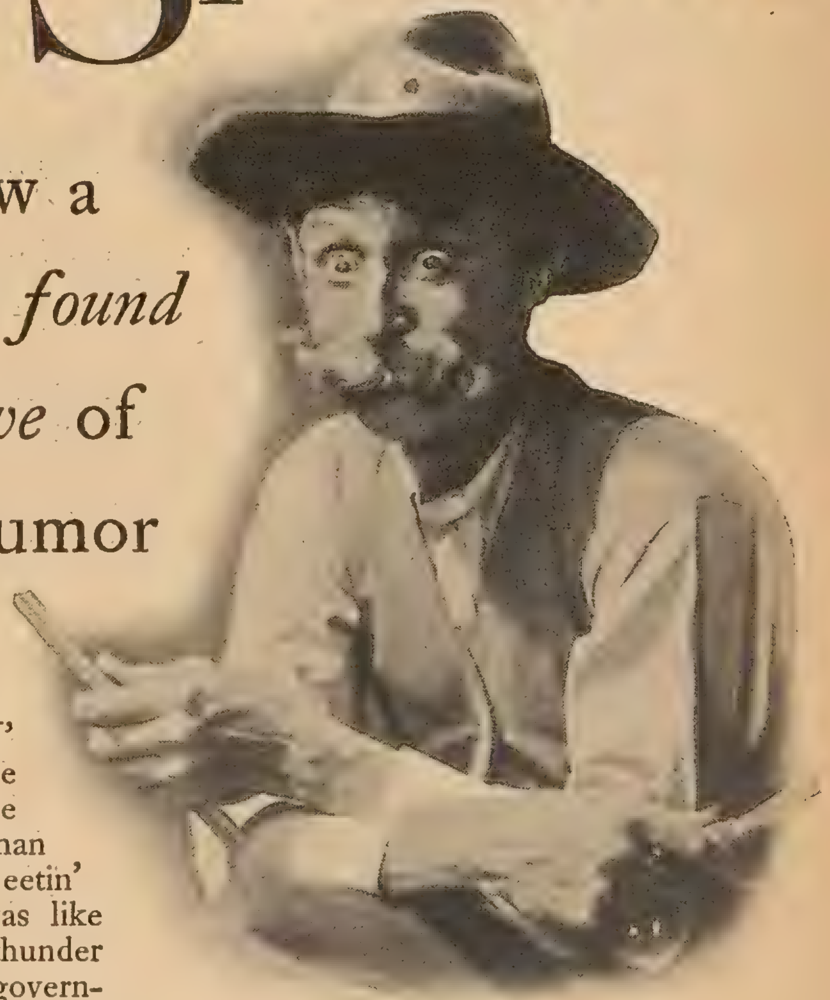
The Thompson gun weighs but nine pounds. It is eighteen inches long and fires fifty shots. You can shoot those fifty bullets in a second if you wish, and put in a new clip in half a second. The weapon has a lever that can be used as a speed regulator. You can kill one man or fifty with it. Of course all guns are made for killing people. No man carries

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Chic" Sale—
The Specialist

[Continuing a NEW SERIES by the Famous Author of "THE SPECIALIST" and "I'LL TELL YOU WHY"]

tells how a BANKER found a Reserve of Good Humor



I'M THINKIN' of old man Brown, the banker. Fer a while he was jest simply a one-man business depression. Meetin' him on the street was like gittin' ketched in a thunder storm. He cussed the government and the farmers and everybody and frowned so ferocious it pulled his hat out of shape.

Well sir, the strangest thing happened. One mornin' he appeared at the office with a smile from ear to ear like a rainbow upside down. He dictated a letter to all the customers of the bank. Here's my copy. She reads: "Blamin' things on somebody else is easy, but it's downright difficult to make any money at it. The world is all right. If things go wrong with the world it's the fault of us people livin' in it."

Elmer, he was right. Instead of a one-man business depression Brown become a one-man prosperity wave. You want to know what brought about the change? Oh, yes. I nearly forgot. It was a little tin box of chocolate tablets. Banker Brown says they'll regulate business.

"Chic" Sale

BANKER Brown was right! When things go wrong it's often our own fault. The world is all right—the trouble is with *us!*

If everything seems to go wrong with you, if you're grouchy and irritable all the time—you're probably suffering from intestinal poisoning. You're not "regular"—and what you need are those little chocolate tablets called Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax will keep you "regular"—will give you the thorough daily bowel movement which is so essential to good health.

Ex-Lax looks and tastes like the most delicious chocolate. Yet there is no more scientific laxative in the world. Ex-Lax is gentle. Ex-Lax is non-habit-forming. Ex-Lax never embarrasses. It's just the perfect laxative for young and old—as millions already know! Get a box today—and find out for yourself!

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The *safe* laxative
that tastes like Chocolate

Free SAMPLE COUPON
THE EX-LAX COMPANY, Dept. L-111
P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....
© 1930 Ex-Lax Co.

GUNS
Continued from page twenty-five

a gun as a weapon against dogs or cats. He carries it that he may kill other men—or maybe a woman or two. If he is in earnest about his killings, and goes in for murder on a big scale, he must have the most efficient weapon.

What better gun could he get for his purpose?

He can buy the "Tommy" gun easily and secretly. There is no record of sale. The buyer cannot be arrested for carrying it. He can mow his enemies down in a bunch, before any one of them can reach for his weapon. And, when the killing is done—there's no trace of the killer.

Of course there are other guns that are efficient too. The fountain-pen gun is a dandy. It looks exactly like a pen, but it is a deadly weapon. You press the trigger—it looks exactly like the clip that attaches the ordinary fountain pen to your pocket—and it shoots tear gas, choke gas, smoke gas, or a bullet—whatever you wish.

You are arrested, let us say. Your other guns are taken from you, the one in your patent holster under the left armpit, the one strapped on the calf of your leg, the one in your sleeve, and the one in the concealed pocket. Well, you still have the fountain-pen gun.

"May I write a note to my wife?" you ask, taking out the fountain-pen gun. And before the policeman who arrested you has time to say a word, you have shot him through the heart.

Oh yes, a neat little gun. It will send a bullet through a board.

SEVEN dealers in New York tried to make the police believe they had a right to sell these guns without making any records, on the ground that, while they could shoot bullets, they were made merely to fire tear-gas shells. However, the police obtained seven convictions of men found in possession of these weapons—and the dealers will have to keep records, for a while at least.

The Chinese hatchetmen prefer the .38 special with a long barrel, six to seven and one-half inches. It fires six shots and it has a penetration much greater than that of a .45 service revolver. It fires lead or steel cartridges. It will not jam. An automatic will. A neat and accurate gun for murder.

They also like the Mauser 9-millimeter gun. This has a range of two miles. It has rifle sights, and can be converted into a rifle easily. It is carried in a leather or wooden holster. The wooden holster can be used as a rifle stock. A bullet from the Mauser or the Luger will go through armor plate, a gun dealer says.

The .45 service automatics are used now only by demented war veterans, or by professional crooks who have obtained them from the supplies shipped to France.

Your amateur bad boy, the hoodlum who is all but broke, or the Fourth-of-July celebrant usually uses one of those .32 "Spanish" guns.

All these guns, of course, are pea shooters to the rum runner. The rum runner wants—and easily procures—the Lewis machine gun, the type used in the war. He's got to have something that will protect him from hi-jacking boats and planes.

"There are really two types of men who own guns," says James J. Wilson, assistant district attorney of New York County. Mr. Wilson has prosecuted over 1550 criminal cases; and after the armistice he investigated numerous gun and stab wound cases in and around Bordeaux, France.

"FIRST," he continues, "there are the ex-soldiers who won't give up their service guns. They retain them as souvenirs, even though they know it is against the law to keep them without a permit.

"You might add to this class the nervous — and certainly unwise — people who feel they should have guns in their homes or offices for protection.

"I don't know how the householder thinks to protect himself with a gun. If a burglar enters the house he is certainly not going to give his victim the chance to get his gun out of the bureau drawer or from beneath his pillow. If he sees a man with a gun in his hand, the burglar is going to shoot first. Many guns are stolen from houses and flats by prowlers and very, very few burglars have been shot while robbing a house!

"Second, there are the criminals. Most every criminal carries a gun. I'll go further. Most every man who carries a gun is a criminal, a killer or a potential killer.

"I exclude, of course, those who are supposed to be armed, the police, armored guards, railway mail clerks, bank guards, and such. The average citizen has no business carrying a gun.

"Most every criminal carries a gun. And yet, even when he's caught, it isn't the easiest thing in the world to prove he carried it. Criminals are foxy. They have to be. They are always thinking up ways to beat the law.

"Here, we'll say, the police catch four known criminals in an automobile. On the floor of the car are four guns. Now, each of these four swears he didn't see the guns, didn't know they were there. How could you prove that each of these four men knew the guns were accessible and available? You couldn't. Gun laws are different all over the country. If there were a uniform gun law— But then, we have too many laws now. If we could just use common sense in dealing with criminals. But we can't. We must use the law—and the law changes all the time. The law becomes more and more severe — and the criminals become more and more brazen. The prohibition law has flooded the country not only with booze but also with guns. It is directly responsible for the millions of guns in use today."

THE END

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The Height of Nonchalance

Six-year-old Keith begged to cross the busy highway alone to visit a toy store. "If I'm not back in fifteen minutes, mama, you'll know I'm run over."—Franklin Provo, Community Playhouse, 39 S. El Malino Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

* * *

The Nation's Capitals

Bodie, while on a trip with his big brother, was taken up in an airplane. When he returned home he described the experience to his mother, who inquired:

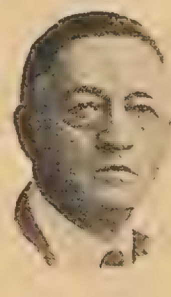
"Do you remember the name of the city you flew over?"

"Yes," said Bodie. "Washington, A B C."—C. M. Bartholomaus, 79 Davidson Ave., Lynbrook, N. Y.

A ROBOT on the JOB

A Short Short Story

By



CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE

who left Chicago about twenty-five years ago for New York City, where, he says, he has since worked on "about every morning paper in the city."

(Reading time: 5 min. 37 sec.)

IT was just noon when the big trust's efficiency expert dropped in. Old Matt Summers spotted him at once. Like the horned toad, the breed is distinctive, terrifying, and gorge-raising. Reorganization had begun. A business founded a century ago was to lose its identity and become a unit—a machine gadget. A swift and radical change in policy and personnel was coming. That meant only one thing to Matt—he and all the white-haired likes of him would be thrown out. Adding machines, comptometers, and robots, with the aid of a few supermen, would make things click thereafter.

The efficiency expert stalked over to the manager's desk and clanked into a chair with a metallic jangle. Matt expected to see sparks fly out of him, but the younger members of the staff merely noted the arrival of an adjuster sent ahead by the trust. Such a functionary is always the forerunner of great corporate changes.

The old man walked to the window and looked down. Far below him, just across the street, lay the snow-covered graveyard of old Trinity. The business, to him, was dead—dead as the founder who rested there.

The robot muttered a question to the manager. Oh, he might just as well have bawled it out! Matt knew what he said. "Who is that old dodo?" All efficiency experts want to know about the old dodos first. He did not ask: "Is that the chap who was such a live wire his first thirty years?" What do efficiency experts care about men who used to be live wires? What voltage do they carry *now*? That's the point with them.

In a few minutes the robot clopped out. "You fellows sit tight," growled the manager. "The wind blows over the short grass. Men in executive jobs always get it in the neck first. They and—" He glanced away from old Matt Summers. Purposely, of course. He didn't fool Matt, who knew that old trick of shooting at a man by firing in the opposite direction.

NEXT morning the old manager was introduced to his successor with efficient, mechanical courtesy. He took the gaff smilingly. "They haven't got around to the deuce spots yet," he explained naïvely, and old Matt wondered why he hadn't said "Matt Summers," instead.

That afternoon Matt was buzzed and belled into the robot's presence. "How long have *you* been here, Mr. Summers?" it asked efficiently.

"Forty-two years," Matt admitted faintly. He had noticed a half dozen sealed envelopes lying on the desk. In the uneven steel-blue pile he thought he saw one with a superscription ending in *ers*.

The robot merely squared off the corners so that the *ers* was no longer visible. Something of the machine-like poise and readiness of speech that had distinguished it at first seemed lacking. Clogged oil feed, or something. "We'll see," Matt heard it say finally.

Old Summers felt himself mechanically eased out. He stole into the street. An hour later, when he came back, the office was in possession of sweepers. He had begun to make only a nebulous contact with things around him. Time and the succession of days would mean nothing to him without a job. But the letter of dismissal he had expected to find in his box was not there.

Hope again flamed within the harried old heart. He visited a barber. On his way home he bought a belt with a silver buckle, and a smart new necktie—only old mossbacks wore black ties and suspenders. Spreading out these marks of rejuvenation with a pair of freshly pressed trousers, he set the alarm clock and fell into a troubled sleep.

It was seven o'clock when he started downtown, a full hour earlier than usual. He noticed that the subway platform was free from the jam he always had met, but the early hour accounted for that. When he entered the office building the watchman stared at him and said: "Good morning!"

All of old Matt's mental processes swung around one thought. He was fighting for his job—his life. Ringing the elevator bell, he waited for the churn of cables on the drum.

"I'll take you up," said a brittle voice behind him. He turned and looked into the face of the efficiency expert. The man grinned almost humanly.

"Snooping into desks before the force arrives," Matt conjectured.

He was bewildered, but, remembering that this was a sign of senility, he stepped briskly into the car and said: "Eleven!"

The robot grinned again, made an efficient stop at the eleventh floor, and efficiently opened the door.

"Thank you," said Matt, stepping out jauntily. But he found himself alone in the office. Everything was dark and still. He took off his coat and furtively busied himself with the dead things of yesterday.

FINALLY he heard steps in the hallway, a dragging of thick soles, not the slither of a gum-shoed assassin. The robot walked wearily into the room, threw a portfolio on the manager's desk, and sat down with a prolonged "Whew!" A human, inefficient "Whew!"

Matt sat tight.

The thing spoke: "What the deuce brought *you* down here on *this* day? Ain't it bad enough for one man to be working overtime at both ends of twenty-four hours on an infernal damned mortuary job?"

Matt forced a laugh. The metal scoundrel was trying to lure him into making a denunciation of Big Business, so he could say, "Get out of here, you bloody old bolshevik! I've got your number at last." He managed to chatter out something about not being caught napping.

"*You* caught napping! Why, man, didn't you get my letter? You've been here forty years, haven't you? Under the terms of the bill of sale you are entitled to full pay and retirement for life. We're closing this dump in a month."

Matt was amazed. The thing spoke in the vernacular and could lie and dissimulate at will. It was not until it actually scratched a match on the seat of its pants that the old fellow began to get his bearings. Only an efficiency expert, after all! And nothing very efficient about that peevish way he was rummaging around the manager's desk.

Matt heard the voice again. Yes, it was human. "By golly, I'll bet that sentimental idiot who got the gate himself yesterday thought this letter was your discharge. He didn't have the heart to give it to you—considering the day."

"The day?" repeated the old man feebly, extending his hand for the letter.

The efficiency expert walked to the window and threw it up, admitting a flurry of snow. "Listen!" he cried.

The chimes of old Trinity were echoing down the cañons. It was Christmas morning.

THE END

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Night Club Romance

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 7 minutes 50 seconds)

New York.

DEAR MARG,

Well, I had to leave Reno to go to a weddin. Yeh,—and a Dood weddin at that. I don't know why it is, but I'm always seein people either goin *into* the ether or *comin out* of it. When theyre gettin married, theyre unconscious, and when theyre gettin divorced theyre dopey too. Its all the same difference.

Well, anyway, I'll have to give you all the dirt about this particular weddin because it was a darb. Do you remember Danny Doyle Marg, what used to live in Mootch Chump?—Sure you do! He used to deliver coal and Ice to your old lady.

Well, what do you think happened? It seems, that years ago a bunch of Dannys friends gave Danny a trunk full of old stock sirtifficates along with a deed to an oil well out in Oklahoma. It was called the Ketchum & Trimem Petrolium Co. The only thing they ever pumped out of it, was hot air and suckers. Anyway, they presented this swell bundle of gold plated stock to Danny in honor of his birthday.

Danny was that dumb he didn't know what it was all about. But he had the presents of mind to sew it in a mattress and forget it. Six months ago Danny opened up The Mootch Chump Headache and read the big headlines—

ICE AND COAL PEDDLER BECOMES MILLIONARE.

Phoney Stock given as Birthday Joke Turns out to be Genuine.

Danny Doyle local coal and ice peddler sole owner of big gusher in Oklahoma, etc.

Well, from that day on Marg, Danny went haywire. The first thing what happened—an esquimo by the name of Ginsburg moved in and became his architect. Danny wanted a swell house built, so the Esquimo wound up by buildin him a cute little bungalow of about 200 rooms. It was a cross between Buckingham Palace and a light house. Not content with this, Ginsburg puts a heavy lather on Danny and tells him hes got to have a Lodge House.

What the hell is a Lodge House? squarks Danny.

Why, every big mansion has a lodge house,—its where the gatekeeper lives. Its nouveau rich.

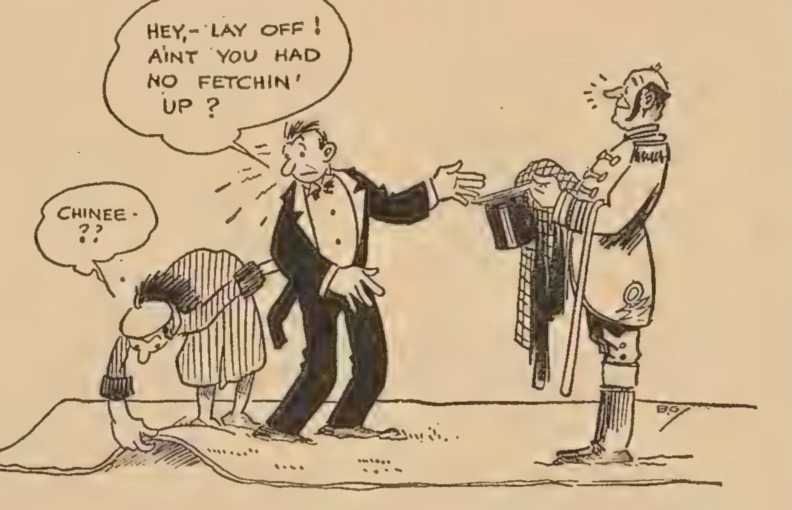
Alright, says Danny, Its in! !

So without further delay, Ginsburg imports the front of a church from Ireland, a dozen one armed statues from Italy, crooked fountains from France and a pair of cock-eyed stone lions from some place in Egypt. Yes, and not only that, but he had solid gold door knobs made just to show how rich he was. The rugs was crocheyed in Poland, and to step on 'em was like walkin in mashed perdadoes. Oh what a mansion!

Well, when Doyle moved into the joint every newspaper from here to Siam printed a great big write-up in the society columns about him. They had pictures of him Cuttin his Eye Tooth, pictures of him with his Ice Wagon and pictures of him standin in front of the *castle* with the cock eyed lions. From *Peddler to Millionare,* they called it.

EVERYTHING went along swell till a flesh and blood angle on Park Avenue lamped the news. Listen to this! says Mrs. Dynamite Upstart to her daughter. Heres your chance; *An old sap bachelor falls air to a million!*

With one leep her daughter pounced on the glad tidings and the frame-up was on. The first thing they did was nick the insurance policy for a few grand and then go blotto with the charge accounts. Hats, gowns, furs and shoes were landing at the apartment so fast, the suprintendent thought the Warner Brothers was goin to shoot the Coronation of Mussolini in the vestibule.

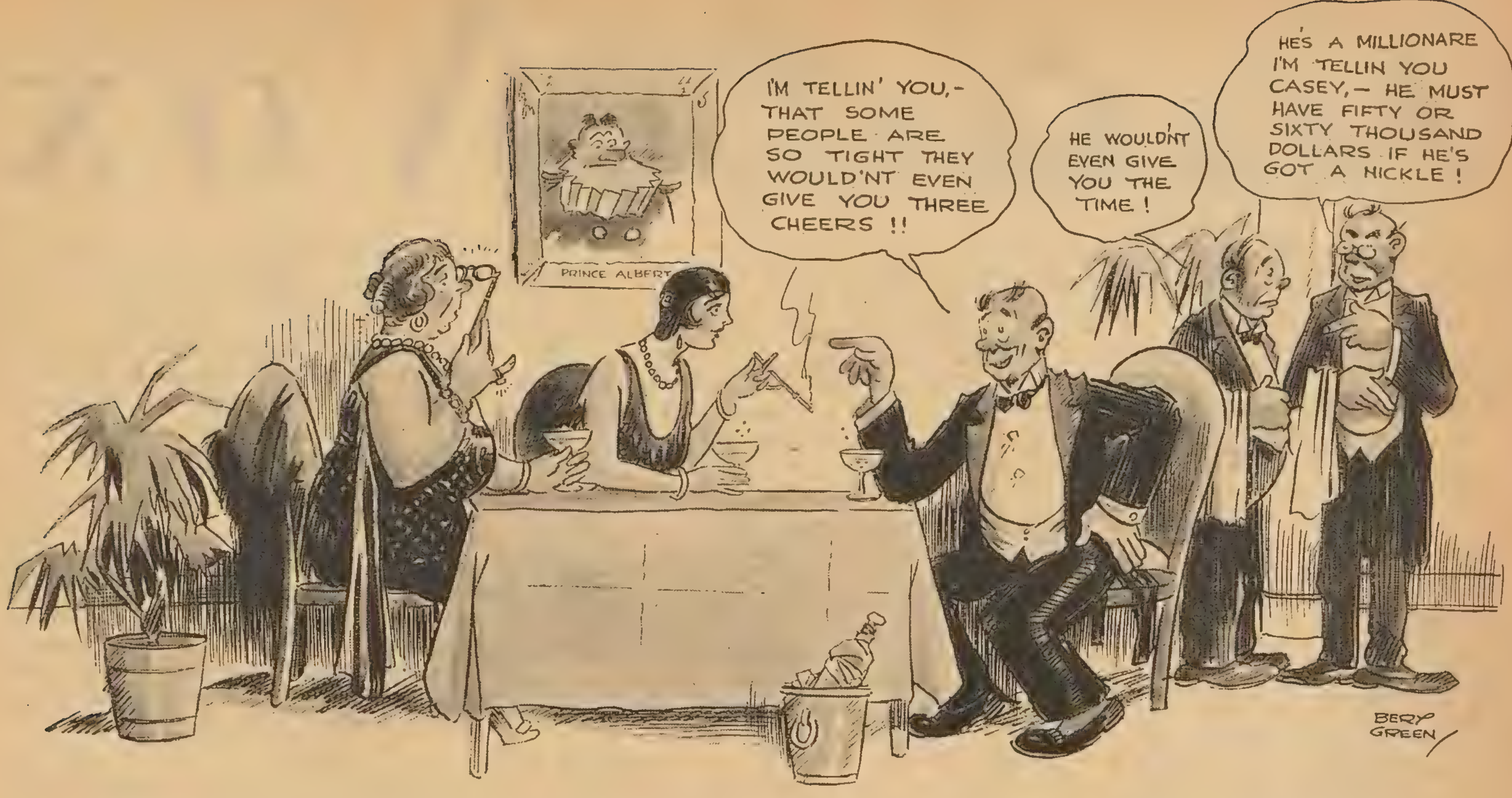

HEY,- LAY OFF ! AINT YOU HAD NO FETCHIN' UP ?
CHINEE ??

The rugs was crocheyed in Poland, and to step on 'em was walkin in mashed perdadoes.

As for Danny Doyle, he didnt even know he was goin to have a coupla strange names on his payroll. But a week later, for no good reason a-tall, Danny blows into town and ankles into the *Ultr Ritzy Night Club* just to toss a few dozen twenty dollar gold pieces at the chorus. Well, just when hes at the hight of his nonsence, who traipses in, but *Mrs. Dynamite Upstart* and her *daughter Gwendolyn.* And were they dressed up? ? WOW!

Mrs. Upstart was ribbed up like a fire horse all set to retire from the service. She had on a white flannel ensemble trimmed with crystal beads or bottle stoppers, I dont know which. Over this, was a red burlap wrap topped with a vermine collar a foot high, and hangin from the front was a big salad of purple daffy-dills. Oh, she was a riot. Every time she hoisted the gold plated nutmeg grater to her eye you could hear her facial enamel squeak.

As for Gwendolyn, she looked too dear for words. She sported an emerald green frock or neglerjay trimmed with an Irish-terrier that stood out like a swollen ankle on one of Singers midgets. Gwendolyn didnt look a day over twenty-two, although she'd done a bit of hoofing in


PRINCE ALBERT
I'M TELLIN' YOU,- THAT SOME PEOPLE ARE SO TIGHT THEY WOULD'NT EVEN GIVE YOU THREE CHEERS !!
HE WOULDN'T EVEN GIVE YOU THE TIME !
HE'S A MILLIONARE I'M TELLIN YOU CASEY,— HE MUST HAVE FIFTY OR SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IF HE'S GOT A NICKLE !
BERYL GREEN

When Danny moved in, he went hook, line, sinker, bate box and half of the canning factory.

Uncle Toms Cabin about the time when Dewey came home from Vanila.

Well, as soon as they appeared, the head waitor seated them at the next table to Danny Doyle. Of course this wasnt pre-arranged. Not much! A Night Club wouldnt do a thing like that Marg—God forgive me! Well, when Danny turned round, and lamped that emerald green beautiful creation with the Belladona blue eyes he just about folded up.

From that moment on, Danny did nothin but toss coy glances at Gwendolyn Upstart, and as for Gwendolyn, she didnt even give him a tumble. They hadnt rehearsed this thing two weeks for nothin. When they hooked him he was goin to *stay hooked for life and HOW!*

Mrs. Upstart would raise the gold plated soup strainer to her optic and look over at Danny like he was a roach under her feet. But if she ever thought for one moment he'd take a run out powder, she'd a called out the militia and fire department as well. And as for her *daughter*, she'd a bitten her initials in the back of his neck.

As the evening wore on, Doyles alcoholic imagination was gettin the better of him. So he decided hed call the hostess over and have her split a gill or two of Professor Mumms Extra Dry with him. Well, after a few quick jolts, he put the bee on the hostess and asked her if she'd fix-up a knock-down to the two gorgeous ball room sensations.

I'll see what I can do—she promised him. A few moments later she ankled over to the two ladies and put in the works.

WHY the very idea, blurted out Mrs. Upstart, with a sly wink of her eye. I'll have you know my daughters *not* in the habit of meeting strange men!!

It's quite alright assured the hostess—winking back. Hes a perfect gentleman and a man about town.

The hostess then introduced Doyle to the two dames and the act was on.

What a yell, Marg. When Danny moved in, he went hook, line, sinker, bate box and half of the canning factory—it was *love* at first sight.

During the gab that followed, Mrs. Upstart had Doyle thinkin she had more Villas in France than Brazil had nuts. But if the truth were known, both frails were a coupla mid-iron shots ahead of the sheriff.

Well, that was the way the romance started Kid, so now I'll have to tell you about the weddin.

The weddin was held at the brides snooty apartment on Park Avenue. Her mother had blown her last dime to stick her daughter in the big money and put on the swell front. Over in one corner a bunch of gorrilas from the Fee Gee Islands was playin toons on zitters, and over on the other end they had an alter fixed up.

ABOUT 8:30 the guests began percolatin in,—most of em was Dannys friends. There was Mr. & Mrs. Pat McGuire, the watchman from Mootch Chump. Tim Hennesy, the gas inspector. He had on a tux that fit him like a horse blanket. Next came Jim Donovan and his wife Kate. Kate was the sensation of the evening. She wore a thing on her head what looked like a cross between a jelly roll and a roastin pan. She was decked out in a cow coat, and underneath she had on a sport suit that fit her like a plasters apron. All she did was go around the flat, feel the draperies, pinch the wax fruit and ask questions what everything cost? Then came Joe Boyle and Chic Murphy, bartenders from the Topple Inn. With them strolled a dozen delegates from Wayne County to see what they could drink. Oh, there musta been a hundred people if there was fifty.

While the preacher was doin the *big thing*—somebody pours a gallon of apple jack in the claret punch and the fun started. After the seremoney was over, everybody kissed the bride, shook hands, told lies and then went into serious drinkin. Danny was that happy, him and the brides mother began goin against the claret punch. All she did was drink and brag about what swell friends he had. At three o'clock the customers were all pretty well healed. Some was makin speeches, others were tryin out their pipes while Hennesy was goin thru the house drapin Theodores on the statues. What a riot!

Then when the brides tryin to climb into her travellin suit, Donovan gets the big idea of playin a joke on the brides husband. So what does he do but kidnap Danny, snap a pair of hand cuffs on him and chain him to the radiator. Oh—he hollered murder!

Well, the mother-in-law called the janitor, and the last thing I remember, was seein Danny huntin for his bride with a red hot radiator under his arm.

Well, I gotta go now Marg, me corns are poppin. I'll tell you more later.

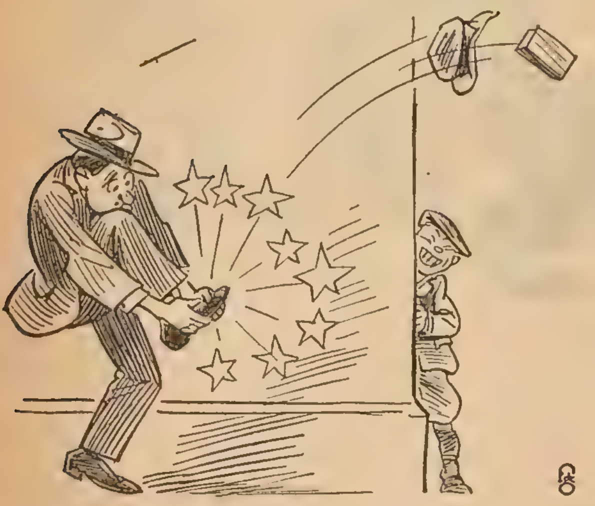
Aur Reward MIKE SHEA.

Another letter from Mike will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Vox

Well, Shucks. Matter of Fact, We Don't Get On Comfortable and Good with Anybody, Much

GENEVA, OHIO—Ed, I aint goin to try to tell you how to be an editor, your doin grate. Why dont sum of them guys what rite such hot letters start a magasine of there own? Then you cud get even an Vox Pop em with a rubber hamer, hit em onct an it wud bounse back an then hit em again in the same place.



You kno, ed, sum guys jest kick everything they see, thems the guys I like to hide a brick under a hat an watch em kick it. They ott to be blacksmiths, there good with the hamer, an good steeling babies candy.

But anyhow, ed, I like the Liberty, I aint no nocker an you got a hard job bein editor an printin that paper by yourself. Its always hard to work for the peeple. I onct had that kind of a job, only I dident print no paper, I carried water for a gang of foreners.

One guy always wanted his water cold, another guy wanted his warm and sum guys dident want no water. I got on good with the guys what dident want no water. Maybe you get on reel comfortable and good with them that never read the Liberty in there lives.—*Arthur Shoppe.*

"Buy Now!"

DALLAS TEXAS—I liked your editorial, "Buy Now!" You might have another entitled "Buy now and help your husband hold his job."

In all of the articles I have read suggesting a remedy for the present business depression, I have not found one that was a direct appeal to women. And women buy 85 per cent of all merchandise. The largest buyer and no appeal to her for help.

It might be helpful to let you know some of the things I hear among the women with whom I come in contact. One would think they had adopted the slogan: "I am not going to buy one thing for in a few weeks they will be giving them away."

Wearing their old clothing, waiting for the merchants to be forced to give away their merchandise, and never a thought that that time will mean the losing of jobs for many, perhaps their own husband.

I know women who have just as much now as they have ever had. Husbands on salaries that are going right along, and they positively will not buy one thing that is not marked down. They go to sales and leave empty-handed. They are waiting for the great big break. Of course friend husband has told us to cut down. He only sees us as the spender of his money; he does not see the other man's wife as the buyer of his merchandise. But any woman can handle a husband when he gets too economical.

I am so warm on the subject of appeal to the individual woman buyer that I almost believe I could write an editorial myself.—*Mrs. Bates Thatcher.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Have just finished reading your editorial, "Buy Now!" and have just received a cut in wages, as have many others. Doesn't it seem foolish to cry "Buy now" and at the same time take away our buying power? Give the working man a feeling of assurance that he will have steady employment, and there will be no need to cry "Buy now."—*Les. Loeffler.*

Thoughts

ALLEGHANY, VA.—I see that D. G. Rafferty, M.D., Vox Popped as follows: "Has the thought occurred to you that one million men could find employment today if breweries were licensed?"

Has the thought occurred to him that, if breweries were licensed, five million bootleggers would be thrown out of employment, increasing unemployment by four million? —*Lewis O. Ginn, D. C.*

MARIETTA, GA.—Has the thought occurred to D. G. Rafferty, M.D., that five million men could find employment today if the United States were engaged in a great war?—*M. R. Lyon.*

From Four Who Ought to Know

AIRPORT OGDEN, UTAH—Thanks for publishing Bogart Rogers' article, "What's the Matter with Aviation?"

Imagination and daring, that's what Liberty's editors have in selecting their articles. We need those qualities in periodicals as well as aviation.

Keep it up and let us know if you want any details from operators and flyers whose experience will back up Rogers 100 per cent.—*Dean R. Brimhall, Operator; E. Longrake, Transport Pilot; V. J. Carter, Transport Pilot; Art Mortensen, L. C. pilot.*

Tut, Tut, Doctor! You Should Have More Influence Than Mr. Thrasher

LAKEPORT, CALIF.—I have been taking Liberty for the last five years and have read your Vox Pop with much interest every week. I have agreed with some and have disagreed with others in their views.

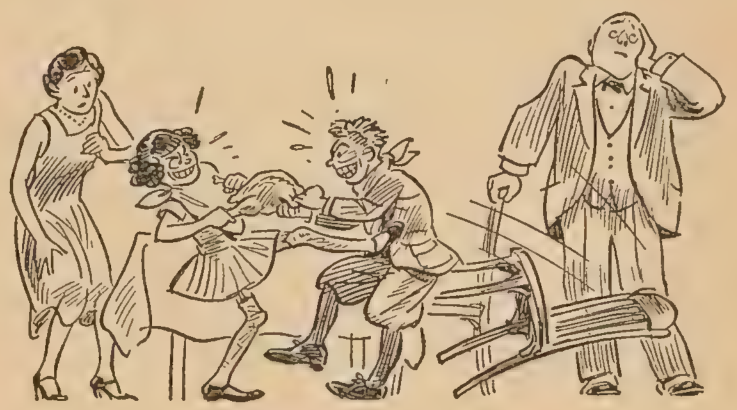
I have seen Leslie Thrasher run the gamut for weeks at a time, but I have never said a word, probably because he has never, by his illustrations offended my "finer sensibilities," but when the November 29 Liberty came out with its atrocious cover of "Fingers Were Made Before Forks," I believe I am within my province when I register this kick.

I ask you, how on earth are we, the mothers and fathers of "Young America," going to get away with the discipline of our kids on table manners when the greatest little magazine in the world comes out with a picture on its outside cover that is positively nauseating?

Last night Len Junior picked his nicely broiled lamb chop up in his fingers and commenced spilling gravy all over the tablecloth and his lap.

When reprimanded by his mother, he said, "Why pick on me? The picture on the Liberty says 'Fingers Were Made Before Forks.'"

So again I ask you, how the devil are we, the poor parents, going to do anything toward teaching our progeny table manners, when Leslie Thrasher, with apparently more influence than we, sets such an example?—*Dr. Leonard H. Stone.*



How Nice

VALLEY STREAM, N. Y.—This letter is the result of your editorial, "Works of Ultimate Necessity."

There is an old adage, "Let well enough alone," and here you go advocating the building up of our navy and air forces!

There is no need for our further armament, for the several conferences held in the past have proven the world-wide desire to settle international differences without the use of arms.—*Bergette D. Natrig.*

Pop

"Lady Birds"

Richland Center, Wis.—This letter was inspired by Alicia Patterson's article, "Lady Birds."

It is my opinion that Miss Patterson should be made a regular staff contributor.

Her recent article was certainly the sanest and most fascinatingly interesting of any article on flying I ever read and, believe me, I read plenty of them. —*E. E. D.*

Hawley, Penn.—About that article by Alicia Patterson. Cheer up—the men didn't arrive overnight. They had that golden era for so many, in which to learn to fly.

Dear old Uncle Sam had flying schools and planes galore. They all made mistakes—some they tell about.

Some went to glory, some brought glory home with them.

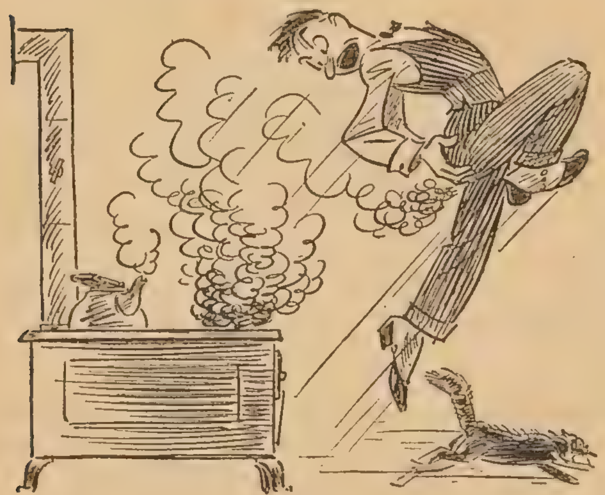
It seems to me that women's greatest handicap in flying is women. One must learn to give a whole heart and undivided attention to it. It must become avocation and vocation.

In a little while, when it becomes a regular profession for women, they will excel at it.—*Julia M. Hammill McGinty.*

It's a Beautiful Thought

Richland, Texas—I like Liberty fine. But I do think that some of the Vox Poppers should carry a twenty-penny nail in their pocket, that they may have it handy to chew on when they read your magazine.

Let the good work go on, and let Vox Poppers sit down on you if they will.



You have this consolation: Blessed is he that sitteth on a red hot stove for verily he shall rise again.—*John Bunyan.*

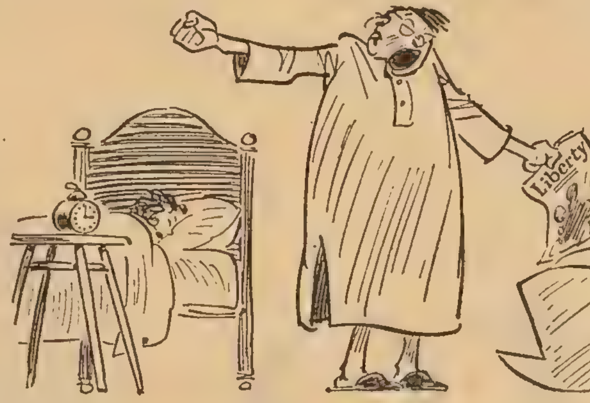
You Get No $5 for That Bright Saying, Smarty

Toronto, Can.—You keep on publishing those "Bright Sayings." Well, the brightest saying I ever heard was when my sister said: "Why do you waste a perfectly good nickel on Liberty?"—*Orfan Annie.*

Yes, but Beware. Read Dr. Stone's Disturbing Letter, Across the Way

Louisville, Ky.—I felt I had to write this—it is one of those spontaneous letters.

Our squalling brat, who is thirteen months old, has come to recognize Mr. Leslie Thrasher's characters in his "For the Love o' Lil" series. When we let this infant look at a cover, squalls cease, gurgles come, and peace reigns. It's worth anybody's nickel, this twenty minutes of quiet.—*Mrs. N. L. Willett.*



For Mr. Bercovici

Washington, D. C.—In all the years that Queen Marie of Roumania, King Carol, Princess Ileana, and other members of that royal family have occupied the front pages of the newspapers of the world, I have failed to find much of interest in their loves, intrigues, or what not—that is, until I read "That Royal Lover," by Konrad Bercovici.

If ever a story presented a vivid picture to a reader, if ever a story inspired pity for the less fortunate or aroused hatred toward the grasping, grafting, racketeering men who hold the reins, that story is "That Royal Lover."—*F. E. A.*

Buffalo, N. Y.—Just what is wrong with that editor of yours? I am surprised at him, accepting stories about Roumania's martial strife—a subject that does not interest a majority of your readers.—*Wm. G. Harris.*

And Mr. Saunders

Wilmette, Ill. — Congratulations, Liberty!! That series by John Monk Saunders is the most vivid, actual, story I have ever read. I was almost tight myself when I finished the latest episode —nice cheap way to get drunk. Glad to see that there is more coming.—*Nod Noslen.*

Salt Lake City, Utah—I've taken Liberty for better or worse since it was first published. It was getting better all the time until John Monk Saunders' series about Nikki and her war birds appeared, and then it took a turn for the worse—and how!—*Vic. O. Johnson.*

That Legion Convention Article

Detroit, Mich. — Say, Pop, your Legion Convention article was O. K. But don't let Granville Fortescue kid you into thinking that we all want to eat up the Reds. That's because the bulk haven't the wit to find out what and why the Red program is. A couple of dozen thousand of us learned that propaganda, prejudice, and bunk made the goad that prodded our planet into the last war, but at Legion meetings we just sit tight, for the Legion believes in freedom for the gents who agree with it, and nobody else.

We Vets who have turned Red aren't scared. Neither are we itching for a fight. Nor have we any reason to desert the Legion. We like the good old Constitution and only want to see some phases of it amended to provide equal opportunity for all. And somehow we got a lot of faith that some time the rest of the gang will wake up and use their heads for something else than to keep their spines from unraveling. — *Slum Gullion, Dizzy, and Slim.*

New York, N. Y.—Thanks for the story about the Legion's Boston tea party, and Granville Fortescue's sympathetic interpretation of rumored wholesale muckerism. The Boston Hotel Association has notified the Detroit Hotel Association (the next convention will be held in Detroit) that hotel damage during the visit to Boston of 60,000 men amounted to less than $500, and that the total in bad checks was only $300. The Legion has the quaint convention idea of performing in the middle of the street. When its members keep out of sight, then only shall we or anyone else worry greatly about their conduct.—*Roger Batchelder, N. Y. State Publicity Chairman, American Legion.*

Waiters

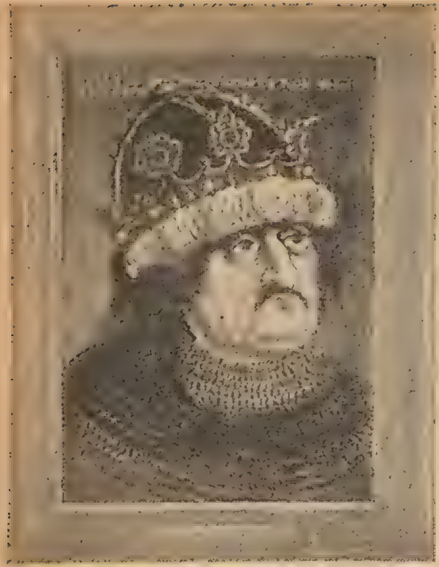
San Francisco, Calif.—That Sutherland-Hosfield article in the November 29 Liberty under the title: "How You Look to Your Waiter," created quite a stir among the "hasher" fraternity in San Francisco and, I suppose, everywhere else.

Your informant has, in my opinion, sized the matter up admirably.—*Hermann Fiedler.*

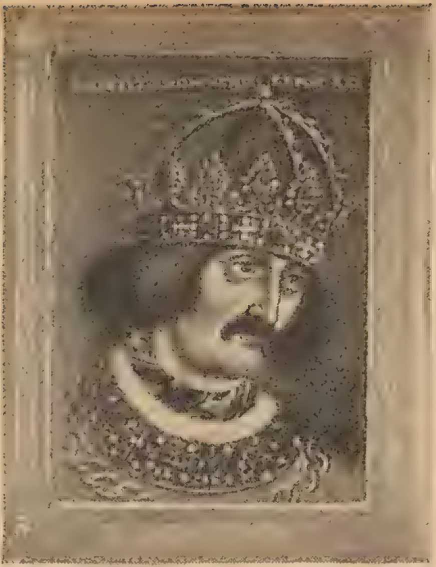
East Orange, N. J.—Your mag. is getting worse every week. Now I arsk you, who the h—— wants to know how we look to those flatfooted waiters?

Take my advice and start printing some good stories or you and me is quits.

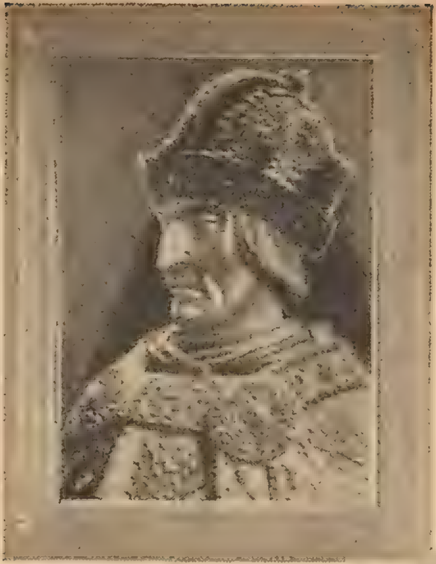
With much love (for myself).—*Walter E. Koerner, Jr.*



ALBERT I *(1250-1308), German king and royal villain of the William Tell legend. Assassinated by his nephew, he died in a peasant's arms.*



ALBERT II *(1397-1439), who inherited the archduchy of Austria as a child, but ruled only briefly over Germany, Hungary, and Bohemia.*



FREDERICK III *(1415-93), Emperor whose chief aim was to widen the Hapsburgs' hereditary dominions.*

Otto,

A Hope and a Menace

By

MAUREEN RUE

Otto, the king without a kingdom, in royal raiment

(Reading time: 12 minutes 37 seconds.)

ONE of the focal points of European politics is the Hapsburg royal family, now exiled in Spain and Belgium. Last week in Liberty Mrs. Rue presented a picture of Otto, the eighteen-year-old son and heir of the late Emperor Charles and claimant of the throne of Hungary. Now she concludes her story of visiting the family in Lequeitio, Spain.

THE Baroness de Pont and I arrived in San Sebastian, which is across the frontier from France and two hours' drive from Lequeitio, on the hundredth anniversary of Francis Joseph's birth.

The baroness was in black and asked me to dress in like costume for our visit to the former Empress Zita of Austria-Hungary and her family.

"We wear black at court, you know," she said. "We curtsey to their Majesties and kiss their hands."

We hired a Spanish car to take us up the road to Lequeitio. The chauffeur told us that eighty pilgrims had gone early by bus so that they might arrive in time for the mass for Francis Joseph.

"The pilgrims are content to come thousands of miles just to kiss the hand of young King Otto," he said. "They must love him very much."

The Spanish chauffeur has a personal interest in the affairs at the court. Thanks to the royal family he has had a good season.

The road from San Sebastian to Lequeitio is as romantic as the family which traversed it to the house of exile. It winds in sharp curves on top of the rocks along the Spanish coast for seventy-seven kilometers. On the right side is the Bay of Biscay, whose waves pound on the rocks and swish on the sand like a wild Basque song. On the left loom the mountains. Here you occasionally see a castle overlooking the rugged landscape.

The royal house is right on the narrow medieval road. It is a run-down Renaissance mansion, built in the shadow of a fourteenth-century cathedral. In front is an unkempt garden. On the far side is a little beach and the bay. The place smells like all fishing villages.

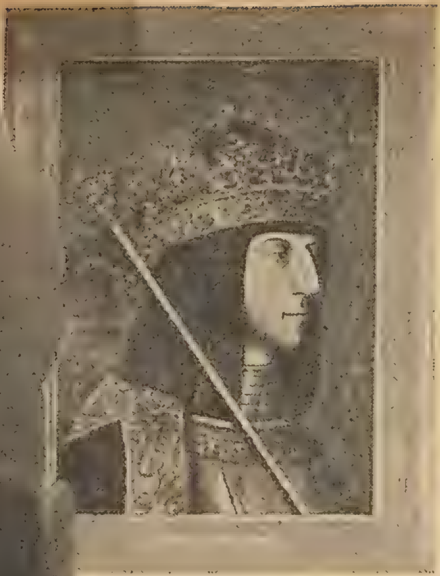
The entrance is a small door on the narrow street. A Spanish maid in a coarse brown apron and a printed cotton dress let us in.

WE were ushered into a salon. Here were worn-out imitation tapestry chairs, and a few tables ornamented with the double-eagle heads, the crest of the Hapsburgs. On the walls were huge mirrors. A great crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling. There was a mustiness in this room, the mustiness of an old attic full of forgotten things of a dead splendor.

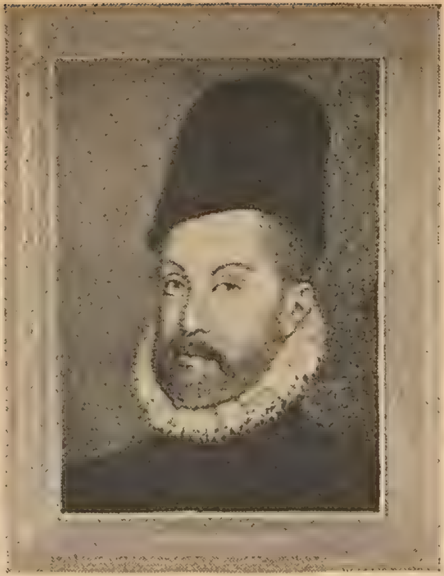
Clad in shabby black, a lady in waiting entered. She informed the baroness that her Majesty, the empress and queen was ill in bed with fever, but would receive her. I, however being a stranger, would have to wait until she was better.

Baroness de Pont entered Empress Zita's bedroom, a huge depressing place with drab walls hung with countless photographs of the late Emperor Charles.

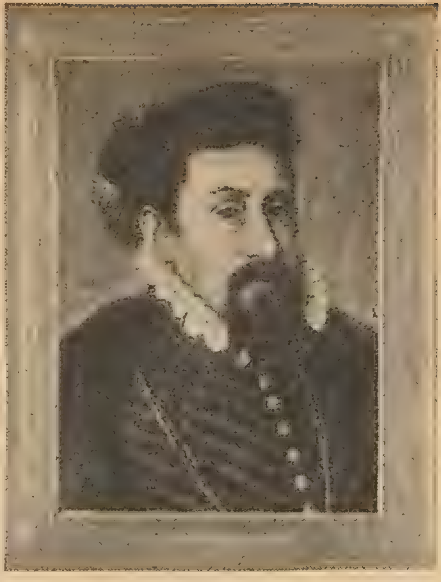
The baroness presented Zita with a medal of the Virgin Mary, brought from Lourdes, which her Majesty received with as much grace as if it had been a costly jewel.



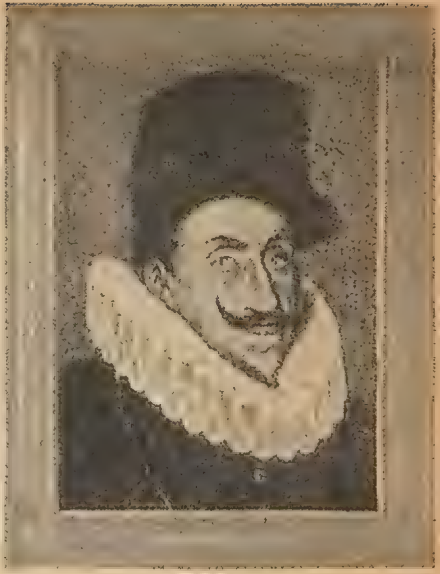
MAXIMILIAN I *(1459-1519), who was Emperor from 1493. Acclaimed as the Last of the Knights.*



PHILIP II *(1527-98) of Spain. He fostered the Inquisition and his policy of terrorism finally cost his house the Netherlands.*



MAXIMILIAN II *(1527-76), Holy Roman Emperor from 1564. Reformation leaders counted him on their side, but he stayed in the Church.*



FERDINAND II *(1578-1637), Holy Roman Emperor from 1619. He was Gustavus Adolphus' chief foe in the Thirty Years' War.*

The empress called in the children. They lined up according to age, with young Otto in the center. Several hands were held out. The mother smiled fondly as they greeted the baroness. Then her face became sad as she said:

"There are only seven here. Robert, poor little Robert, is ill; la grippe. He has had a fever for a few days, but he will be up and about soon. He is the most sensitive of all my children."

All the children, except Otto, who remained as the official host, trotted out to play.

Publishers' Photo Service

A shrine of Hungary. The monument to St. Stephen in Budapest.

The castle at Steenockerzeel, Belgium, where Zita's family resides in winter.

"The children love it here," Zita continued. "But we must be very careful that they do not stay in the water too long. Only the young emperor is powerful; he can stay in as long as he likes.

"It is so good here for the children, but the ocean gives me neuritis. I find it difficult to keep warm."

The empress was dressed in a long-sleeved woolen jacket, although it was August, and in Spain. She took some headache tablets. Her face was more peaked and paler than normal. Her dark hair was arranged in a loose knot at the nape of her neck.

Among her most impressive features were her hands, beautiful, long, white, soft, young, but sad hands. The only ornament was a large black signet ring.

The empress, in a sad voice, discussed her troubles but expressed the hope that they would soon be over.

"I am touched," she said, "at the loyal devotion of my faithful subjects. It has been a hard struggle, and without my faithful entourage, I should never have been able to accomplish what I have done.

"We have a hard time making both ends meet, there are so many, but we arrange and work, and with God's help know that the young kaiser will soon come into his own."

The baroness asked if any definite date had been set for his return to Hungary.

"No one knows anything definitely, but we already feel God's favors are blessing us, and it won't be long, we hope."

Throughout the conversation the young kaiser kept interrupting, seemingly eager to talk; but his mother always intercepted, finishing his remarks with the introduction, "The young kaiser means to say" this or that. Then she would explain that he could not make any statement until he was eighteen, which would be in three months.

The young kaiser would always smile happily, seemingly in the knowledge that he had not long to wait before he would be permitted to grant audiences.

"Your daughter, Amie de Pont," Zita told the baroness, "is one of my most faithful. She, like all the others, can do anything. When I lack appetite, she will cook me something so delicious I cannot resist eating it. When my children are restless, she will sit down and play the guitar and sing to them."

The empress, like Otto, mentioned the dizzy road from San Sebastian to Lequeitio.

"It is not only my family that is affected by those sharp curves, but several of the pilgrims here have been forced to go to bed after that trip. I prefer to take the train, although to go seventy-seven kilometers we must change trains four times. Of course, the young kaiser is so hardy that nothing affects him. He is so powerful and healthy he can do anything he pleases."

ZITA became reminiscent about the gardens of Vienna and Budapest.

"How I shall love to be back there! Tell me, how is my lovely house in Baden?"

The baroness said it was in a good condition, but spared the exiled empress the pain of being told the mansion was now being used as an office for a lottery.

Zita asked about various people, including the dancer at the Bristol Hotel who regularly sends presents of clothes to the children. Then she discussed the children again. Adelheit, the eldest girl, now sixteen, she said, had assumed responsibility for the younger children.

"She is such a comfort to me," Zita added. "She, like the others, has kept her love for our country. While here she dresses like a peasant girl. She speaks several languages and has all the accomplishments necessary for her position as archduchess."

"Our household is typically Hungarian," she informed the baroness. "We have a good Hungarian cook, and all the children love the Hungarian dishes.

"Besides that we have only two other servants, a Spanish maid and a little Spanish boy, who is only eighteen, but he is a great help to us.

"Of course, we must live simply. Even if I could afford to

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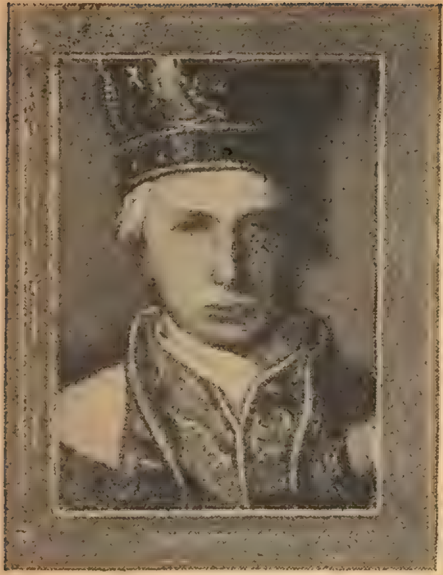
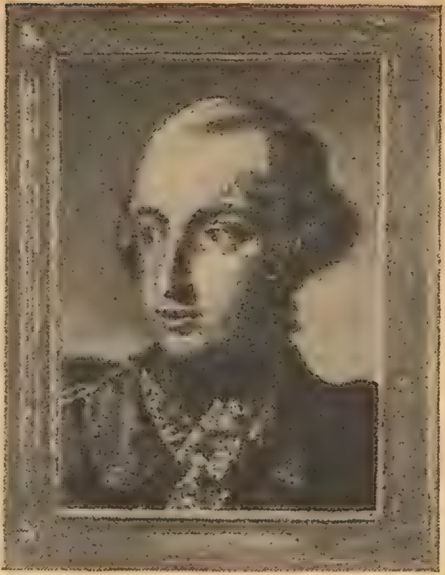
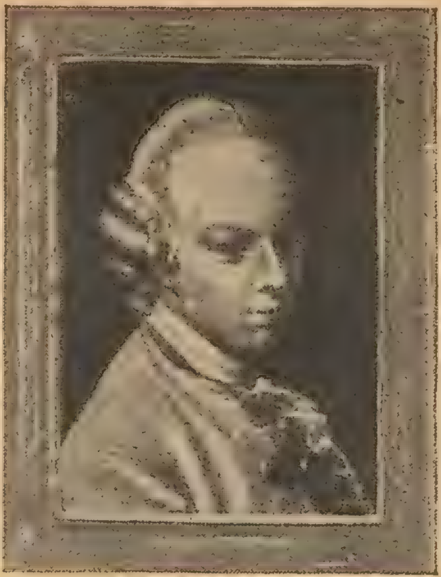


FRANCIS I *(1708-65), who was Duke of Lorraine when he married Maria Theresa. From him descend the members of the present family.*



JOSEPH II *(1741-90), Holy Roman Emperor from 1765 and a son of Francis I. A reformer ahead of his time, he was a benevolent despot.*



LEOPOLD II *(1747-92), who, as Duke of Tuscany, abolished the Inquisition. His son was the last to be styled Holy Roman Emperor.*

CHARLES *(1887-1922), the last of the Hapsburg rulers. This picture was taken on his coronation in Budapest in 1916 as King of Hungary.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

entertain, I have neither silverware nor dishes beyond the absolute requirements of the family.

"But I am happy as long as the children remain healthy, knowing that in God's own time all will be well with us."

Adelheit came in. The empress visibly was getting tired. But the baroness waited until dismissed. Zita repeated her thanks, reiterated her messages of greeting to friends in Austria and Hungary, then bade adieu and said, "Adelheit, please accompany the baroness."

Then the young kaiser again broke into the conversation. He took the baroness' hand, she pressed her lips to his hand, and he said:

"I will see you in Vienna." He walked to the door, and again said significantly, "*Auf wiedersehen in Wien*"—(Until we meet in Vienna).

Empress Zita always speaks German to her children, although her own language is Italian. She was born in 1892. Her father, the Bourbon Duke Robert of Parma, had twenty-two children. Sixteen of them lived.

Parma was once a sovereign duchy. But since 1860 it has been an Italian province.

One of Zita's brothers, Sixtus, Zita's favorite, is an arch-intriguer. It was Prince Sixtus who urged Charles to attempt to make a separate peace during the war. Two other brothers fought in the World War with the French.

The summer home of the Hapsburgs at Lequeitio, where Mrs. Rue saw Otto and others of the family.

Of all the daughters, Zita was the most beautiful and the cleverest. She was sent to school in Bavaria and her marriage to Charles was a love match. Just recently Vienna showed movies of the ceremony that took place October 21, 1911.

At that time Zita was nineteen. Her face then had an elfin beauty. She was a high-spirited girl with an unmistakable urge toward the spotlights. Those elfin eyes showed a determination that has developed with the years. The same years have developed a distaste for spotlights.

ZITA of Bourbon and Parma is still beautiful. The years of alternate splendor and sorrow have made her one with all maternal tenderness. She is poor, she is exiled, but her courage has not faltered.

A strange combination, Zita. As a mother she possesses a maternal passion and tenderness that approaches unnecessary martyrdom. She will sit beside a sick child's bed all night, even when the child is not seriously ill. On the other hand, she is a Minerva, goading others on to battle, to victory, or to death.

Behind those soft, dark eyes is the resolute, ruthless spirit of the Trojan woman. But Zita, in her battle, is denied the compensation of the spectacular color and glory of the Trojan woman.

Her fight is one in terms of grocery bills, hand-me-down clothes, medicine, ridicule, and contributions which she accepts not as charity but as a dutiful donation to a holy cause.

Zita's own clothes, always black, are sent to her by Spitzer, formerly the court dressmaker of Vienna. Every year six dresses are sent.

The professional dancer, Willy Elmayer, of the Bristol Hotel in Vienna, sends clothes for the children out of money earned by dancing lessons and tips from partners. Others send bicycles, toys, small sums of money, books, canned goods.

WHILE the baroness was speaking to Zita, I was out on the beach with the children.

All except Otto are blonds. All the seven archdukes and archduchesses have been taught to be polite to the pilgrims. Even the youngest little archduchess, Elizabeth, gives her tiny hand, asks: "Have you got a father? A mother? What part of the country do you come from?"

Elizabeth gladly tells what little she knows about herself: that she is not allowed to stay in the water long; that she is eight years old; that she likes to play with dolls; that some day she will ride a bicycle; that they all love "our emperor."

The royal children play with the Spanish children and have picked up the language, which they speak freely among themselves.

They are a typical large family—a spirit of rivalry prevails. Even now, while I am watching, Rudolph, eleven years old, is showing off on a bicycle, riding without touching the handlebars. He is jeered and cheered by the other children.

Young Otto sometimes has arguments with the others; but although Zita publicly supports him as one demanding his right, she privately reproves him, reminding him that it is especially his duty, as the kaiser, to be generous and considerate.

It is a family healthy with exuberance, the children blissfully happy in the present, blissfully unconscious of sorrow that may be in store for them. They are more than convinced a brilliant future is to be their lot.

The child faith is refreshing—but it is sad to contemplate the possibilities of that future.

THE END

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to

S. T. GRAHAM

1363 Ontario Avenue, Niagara Falls, New York

If you were a woman and had the privilege of choosing a husband, which one of the three following types would you select:

1. **Kind, affectionate and generous though unfaithful,**
2. **Faithful, but given to nagging, or**
3. **Lovable and famous in the eyes of the world, but moody and quick-tempered despite his faithfulness?**

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, January 10. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing four answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for November 29, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

If you were a young man of eighteen and fate gave you these three different lives to pick from, which would you choose—

1. A life crammed full of love, travel, and high adventure, to end at thirty-eight,

2. The life of an everyday business man, quiet, industrious, medium circumstances, to end at sixty, or

3. The life of a common laborer, always hard up, always poor, but continuing to extreme old age?

The Winning Answers

By A. L. HUBBARD

117 E. Madison Street, South Bend, Indiana

GIVE me a life of love, travel, and high adventure to end at thirty-eight.

Cleopatra still lives to fire the imagination with the romance of all three. Alexander of Macedon, in five fewer years, enjoyed all these and ruled the world besides. At thirty-eight Gustavus Adolphus died victorious but lives on, a hero in valor and high adventure. At thirty-seven Raphael was called by the Master Painter but a spiritual Raphael was given back to men for centuries of inspiration.

The music of Mendelssohn, who passed on at thirty-eight, and of Mozart, who sank into silence at thirty-five, will be mellowed into eternity by the stealing hours of time.

Men sang a requiem for Robert Burns at thirty-seven,

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

but if we count time by heart throbs, Robert Burns will live a thousand years.

Rupert Brooke, another lover of high adventure, became immortal at age twenty-eight. And this same "shoreless flood that clasps the limits of mortality" engulfed Shelley at twenty-nine and Keats at twenty-five.

So give me even ten years less, if you will, but let me live like one of these; for a life of love and travel and high adventure is a worthy life, in which years are but a golden pupa, the chrysalis of an eternity of happiness.

By LEROY F. BENNETT

1650 Westwood Avenue, S. W., Atlanta, Georgia

I WOULD choose the life of an everyday business man. His life is made up of the things that are the backbone of a nation. He is industrious, and develops foresight. He has a certain amount of pride in his community, and contributes much to its welfare. His life will be a normal life, serving others and reaping the rewards in esteem of others, and in a personal satisfaction of duties well done. Love will be a part of his life, but it will be a quiet love. Adventure will be met in his business life. In this modern age, one in medium circumstances may travel to some extent. Much toil will also be his lot. His passing at sixty will end a useful life, before the decline in age creates a burden on his associates.

By JAKE GRIFFIN

6010 Hazlett Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

I WOULD not exchange the life I have lived as a common laborer for any of the other two choices, and I'll be seventy-five in November, 1931.

There is no reason in God's green earth why a common laborer can't be happy like I was, and I never had, or haven't now, a dollar I could call my own.

Love came into my life, and it ended in marriage, and I enjoyed the faithful companionship of the best woman that ever breathed, for forty years. Our children all went through high school, though I, their father, never saw the inside of a school.

There is a lot of pity felt for us "poor clods," as the genteel folks call us, that would be more appropriately expended amongst themselves. Young Bill, my boss's son, heir to millions, took poison because he could not have the girl he loved. That is many years ago, and the day he was buried my wife presented me with a baby of eight pounds. I will leave it to anybody, who was happiest on that particular day? My millionaire boss contractor, or I, the common laborer?

I do not think any man could be happy to take a choice of any particular mode of living with the understanding that it end at any specified period. The all wise Providence holds that secret when we are to die.

I have always been hard up, but was happy. And I am happy now. I'd live it all over again from choice.

By S. H. WHITMAN

1041 North Avenue, New Rochelle, New York

I'D choose the life of the laborer—and with it the indefinite span of usefulness and living.

A man's stomach will only hold a pint after all—be it crêpe Suzette or mulligan. He can only wear one pair of trousers at a time—be they broadcloth or corduroy. And the morning after, a champagne cocktail is not so desirable after all.

So it is not riches that make one life desirable and another intolerable. It is nothing in the world of material things that tips the scale of human happiness one way or the other. On the contrary, it is the spirit of man that sings or writhes in torment. And the way to the singing spirit is the long, humble, useful life—the life of devotion, of spiritual reflection, of work, and of the homely, vigorous things that only the man who honestly toils with his hands can know. Health, serenity, faith—and the peace that passeth all understanding.

Answers to the question in Liberty for December 6 will be published next week.

1931

A New

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

THE great day was over for another year. Dry Christmas trees had showered their needles on sitting-room rugs. Rubbish bags bulged with paper and fancy string. Men had exchanged foppish neckties for silk handkerchiefs and women had taken back bedroom shoes with pompons for bead shoulder flowers and tan stockings for gray or gray for tan. Daily reminder pads were nailed over kitchen tables. Veteran sewing kits were dumped in wastebaskets. And odoriferous French soap was stacked in bathroom cabinets.

"Throw out these holly wreaths," Lil told Nannie. "Now that Christmas is over I want to get this house looking natural. I scratch my fingers every time I open the windows and berries are squashed all over the floor."

"Sure, I will," Nannie said, dropping the handle of her mop against the sideboard door. "I've been waitin' to snitch them red ribbons for my sister's twins in Dublin. I'll iron 'em out an' send 'em by air mail."

She began to sing about Tom Rooney being a fisherman's son who was very fond of lobsters, so Lil hurried upstairs. She'd heard that song before, and it wasn't her idea of music.

Lil's desk looked as though sneak thieves had just paid it a visit. Christmas bell seals, spools of tinsel, left-over cards without envelopes, store slips, scissors, an ink-blotched velvet poinsettia, and a messed-up Christmas list were running around higgledy-piggledy.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" This sudden greeting was shrilled from the street.

Lil had heard about umbrellas being mended, catnip, extras, cauliflowers, and tulips for sale, but this was the first seasonable serenade she'd received from the curb.

She hurried to the window. She opened it. She looked out—and there were Gwendolyn Smithers and little Ulysses waving a floppy calendar between them.

"Happy New Year!" Gwen shrieked up to her. "The meat man gave it to us. Happy New Year to everybody on this street. My birthday's on April seventh. It's on a Tuesday, but I won't go to school. I'll be home with my presents. I'll have five hundred of 'em."

"You will if you keep on telling the whole town," Lil laughed down at her. "What date is the Fourth of July?"

"The Fourth of July?" Gwen yelled. "My land, don'tcha know the Fourth of July is the Fourth of July? No wonder Ulysses is so dumb. You're dumb. My mother's smart. That's why I'm smart. She always remembers her weddin' day and keeps tellin' my father so he'll take her to some wild night club an' give her some fun. I bet you never do that."

"I don't have to," Lil told her, real huffily just before she slammed the window. "Mr. Jenkins never forgets."

"Happy New Year!" Gwen giggled in a loud voice. "Don't get mad, Mis' Jenkins. If you get mad in January, witches'll set fire to your shoes an'—an'—" She didn't know what to say as a terrible threat, so she thought for three seconds and then shouted: "—an' you'll have to go around the rest of the year in your naked feet!"

"Happy New Year!" little Ulysses horned in. "My birthday's on June—"

"Who cares when yours is?" Gwen butted in, waving the meat man's calendar in his face. "People'll be too busy thinkin' about Washington's an' Lincoln's an' mine. But you may get a couple of presents if you keep yellin' 'Happy New Year' long enough!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Excuse.)

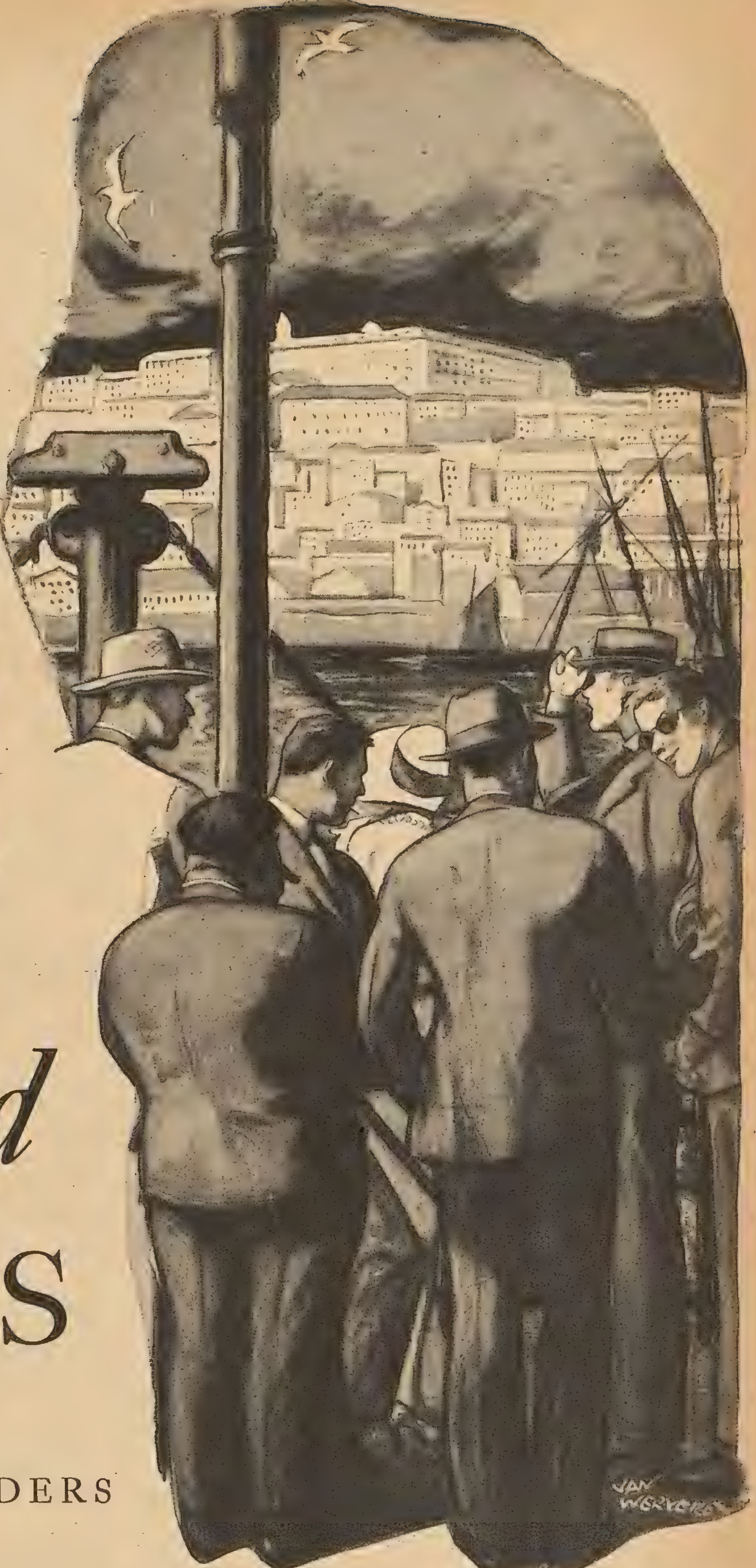
Another Story of
NIKKI and Her
WAR BIRDS

INCLUDING AMONG OTHER THINGS

The Episode of the Bull with Padded Horns

By
JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE



From the ferry, drawing away from the slip, they could see the great, gray city of Lisbon.

(Reading time: 26 minutes 36 seconds.)

PORTUGAL. Nikki and the rest found themselves in the great, gloomy, glassed-in station at Lisbon. Shepard Lambert was there, and Francis the Washout, and Bill Talbot, and Cary Lockwood, and an Englishman named Lennox, whom they had met on the train.

The porters came and let down the window of the compartment, lifting their bags out on to the station platform.

"The hotel's only just upstairs," said Lennox. "The porters'll fetch your bags right up."

They all walked to the gates, where officials in uniforms and rifles demanded their tickets. Nikki couldn't find hers, of course, but it developed that Shep had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE EPISODE OF THE BULL WITH PADDED HORNS

Continued from page thirty-seven

it. Shep said it was a forgery, but finally produced it.

It was true what Lennox had said: you just walked upstairs and there you were in the lobby of the Avenida Palace Hotel. And very nice, too.

Shep and Bill had a room together. The Washout was alone, so was Cary Lockwood, and so was Nikki.

When Shep had changed, he went back and pounded on Nikki's door. She wasn't ready yet, but she was dressed, so she let him in. Bill Talbot came in, too, while she fitted on her hat and made up her mouth.

"You certainly are a swell-looking gal," Shep said admiringly as he sat on the bed admiring her pure profile.

"Aren't I just," Nikki agreed.

"And in spite of your practically innumerable faults, I adore you."

"Thank you, Shepard," she said, bowing to him in the mirror.

"But if you don't hurry up, I might change my mind on account of the bar might close or something."

When Nikki's mouth was all made up they left her room together. The Washout was waiting for them in the hall. They banged on Cary's door and he said that he would be down in a minute.

Shep's eye caught the sign the moment the lift stopped at the lobby: "American Bar." He opened the door and they went down two steps to the barroom. It was clean and shining and empty. A tall, dark, practically handsome bartender in a crisp white coat was polishing a glass behind the bar. The four of them climbed on to stools.

"Do you speak English?" Shep demanded.

"Yes," he said, "a few."

"What's your name?" Shep said.

"I give you my card."

The card read:

BENJAMIN LOPEZ
Barman

"Allow me to introduce Benjamin Lopez," Shep said to Nikki. "Senhor Lopez, I want you to know Senhorita Nikki—the queen of the Rum Runners, otherwise known as Little Goody Two Shoes. Give the Senhorita a demibottle of Veuve Cliquot, yellow label. And dry Martinis for the men."

As Benjamin said he was enchanted and set to work behind the bar, Shep proceeded to introduce the others.

"This, Benjamin," said Shep, indicating Bill, "is Bronko Bill Talbot from Big Forks, Montana, variously known as Bill the Bombardier or Bill the Busman. Sometimes referred to as The Diving Horse, The People's Choice, The Barefoot Burglar, Eric, or Little by Little—"

BENJAMIN acknowledged the introduction with a deep bow and placed the drinks on the bar. Shep tried the cocktail.

"Fine!" he said. "You make a fine Martini, Benjamin. Oh, I forgot to introduce our young friend," he said, turning to The Washout. "This, Benjamin, is Fwancis, once described as Fer de Lance, The Deadly Nightshade, The Scarf Dance, or Mendelssohn's Spring Song—"

Francis whirled on his stool, wild with anger. "Tsay!" he said in a toneless, chilling voice. "Go easy!"

Shep turned and looked into a pair of yellow eyes, snapping and flickering with pale cold light.

"Well, for gosh sakes!" Shep said. "This is Shep speaking, old boy. This is your Uncle Shepard."

"I know. Go easy."

Shep got off his stool, took Francis by the shoulders, and shook him gently. "Listen, old son," he said reproachfully. "This is old Shep."

The People in the Story

NIKKI, an American girl who has found her way into the strange disordered lives of four American war flyers left astray in Europe after the Armistice. And the flyers—

SHEPARD LAMBERT, BILL TALBOT, FRANCIS (known as The Washout), and

CARY LOCKWOOD, Rhodes scholar at Oxford, whose trip to Portugal on a mysterious treasure hunt has brought the others trooping along with him.

The malignant glint flickered out in Francis' eyes.

"Tsorry," he said softly and turned away.

Shep resumed his place at the bar. "Dangerous if disturbed," he explained to Benjamin. Benjamin pulled down the corners of his mouth as if he understood. For the first time Shep saw how far Francis had gone. All those cocktails, fierce midnights, light drugs . . .

"What are we going to use for money down here?" Bill asked Shep.

Shep told Bill to hold everything and he would cash a check with the porter. Shep went off and came back shortly with two thousand escudos.

"It's only money," he said, apologizing for the roll of chiffon in his hand.

They had drunk six Martinis apiece and Nikki was starting on her second pint of champagne when Lennox came into the bar through the street door and Cary Lockwood entered from the hotel side.

Shep presented them to Benjamin with some formality.

"This here," said Shep, indicating Lennox, "is the sole surviving member of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, and this," nodding at Cary, "is the Seattle Kid, of Fire Station No. 5, Hose Company 1."

Benjamin thanked Shep for making their acquaintance known to him. They had some more drinks and then went upstairs for dinner.

SHEP was all for going out and finding out how drinking conditions were in Lisbon. But Nikki knew they would never get home and so she begged off. If Nikki wasn't going out, Bill said he wasn't going either. Tomorrow night they would all go.

Shep would have been annoyed if he hadn't discovered through Francis that Cary was setting out early in the morning by motor on some kind of exploratory expedition along the coast. He thought it would be a good joke on Cary for everybody to get up early and go along with him.

They took Nikki to her room.

"Kin I come in and help you undress?" Shep pleaded at the door.

"No, thank you, Shepard."

"Not if Bill comes along, too?"

"No."

"Not even scrub your back?"

"No, Shep. But thanks for thinking about me. Good night."

She closed the door gently against them.

"Can you imagine that ungrateful old trollop?" Shep demanded of Bill as they went down the hall. . . .

At six thirty Cary was in the little breakfast room off the main dining room and overlooking the Avenida da Liberdade, having rolls and coffee, when Shep led in the others.

Cary looked up in a kind of dismay. "Hello," he said.

"Hello yourself. What time do we take off?" Shep wanted to know.

"You coming along?"

"Ra-ther-r," Shep said. "The whole smear of us. What did you think we was agoing to do?"

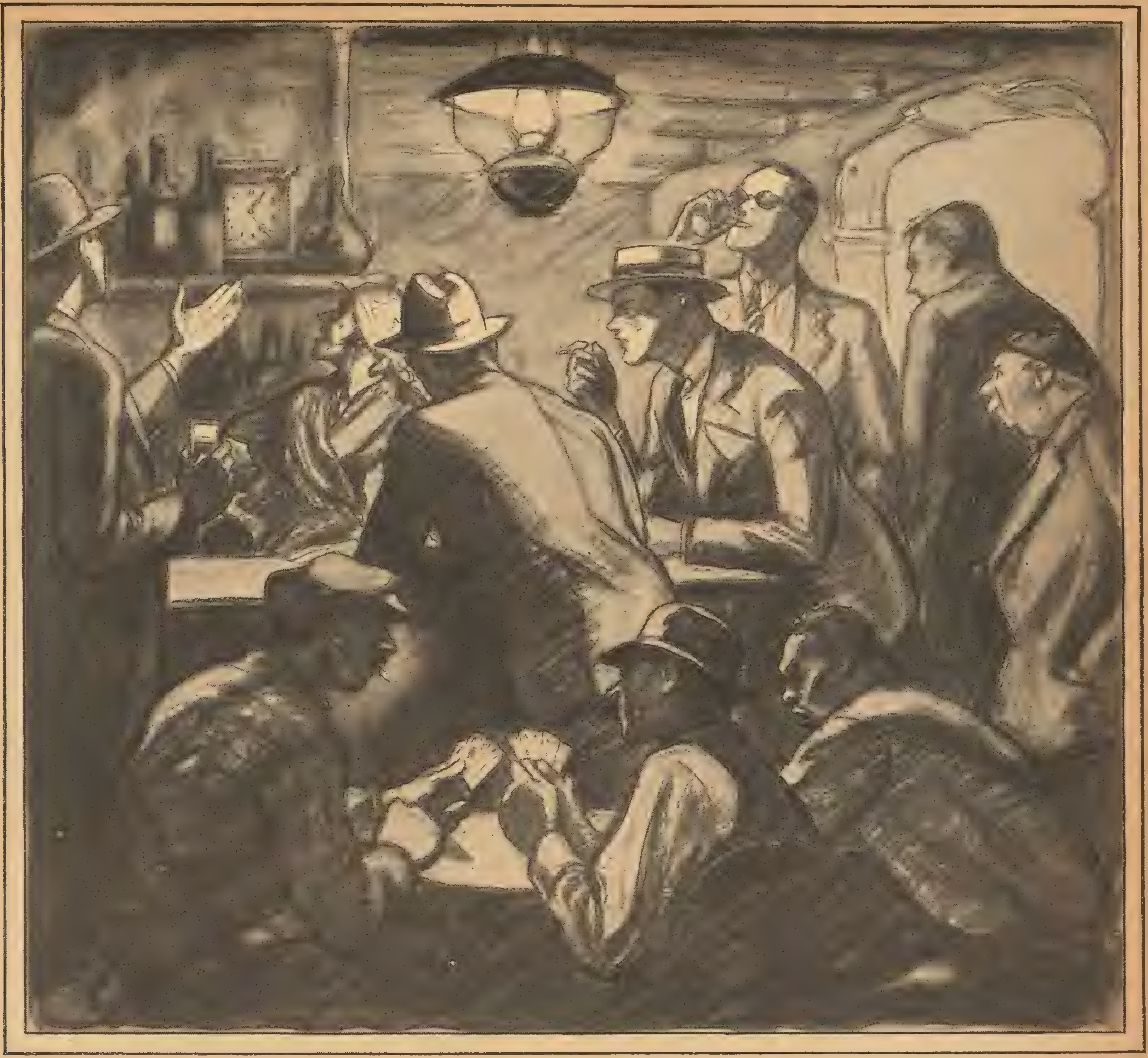
"It will be a pretty long day," Cary said, looking at them doubtfully.

"And I'd like some coffee," said Nikki, "if anybody should ride up on a pair of spanking chestnuts and ask you."

"Or pop up out of a bed of daisies," Shep said. "Or peek out of a gopher hole or anything and say you're looking dandy this morning, Mrs. Mandelbaum. How do you feel?"

"Just dandy," Nikki said.

Nikki was looking exquisitely fresh in a smart sports suit of white linen, white and gleaming as beach sand, patterned in a fruit d'Afrique design, with pineapples and citrons and ships and tropical trees in orange and brown. She had on an extraordinarily large straw hat with a floppy brim and she was wearing white high-heeled sandals.



Joseph spoke to her, pointing to the clock. She shrugged her shoulders. Joseph turned to Cary. "She says it doesn't march."

They all ordered coffee and rolls and ragged Cary, who grew impatient and left them.

"You have to fix that fellow every once in a while. He gets too precious," Shep said.

When they went downstairs Cary was waiting for them out on the sidewalk. A black seven-passenger touring car was standing at the curb in the little square driveway at the entrance of the hotel. It was a Steyr, an Austrian car, with a battleship prow.

Cary presented a thin, dark, tall man to Nikki first. "Joseph Travassos," he said.

Travassos had square wide shoulders and was remarkably flat for a man of fifty or so. He had thick dark eyebrows and a very dark skin. His eyes were quick, black, and direct. Shep liked him.

Travassos introduced his friend, Senhor Calderon, a short and polite little Portuguese, as the second largest exporter of sardines in Lisbon. He begged the privilege to be allowed to have Sr. Calderon accompany them, as Sr. Calderon had packing plants along the coast which he wanted to visit and he would be glad to show them whatever they wanted to see. Sr. Calderon, a particular friend, did not speak English, but he understands, Travassos said. "'E hunderstand heverything," Travassos said. "Sympathetique."

The Washout, because he was very thin, sat up in front with Sr. Calderon and the driver. Travassos and Cary and Nikki sat together in the back seat and Bill and Shep adorned the jump seats.

CARY had evidently worked out his route with Travassos the night before. The car made its way rapidly through the city and pulled up at the ferry slip at the water front.

While they waited for the boat, Shep, with his customary cunning, located a wine shop back of a warehouse and dragged Bill in. They came out beaming when the boat whistled.

From the ferry, drawing away from the slip, they could see the great, gray city of Lisbon, lying serene and beautiful in the morning sun. It was magnificent. They all got out of the car and stood on the deck of the ferry, looking back.

"They had a terrible earthquake here once," Cary said. "Shook the whole city down. Sixty thousand people killed in six minutes. Most of them were in church."

"That's what you get for going to church," Shep said. "That ought to teach people to stay out of churches. Churches and pool halls. Saloons is the place for people.

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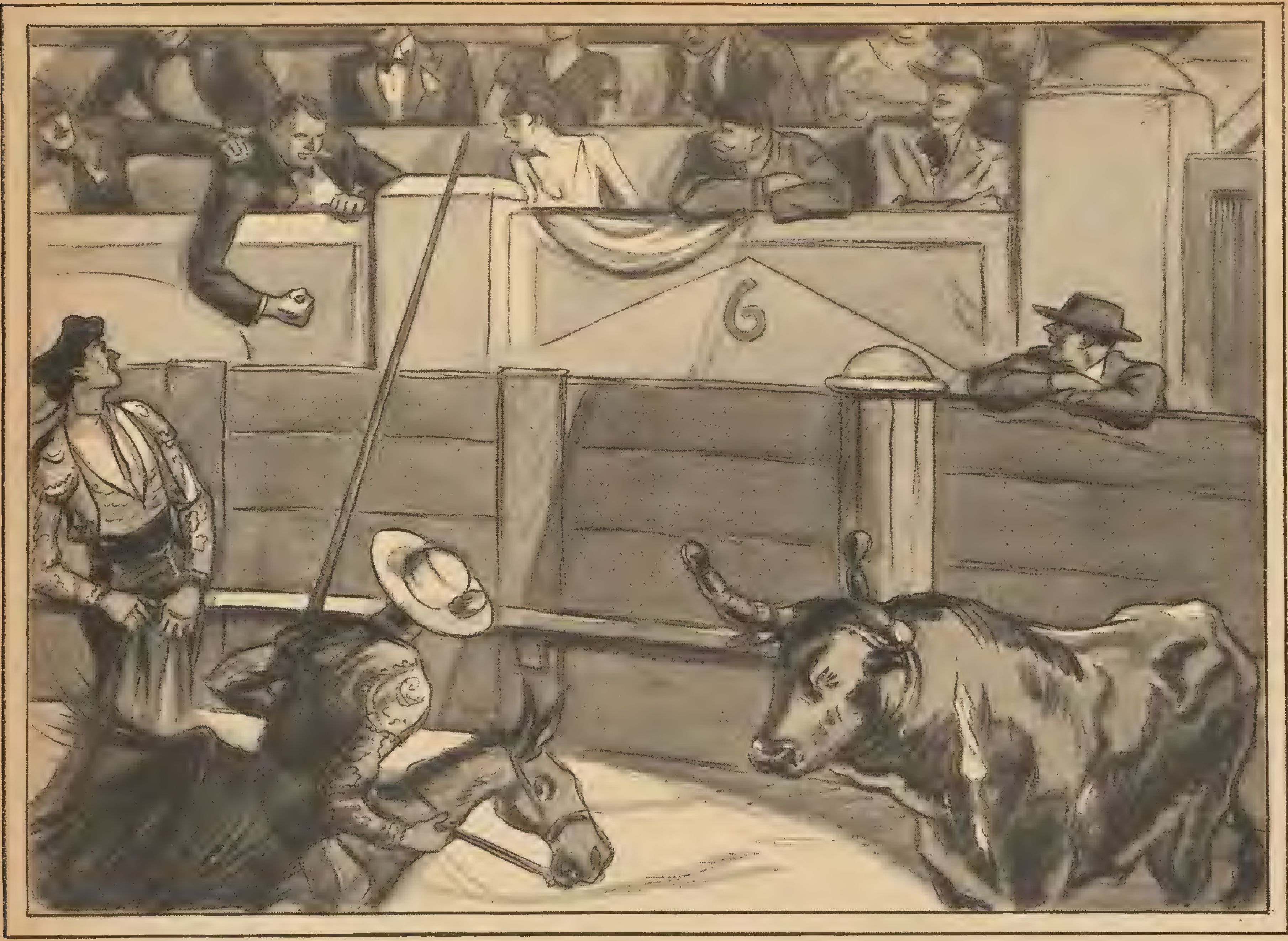

Bill was pretty tight and his instinct for combat had been aroused. He was crazy to get into the ring.

THE EPISODE OF THE BULL WITH PADDED HORNS
Continued from page thirty-nine

You never heard of anybody getting hurt in a saloon, did you?"

"Then the water ran out of the harbor and came rushing back in a tidal wave sixty feet high," Cary went on.

"Who ever heard of such a thing?" Shep said. "When did all this happen?"

"About a 'undred fifty years ago," Travassos said.

"This is the most sensitive earthquake sector in the world," Cary said.

"Tell us more about the tidal wave, Mister Lockwood," Shep said. "Tell us some of your 'speriences."

"Well, the tidal wave swept clear past the city and then poured back into the harbor," Cary said obligingly. "The backwash carried all sorts of things on its surface—chairs and cradles and bedsteads and broken doors and fences and mattresses—"

"—and cushions and tables and brooms and ironing boards and tea cozies—" Shep chimed in.

"—and flocks of geese and pigs and cows and sheep—" Bill said brightly.

"—and bedsprings and clothespins and spare tires—toupees and false teeth and hot-water bottles," Shep suggested, "and hunting seats—and that old cherry highboy your Aunt Lucy never liked."

"Are you two tight already?" Cary demanded suspiciously.

THE ferry pulled in, touched at the other side of the harbor, and they all piled in the big Steyr. The driver slipped through the streets of Almada and in a minute they were racing through the country. The sunshine was clear and golden and the air was scented and spicy.

"My, my!" Shep said. "But isn't this fine? Did you ever smell such air, Nikki?"

"Not at these prices," Nikki said.

"How about you, Bill, ol' boy, ol' boy?"

"Not in these pants," Bill said.

Shep was a thousand miles away from the close atmosphere of the Paris bars. He was out in the open air, filled with sweet wine, and speeding through gorgeous countryside. He exclaimed constantly at everything he saw, like a child on a holiday.

The car bowled down the long white road to Cezimbra, a Portuguese fishing village on the coast, and pulled up on the cobbled street just at the edge of the beach. A great assortment of Portuguese were collected along the sand. The delegation got down from the car and went out on the beach.

SHEP came to a stop before a fisher girl standing just by the edge of the water, washing a fish. Her tucked-up skirt gave him a glimpse of her bare legs, strong and brown and gracefully flexed. Her full, rich bosom was lashed tight and high in thin cambric. Her throat was bare; her hair bound in an orange-colored handkerchief. She was tall and dark and lithe and alive with full-blooded vitality of the Portuguese peasantry.

"Bill," said Shep reverently, "do you see what I see?"

"I hope to kiss a pig!" Bill said. "Or smoke a rubber herring!"

The two stood in silent admiration of the creature.

Travassos came up behind them.

"Ask her what her name is," Bill said.

Travassos spoke to her politely in Portuguese. She replied over her shoulder without looking.

"Nina Candida," he said. "Fifteen and unpromised."

Nikki had found it hard going in the sand in her high heels, so she went back to the car and took off her shoes and skinned off her stockings. She came back and wandered barefoot in the sand. The five of them—Bill, Shep, Nikki, Francis, and Joseph—wandered aimlessly about in the sunshine among the fisher-folk, looking at the fish spread out on the plain wooden boards before the fishermen. Cary was back in the village somewhere with Calderon.

Shep noticed that all the little green-and-gold-painted fishing boats had little designs and names on the prows. He got Travassos to read them for him.

"*Flor do Cezimbra,*" he read promptly. "The flower of Cezimbra."

"Isn't that nice, Nikki?" Shep said.

"Most of the fishermens naming their boats after their sweethearts," Travassos said. They read the names Mariana and Aurora and Lucinda.

Cary and Calderon were in the car when they went back.

"Find the diamonds?" Shep inquired casually.

"No," said Cary shortly.

"Too bad. We saw a girl with legs like Nikki's, only brown."

The driver turned the car around and they drove up out of the village. Nikki borrowed a handkerchief from Shep to whip the sand off her toes. She returned it to his breast pocket and struggled into her stockings and shoes.

"You know," said Shep, "I've only just got this diamond thing all figgered out."

"That's interesting," Cary said.

"Now, here is the way Lambert, the old Sardou has it. This fellow—"

"What fellow?"

"This chap that escaped from the sinking ship with the diamonds got washed up on the beach here at Cezimbra."

"That's right," Cary agreed.

"Now, he is in a pretty bad repair on account of he has been knocked about a lot by dat ol' debbil sea. Now who should come along but Nina Candida. Who should come along but Nina Candida, the Flor do Cezimbra.

"She takes the poor man to her cottage—her mother is a net mender and she had no father to speak of—and there nurses him back to health and strength."

Shep asked Travassos if that part of it wasn't all right.

"Oh, sure they would taking care of 'im," said Travassos firmly, "if he was left astray on the beach. Sure they are very kind, the Portuguese people. They would taking care of 'im."

"You see!" Shep returned to Cary. "You see!"

ACCORDING to Shep, Left Astray was probably the purser or the first officer of the Belleville or something. His original idea in taking the diamonds from the safe was to save them from the sinking ship. However, once he found himself safely ashore in a remote corner of the world, he was attacked by the temptation to keep them for himself. "Powerful temptation," Shep said. "Powerful." On account of he didn't have any papers and it was war time and Portugal was a belligerent, Left Astray couldn't leave the place, anyhow. So powerful temptation mastered him during his internment. Hid diamonds under floor board of cottage and all that. Fell in love with fisherman's daughter, Nina Candida, the flower of Cezimbra.

"Years pass," said Shep. "Years pass. War's over. Time to go. Left Astray wants to take Nina away. Breaks down and tells her about diamonds. Gal refuses unless he returns diamonds. Powerful conflict, you see. Powerful mental struggle between girl and diamonds. Decides on diamonds. Clears off to Paris to forget girl. Can't forget girl."

"Saw the man myself," Nikki affirmed.

"Where?"

"At the Claridge bar, talking to himself."

Shep investigated the idea in his mind.

"That's right," he concluded, turning to Cary. "There's your man."

"Thanks," said Cary.

Shep said, now if this wasn't a high-powered plot, he'd never heard one. And all made right up out of his own head, too. It was practically an epic or something. He'd write it all into a book if he only didn't have so much drinking to do.

"Whew!" said Shep. "I'm all tired out. How about stopping somewheres for a drink?"

Travassos said they were going to another village—a larger one up the coast—Setubal. Only he pronounced it Shtubal.

The car went coursing along the white ribbon of a road, tooting oxcarts and donkeys out of the way. Nikki held down the wind-blown brim of her floppy straw hat with both hands on either side of her face.

Setubal was different. It was large and had sardine-packing factories and a quay and docks and a fleet of big fishing boats.

Calderon insisted upon taking them into one of his packing plants, a great corrugated-iron structure. Inside they were overpowered by the odor of olive oil, heavy, thick, and warm.

"Waco," Shep murmured.

NIKKI pressed a tiny handkerchief to her nose and looked helplessly about. It was gloomy inside the building. At the far end they could see rows of girls sitting on wooden benches working.

Calderon insisted upon loading them down with fine, skinless, boneless sardines in bright new cans with green-and-red labels. They all received the cans solemnly and marched out, bearing their gifts.

They deposited the sardines in the car and walked down toward the sea.

Shep discovered a low, villainous *taverna* on the opposite side of the street from the parked car and insisted on dragging the others in for a quick one before lunch. Nikki leveled her glasses at the place and resolutely refused to go inside.

"Bring me back an ice-cream cone," she said, as she went back toward the car.

Inside the tavern it was dark and low-ceilinged. There was a bar across one end—as in an English public house—presided over by a swarthy slattern with stringy black hair and a wart on her chin. Three fishermen sat at a table in the open space before the bar playing cards, and a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE EPISODE OF THE BULL WITH PADDED HORNS

Continued from page forty-one

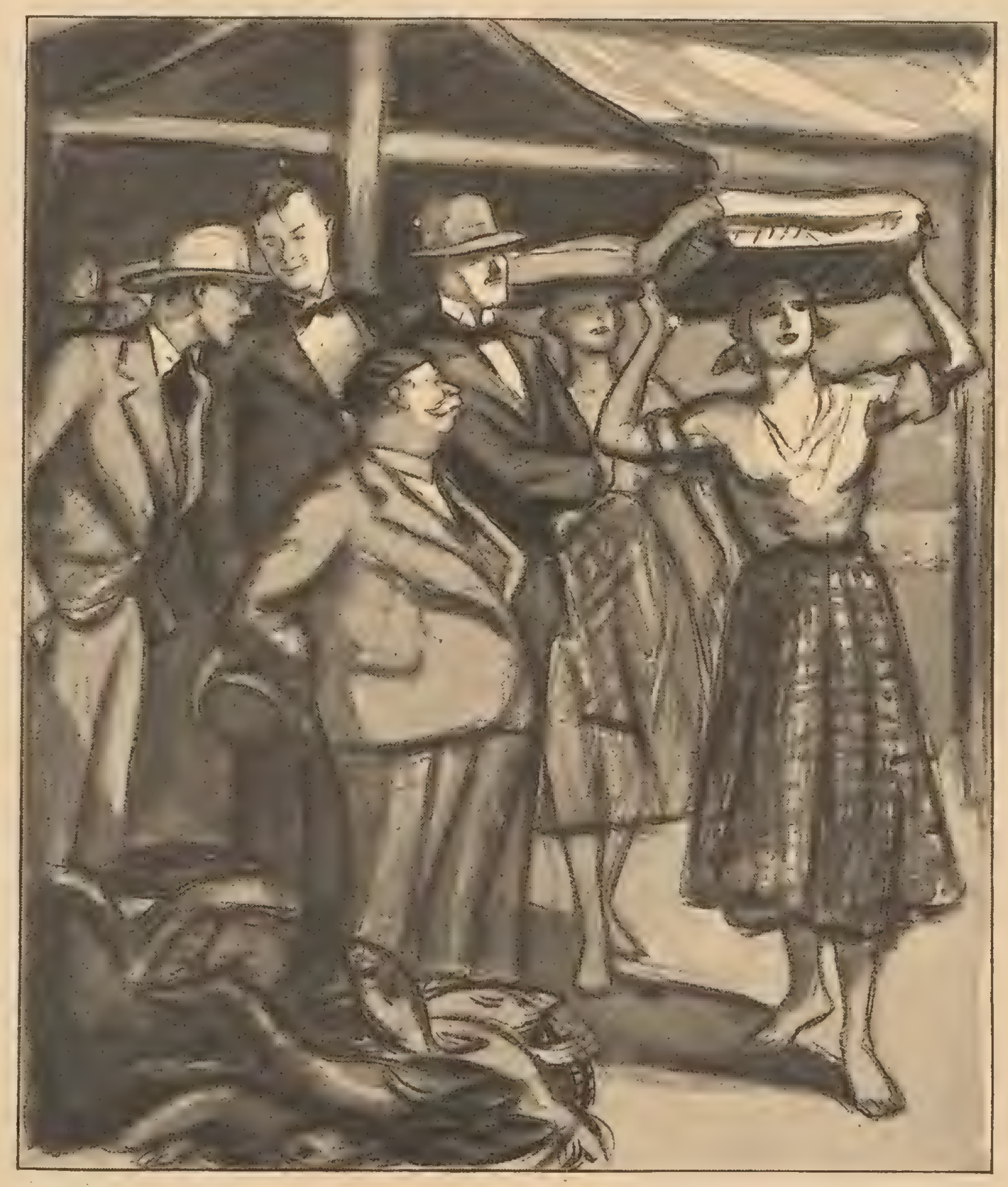
fourth sat with his chair tilted back against the wall, plucking a guitar and singing a very melancholy ballad indeed. Shep and the others stood up to the zinc-lined bar. Through Travassos they ordered beer. Shep called for a pony glass of brandy.

Joseph explained deprecatingly that this was by no means a first-class place—just a low drinking resort for fishermens. Shep said he found it charming. Cary studied the place with quiet, alert interest. His eyes settled upon a shelf behind the bar, filled with a miscellany of bottles and odd bric-à-brackery. Behind some tall, green, narrow-shouldered vermouth bottles he saw a clock, possibly a foot tall. While the others were conversing, Cary spoke to Joseph and asked him if he thought the old lady would let him look at the clock.

Joseph spoke to her, pointing to the clock. She looked at it indifferently and shrugged her shoulders. Joseph turned to Cary. "She says it doesn't march."

"Ask her to let me see it anyway."

Again the old lady shrugged her shoulders, but under Joseph's persuasion she lifted down the clock. She blew the dust off the top and set it on the bar in front of Cary as if it had been a lot of trouble.



Travassos said it was a funny thing, but those girls looked rough and talked rough, but you wouldn't finding no more decent girls nowhere.

It was an eight-day, satinwood, bracket clock with a square dial and brass basket top. The inlay finish was blistered, scratched, and stained. It had long, graceful, elaborately pierced steel hands. Studying it, Cary saw that here was a stray specimen of early eighteenth-century clockmaking. The metal spandrels at each of the four corners of the dial were ornamented with gold cherubs' heads with wings. Then Cary discovered something which made him catch his breath. In the brass-fretted mesh below the Roman numerals on the face of the clock he made out the legend: *"Tho. Tompion, Londini, Fecit."* He turned the clock around. It had a pull repeater at the back, and there again on the brass plate was written in scroll: *Thomas Tompion.*

"TELL her I want the broken-down old clock for a souvenir," he told Joseph.

Joseph entered into a spirited conversation with the old creature. She made as if to put the clock back on the shelf, but Cary kept it in his hands.

"Tell her the American will pay two hundred escudos."

Joseph gave Cary an astonished look. "For the clock! For the clock!"

"For the old clock."

"Not worth a pants button! Not worth a pants button!"

Finally Cary bought the clock for two hundred and fifty escudos. He wrapped his purchase tenderly in an old Lisbon newspaper and tied it with a piece of cord.

"Cary bought a tclock! Cary bought a dead tclock," Francis informed Nikki excitedly when they got back to the car.

"Not dead," Cary said. "Just a little tired."

Nikki was mildly surprised. Cary held the clock in his lap, refusing to put it down on the floor of the car.

Travassos had an idea it would be a fine thing if they went to the Esperanza Hotel in Setubal for luncheon. It was a charming place, facing the main street and overlooking the square. Cary refused to leave his clock with the driver in the car. He carried it along with him. Inside it was cool. The dining room was on the second floor. Nikki disappeared for a time and the boys found a *retreate de caballeros* where they treated themselves to a washup.

SHEP was first out and immediately found a big round table in the circular alcove overlooking the public square and the harbor. He ordered Martini cocktails. Cary came and set his clock down on an empty chair at a nearby table.

When everybody was collected around the table, it was decided to let the Portuguese select the luncheon.

They began with cucumbers and sardines and a light clear soup. The Portuguese conferred industriously over the wine for the red mullet. Here it was that Shep discovered the wine of Collares, a pale yellow wine with a sweet singing flavor in a tall slim-necked bottle.

When the red mullet came, grilled like mountain trout, it was tender and had a delicious flavor.

"You will not eating that fish outside Portugal," Travassos told him. "That fish won't stand no transportation." The flesh of the red mullet, he explained, was too tender for packing or shipping. It bruised easily.

Shep devoured two red mullets and drained off a bottle of Collares and called for another. He noticed with vast gratification that Calderon was staying with him, glass for glass.

After the cheese and the small blacks Calderon called for a bottle of Collares Triple Star Brandy.

"You better leaving the cork out of that bottle," Joseph said, as he watched Shep go to work on it. "You frien' like to drink," he told Nikki.

"He does it to make the rest of us interesting," Nikki replied.

Travassos said that Calderon, on account of being accustomed to the wines of the country, would not be so much affected. But Meestaire Lamber'—

When the two had emptied the brandy bottle between them, Calderon looked inquiringly at Shep. Shep nodded agreeably, so Calderon ordered another. Travassos looked worried, but he was a little tranquillized by the equanimity with which the others regarded the affair. It was obvious that the exchange of courtesies between Shep and Sr. Calderon was rounding into a contest.

With the arrival of a new bottle of brandy, Shep settled down to his drinking with cheerful anticipation.

Travassos' concern changed shortly to puzzlement and thereafter to astonishment. He was treated to the awesome spectacle of a man drinking himself sober. The more brandy Shep consumed the more serene he became. His manner was natural and composed. There was no outward indication that he had polished off some twenty brandy *fines* in the last three quarters of an hour.

Eventually poor Sr. Calderon's features became set in a kind of frozen smile and the movements with which he raised his glass became stiff and labored. At the conclusion of the second bottle, Travassos suggested that, on account of the necessity of catching the ferry at Almada, it would be better if they arranged to depart sometime soon now, if they expected to be back in Lisbon for dinner.

Shep arose and helped Nikki on with her jacket. The others rose, too, but Sr. Calderon, although his mind seemed to be functioning normally, could not operate under his own power. He got to his feet, but his knees declined to lend him the proper support and he would have sat down abruptly again had not Bill lent an arm. Shep perceived the state of affairs, so he took his place at Sr. Calderon's left and the two of them, Bill and Shep, helped him navigate without appearing to offer the slightest aid. They each had an elbow and bore Sr. Calderon's weight between them.

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By

Robert W.
Chambers

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The ride back to the ferry landing was accomplished in the slanting rays of the declining afternoon sun.

Back at the Avenida Palace they stopped off at the bar to have a couple of cocktails before going upstairs.

Lennox came in and sat down with them and said he'd been doing a job of work. Said he'd planned to get away in a couple of days, but it looked more like a fortnight. "How about the bullfight? Are all you chaps going to the bullfight tonight?"

"Certainly," Shep said. "Where is it?"

"Campo Pequeno," Lennox said. "On'y it's at ten o'clock."

How about Nikki? Did Nikki want to go? Would it be safe to take Nikki? You know—the blood and all that. The horses and everything.

Lennox roared with laughter. "She won't see much blood, you bet your hat on that. Not at a Portuguese bullfight. Not likely. It's forbidden to kill the bull down here. The horses are armored. The bull's horns are wrapped. Nobody gets hurt."

Travassos said he would arrange everything about the tickets and meet them at the bar at nine thirty. They had a few more cocktails and then went upstairs to bathe and dress. Cary carried the clock to his room.

THE Portuguese bullfight was as bad as advertised. But everybody seemed to enjoy it because it was so terribly bad. Only the parade was fine. The Delegation had beautiful seats in the first and second rows back of the trenches. They had to sit close down so that Nikki could see things.

The picadors were pretty sad, too. They fell right off their horses. The bandarilheiros couldn't seem to make their flags stick.

"You can't stick a banderilla in those brutes," Lennox explained. "Their necks are all scar tissue. They use the same bulls for all the bullfights down here."

It was all a great joke. Once the bull was fixed for the sword, all the bullfighter did was to profile, sight his blade over the bull's horns, and then retire.

It was all Cary and Shep could do to keep Bill Talbot in his seat. If he could borrow a cape from one of the bullfighters, he said, he bet he could run one of those bulls ragged. Just pull the bull one way with the red cape while you pivoted. They thought Bill was kidding at first. But Bill was pretty tight and his instinct for combat had been aroused. He was crazy to get into the ring.

"Don't be a damn' fool, Bill," Shep said.

"Hell!" said Bill. "I'll run those bulls bow-legged."

"You stay right where you are."

Afterwards the Delegation went to investigate conditions at Maxime's. It was a gorgeous place with terrific high ceilings and a powerful winding marble staircase and balustrade and great gleaming glass chandeliers. The orchestra played nothing but tango music.

AT five o'clock they were still at Maxime's. Cary had planned to visit the Lisbon water front in the early morning. Travassos had advised him that the fish market was in full blast around five thirty. "You seeing them hauction off the fish."

Since Cary was determined to carry out his plans, the Portuguese insisted that they accompany him. Shep was determined to come along, too. Nikki was tired, so Bill and The Washout were delegated to take her home.

The other four, Cary and Shep still in their smokings, took a cab for the fish market. It was only a short ride. The market was all that Travassos had said, loud, fish-smelly, rough, and alive with bare-legged girls. They bought the fresh-caught fish at small shrill auctions, piled them on a flat basket, and hoisted them atop their heads, setting out through the streets.

Travassos said it was a funny thing, but those girls looked rough and talked rough, but you wouldn't finding no more decent girls nowhere.

"You should see the underneath of those girls," he said. "You would be surprised. Lace hunderware! Clean! They washing all the time."

Shep said he would like to see their underneath.

"Those girls not touchable," Travassos said with some pride. "Not touchable."

A slight early morning drizzle began to fall on the fish market. Shep and Cary had no topcoats. They all started back for a cab.

"Not possible to rain this time of year," Joseph said, looking perplexedly upward.

Calderon looked up happily when Shep suggested finding the nearest bar. He said something to Travassos, who explained that Calderon's stomach was leaping and grabbing.

They found a place called The American Bar. Shep wanted brandy, but Calderon sheepishly ordered Martini cocktails. They sat at the bar and got good and tight and then went back to the Avenida Palace. Shep and Cary said good-by to the Portuguese at the bar there. Shep had a couple of drinks with Benjamin and then went to his room under his own power. As he took off his dinner jacket and unhooked the collar of his shirt, he looked at himself in the mirror. His face, usually pale, was dark and congested.

"Boy, oh boy!" he murmured, "look at ol' Shep, will you!"

Suddenly the walls of the room began to wheel around his head. He fell backward, unconscious, on the bed.

Next week—Another story of Nikki and her war birds: The Episode of the Shooting Gallery.

"They'll Like

What Broadway May Offer Playgoers Elsewhere in 1931

By

BURNS MANTLE

who occupies a seat in the front row of dramatic critics. His day-to-day opinions appear in The News, New York, and he sums them up in Best Plays and Year Book of the Drama in America, which he has edited since 1919. He is also the author of American Playwrights of Today, a recent book.

(Reading time: 12 min. 4 sec.)

THEY gave George Michael Cohan a dinner at the exclusive Lotos Club in New York early in November. Next day George started for Rochester, New York, with his company to begin a season's tour of that long-neglected one- two- and three-night stand territory known as the road, a district much discussed in theatrical Broadway. As: "It may be rotten, but they'll like it on the road!"

There was much praise for Mr. Cohan at that dinner. This one spoke of how proud Providence, Rhode Island, should be for having been selected as the place of the comedian's birth. That one told of how lucky it was for the stage that he gave up the violin to take up the drama by way of the dance.

But no one thought to bring the praise down to date by complimenting the young man (I use young advisedly, seeing George is the youngest 52-year-old now trouping) on what may easily prove to be the biggest thing he has yet done for the stage of his country.

Not, as you suspect, by restoring the road's faith in the spoken drama—but by restoring the road's faith in the actors who play and the managers who present the spoken drama.

Vandamm Studio photo

Lynn Fontanne in Elizabeth the Queen.

Jean Dixon, Hugh O'Connell, and Grant Mills in Once in a Lifetime.

Vandamm Studio photo

Eugénie Leontovich in Grand Hotel.

That faith, I may add, is desperately in need of a lot of restoring. Nothing has suffered more at the hands of the experienced cheaters of show business than that faith. And show business is, and for many years has been, as studded with cheaters as the Hindenburg war statue was studded with nails.

These cheaters know from bitter experience that they cannot continue selling 30 cents' worth of entertainment for $3 and escape contumely for any considerable length of time. But, because they are cheaters, they cannot give up trying. Now, if Mr. Cohan's experience as a restored road star duplicates Ethel Barrymore's experience with Scarlet Sister Mary, which was that of finding a large number of older persons hungry for a return of the spoken play and a large number of younger persons grown avidly curious concerning it because of their experience with the talkies, it follows reasonably that other players of prominence and other managers of foresight are going to take advantage of that restored faith. Or try to.

WHICH as reasonably brings up the question of what they will have to offer in the way of plays. What has this widely broadcast source of supply called Broadway produced recently that rightfully should raise anticipatory hope in the middle western breast? How many of the newer Broadway plays are worth their transportation to the Pacific coast? Or anywhere else?

Not many. Putting myself in the position of the busman on a holiday, I can list no more than a dozen, perhaps two dozen, plays that I, having the time, would make an effort to see again. More particularly plays I would advise my best friends to see if, for instance, they should play Des Moines, or South Bend, or Dallas, or Sacramento. (A young woman told me last summer that they had practically forgotten all about the spoken drama in Sacramento.)

For one, there is the Theater Guild's happy hit, Maxwell Anderson's Elizabeth the Queen. Originally it was called Elizabeth and Essex, but it soon became so unmistakably Elizabeth's play that Essex was cut out of the title.

The Guild will send Elizabeth touring later, with Lynn Fontanne playing the name part and Alfred Lunt as his lordship. They are both good performances, but in

It *on the* Road"

Fontanne's Elizabeth you will be privileged to see as fine a study in character portraiture as the drama has offered the last decade or two.

Mr. Anderson's play is colorful as spectacle and absorbing as entertainment. It tells, as you know, of Essex' failure to put down a rebellion in Ireland, thanks to a court conspiracy to destroy the queen's faith in him; of his restoration to temporary favor on his return so he may be tricked by Elizabeth into dismissing his rebel army and sent to the Tower for the good of the state. Not a nice thing for a lady to do, but then there has always been some doubt as to just how much of a lady Elizabeth was.

There are also at least two first-class comedies worth playing anywhere. One is the George Kaufman-Moss Hart Once in a Lifetime; the other, Frank Craven's That's Gratitude. This busman would sit through both these entertainments a second time and gladly.

The Kaufman-Hart piece ruthlessly, a little savagely, exposes the wasted energies, the fools' gold, the pomp, glitter, and cheap vanity that play so ridiculous a part in the making of pictures in Hollywood. Neither of the authors has ever been in Hollywood, as it happens, but their satire is fair enough to excite those who have been there to gleeful indorsements of its essential truth. Twenty thousand authors can't be wrong.

In Once in a Lifetime a small-time vaudeville trio goes west to grow rich with the talkies. The half-wit comedian of the three becomes by natural selection a super producer of super pictures.

Muriel Kirkland, Verree Teasdale, and Dorothy Hall in The Greeks Had a Word for It.

White Studio photo

Frank Craven in That's Gratitude.

Mr. Craven's comedy, That's Gratitude, is his best since he wrote The First Year. It is quite as easy to be plausibly human in comedy as it is in drama, but few playwrights ever learn that. Craven is one of the few. No situation in this play is unbelievable. Most of them are richly amusing.

A small-time showman helps a hotel acquaintance through an attack of cramps with his last drink of whisky. This so excites that gentleman's sense of gratitude that he insists on taking his benefactor home with him. Which is fine for the showman but not so nice for the benefactor's family. In three weeks the showman has become more like one of the family than any of them. His stay promises to be indefinite. When he does move it is on borrowed money with which he puts out a new show, taking his host's homelier daughter as a leading singer.

Then the typical Craven twist: With the aid of a beauty specialist the homely daughter becomes a raving beauty and a big success. Naturally the showman thinks, considering what he has done for everybody, she should marry him. But she runs away with his tenor instead. "That's gratitude."

I AM not sure the road, outside the larger cities, will be given a chance to see Grand Hotel, which came barging into town a few weeks back and was promptly hailed with a barrage of superlatives. The poor play reviewers have had so little opportunity to exercise their superlatives recently that they are quite likely to go slightly berserk with the least encouragement.

Grand Hotel is typically German and even more typically Max Reinhardtian. A drama of many scenes, having been fashioned for a revolving stage. Stretched across the stage at the opening, obscured by the shadows, are six or seven telephone booths. In the center the exchange desk of the hotel. As each of the principals calls a number his booth is lighted and the conversation heard. Each is either seeking information or imparting it. Each is naturally concerned with his or her own affairs. All are strangers to one another. Yet all these wires, so to speak, are woven into the network of the play.

Hal Phyfe photo

Jane Cowl in Twelfth Night.

Ginger Rogers in Girl Crazy.

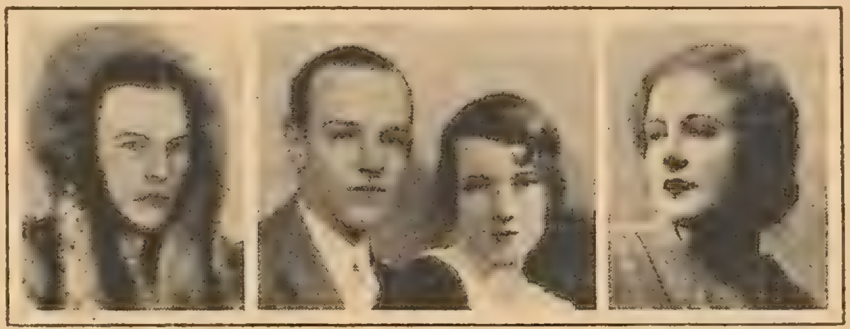
A baron turned crook is stalking a moody but famous dancer's string of pearls. A provincial bookkeeper, having been told that he has but a few weeks to live, is turning all his assets into cash that he may have a real taste of life before he passes on. A pretty stenographer is being engaged to take the dictation of a small-town merchant who is hoping to put over an important deal with a city concern. The moody dancer is about to give up her engagement and end it all.

Now see how they are drawn together. The baron makes friends with the lowly bookkeeper because he has

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

rented the room next to the dancer. The baron robs the dancer of her pearls, but gives them back to her with his love. His love encourages the dancer to go on, and in order to follow her the baron turns to robbing the merchant while the merchant is keeping an assignation with the stenographer. The baron is shot as a thief, the lowly bookkeeper inherits the stenographer (who promises to help him spend all his money before he dies), and the dancer goes hopefully to her next engagement thinking the baron will follow after. The German life study is not without its irritations as drama, but it has the supreme advantage of making its audiences believe in it.



Hal Phyfe photo Hal Phyfe photo

Fred Allen in Three's a Crowd. *Fred and Adele Astaire in Smiles.* *Marilyn Miller in Smiles.*

It is probable that later this season Jane Cowl will honor at least a few of those sections of the middle-western country in which she has not played recently. She has a production of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night which she can tuck under her arm and go singing on her way.

Well, it is not quite that small. But it is all in one scenic piece—a book of the play of heroic size which Jane sets up in the center of her stage and uses for all her changes of scene.

Thus, when the play opens, Feste, the clown, dances out and turns the pages. First the title page announcing the revels by W. Shakespeare. Then a picture of the mythical seacoast of Bohemia. Thereafter, as the plot advances to the Duke Orsino's house, or Olivia's garden, or the cellar in which round Sir Toby, Maria, and Sir Andrew have their boisterous fun, the pages are successively turned to provide the proper background.

When benches or chairs or tables are needed they are carried on by costumed serving men quite in the Elizabethan manner, though modern lighting keeps them more in shadow. This is an economical and effective setting. Jane invented it all by herself, for Richard Sovey to build.

In the playing of Twelfth Night, which is a silly old farce with a few fine moments, Miss Cowl is, in voice and picture, the loveliest of the Violas we have seen since Julia Marlowe Sothern went into retirement.

Nell O'Day and Joe Cook in Fine and Dandy.

ONE of the pleasant surprises of this year is a piece called Mrs. Moonlight. Sweetly sentimental and obviously written by Benn Levy after a pattern set by Sir James M. Barrie and followed to some extent by A. A. Milne, this partly fantastical comedy has slowly but surely built itself into one of the season's successes.

It is always surprising to the Broadway New Yorker when a clean play succeeds. I suspect he is secretly a little proud of it. He knows then that his town is not as abnormal as reported. But he never entirely understands.

This is the third clean-comedy success that Charles Hopkins has had at his tiny theater (it was built as the Punch and Judy) in West Forty-ninth Street. Two years back Milne's The Perfect Alibi ran all season there and last year the same author's Michael and Mary duplicated that run.

Mrs. Moonlight is the story of a wife who made a wish when she married that she would never grow older. She feared the loss of her husband's love if she did. But as the years roll on and her wish comes true (it was made on a charmed necklace belonging to an old Irish nurse) the wife is unhappy. Finally she thinks she detects disappointment in her husband's attitude. He wants her to grow old with him and is conscious that she still looks eighteen. Soon the neighbors are talking, and the relatives. Mrs. Moonlight decides to disappear.

She goes away and is not heard from for ten years. The husband, thinking her dead, marries again. Then she comes back, pretending to be her own niece. After she has helped her daughter through an engagement problem she disappears and does not return until she is seventy. Now the husband is dying and thinks he is with his dead wife, as in a dream. In death they are reunited.

The cast has done much to help Mr. Levy's fantasy. It includes Sir Guy Standing and Haidée Wright, and the heroine is played wistfully by Elizabeth Barrett, who is a granddaughter of the Lawrence Barrett with whose career American theater histories are filled.

I think, on my busman's holiday, I should go back to Zoë Akins' The Greeks Had a Word for It, though it is a bold piece and frequently shocking. Still, as an amusing study of three trollops artfully deceiving their men friends it is good entertainment for the sophisticated.

CERTAINLY I should want to see several of the musical plays again—though mostly for what goes with them: Fine and Dandy, for instance, because of Joe Cook, Three's a Crowd because of Fred Allen, Girl Crazy because of its general peppiness. Even busmen like to be stirred by the sheer liveliness of a jazz opera, and George Gershwin is responsible for Girl Crazy.

Mr. Ziegfeld's Smiles might lure me back because of —well, the principal lure of a Ziegfeld show is frequently its decoration. None can stage an empty book more decoratively or more richly than he. And there are always the girls, the glorified blondes and brunettes and redheads. Smiles, despite the fact that its cast is topped by Marilyn Miller and the dancing Astaires, is fairly dull as entertainment.

I should want to see Princess Charming again. It is the one about the princess of a Balkan state who is affianced to a royal ruin and desperately in love with a young naval lieutenant, but the music and its general decencies save it. The late Jack Donohue tried to patch up the libretto and helped some.

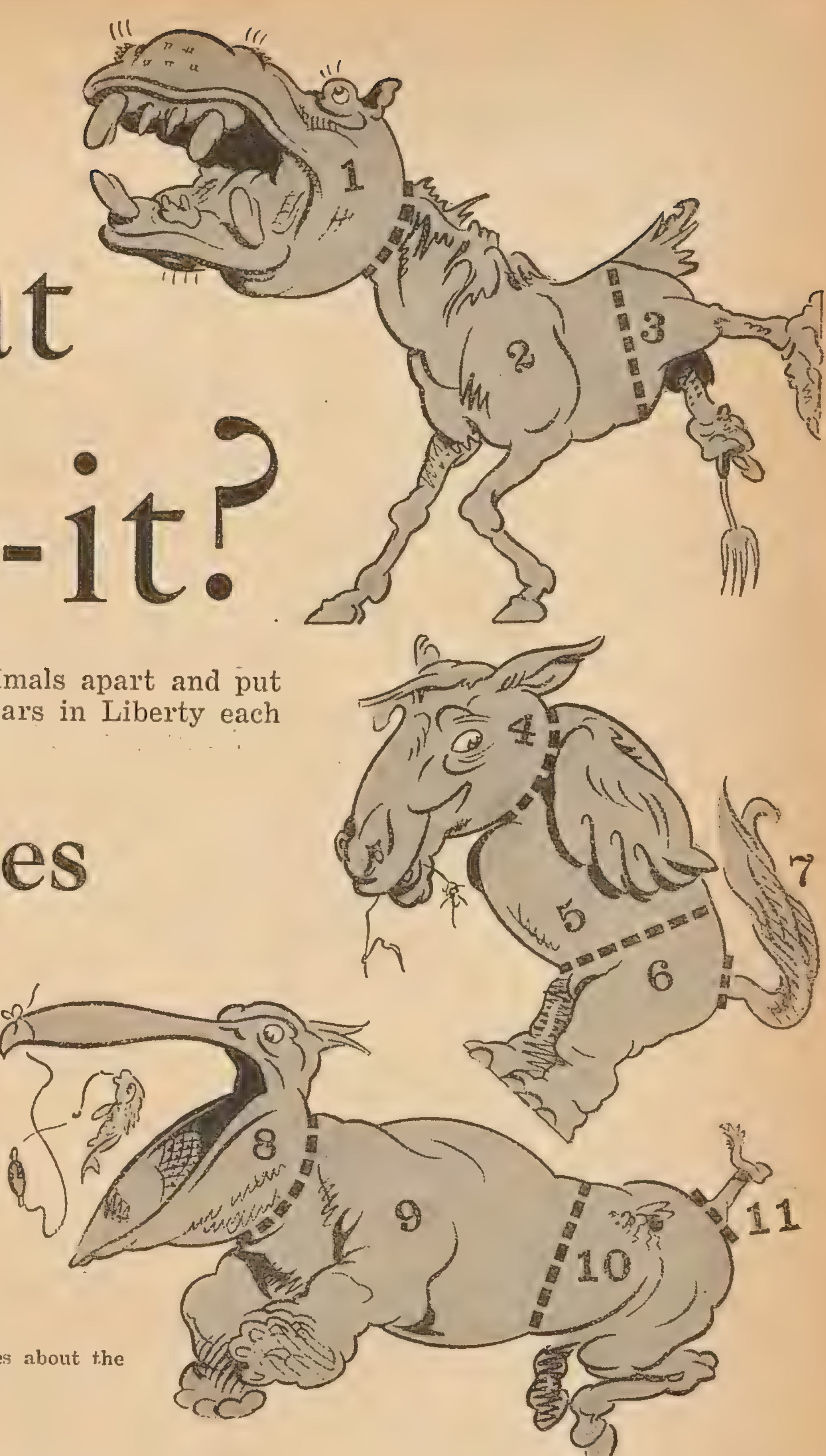
The cast boasts three who are known, Evelyn Herbert, Robert Halliday, and Victor Moore. And one who is not, but will be, Jeanne Aubert. Mlle. Aubert is the young wife who led Nelson Morris of Chicago a merry dance in Europe when he appealed to the French courts to make her understand that a woman's place is in the home. Not her place, answered Jeanne. Her place is on the stage. Or in a night club on occasion. To escape the courts she came to America. She may be unsatisfactory as a Morris wife, but she is definitely gifted as an artist. It is she who sings the most popular of the Princess Charming songs, one called I Love Love.

These are some of the plays I should want to see had I a second chance at them. Another is Eva Le Gallienne's slightly muddled but interesting importation called Siegfried. And of course there are the hold-over hits of last season, The Green Pastures and Strictly Dishonorable.

THE END

Well, Folks, Here We Are Again with the Game of

The Great What-is-it?



SEE if you can cut these funny-looking scrambled animals apart and put them together again correctly. A set of them appears in Liberty each week, and each week Liberty is offering

$500 in Prizes

to those who do best the three things specified in the rules below. Read the rules, get out the old scissors (or, if you prefer, make a tracing of the pictures), and see what you can do. *Entries for this week's prizes must reach us before midnight, January 10.*

The Prizes

are divided as follows: first, $100; second, $50; third, $25; twenty prizes of $10 each, and twenty-five prizes of $5 each—making a total EACH WEEK of $500.

And Here Are the First Winners—

who share in the prizes for putting together, naming, and writing rhymes about the Rabbit-Squirrel-Anteater pictures in our November 29 issue.

FIRST PRIZE—$100

to Pauline Murphy, 607 Josephine Street, Hibbing, Minnesota, who sent the following rhyme:

ANTEATER

The anteater's nose sure looks like a hose.
For its work, catching ants, it's a winner;
I wish he were here, for I'll tell you, my dear,
I've an aunt I'd donate for his dinner.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

to Ruth Jedd, 1501 East 195th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, whose rhyme was:

RABBIT

To hear of rabbits makes kids happy;
Their tales are always short and snappy.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

to Tyson Allen, 1013 Winthrop Street, North Chattanooga, Tennessee, whose rhyme was:

SQUIRREL

The squirrel likes to sit and sass,
And glibly say, "They shell nut pass."

$10 PRIZES to William L. Banning, Washington, D. C.; Paul L. Caldwell, Nashville, Tenn.; Dorothy Chesley, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Ralph I. Egan, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. George Griffith, Durham, N. C.; E. S. Hall, Kissimmee, Fla.; Eunice Hightower, Shawnee, Okla.; Margaret Hoag, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. A. J. Hubbard, Worcester, Mass.; Mary J. Leach, Louisville, Ky.; Jane F. Lockney, Boston, Mass.; Josephine E. Lockwood, Malden, Mass.; Shirley C. Lorrilliere, Bethesda, Md.; Florence Lovejoy, Denison, Tex.; Bertha Oberndorf, Jersey City, N. J.; Domitile D. Ohlfs, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. M. H. McMasters, Green Bay, Wis.; Clara West, Ruleville, Miss.; Jack West, Long Island City, N. Y.; Maurine R. Wilfley, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

$5 PRIZES to Hubert Akarman, Beesley's Point, N. J.; Bill Brown, III, Forest Hills, Pa.; Frank Curran, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Lulu I. Devins, Bay Shore, N. Y.; Myrtle Drechsler, Forest Park, Ill.; Louis DuBois, Dayton, O.; D. L. Gideon, New York, N. Y.; Sam Greene, Providence, R. I.; Ethel Griffith, Charlotte, N. C.; C. L. Gruelle, Indianapolis, Ind.; Robert T. Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Carl F. Haubrich, Columbus, O.; A. S. King, Cincinnati, O.; Walter J. Lind, Appleton, Wis.; John H. Munroe, Grafton, N. D.; John R. Pate, Dallas, Tex.; Ralph G. Peterson, Ordway, Col.; Wesley Roberts, Claremore, Okla.; Robert Schreiber, Des Moines, Ia.; Margaret Shaw, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Glenn Sherwood, Buffalo, N. Y.; George C. Taylor, Glenside, Pa.; Frances W. Waythrow, Indianapolis, Ind.; W. E. Williamson, Hopkinsville, Ky.; Mrs. C. D. Woodman, Manoa, Pa.

The Rules

Every week until further notice Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures under the title, THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? The pieces of each set, when cut apart and put together correctly, will make a number of animals.

To play the game of THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? you must do three things—

First, cut the pictures apart on the dotted lines, put the pieces together so that they will make properly formed animals, and paste the animals on a sheet of paper.

Second, write the name of each animal under its picture.

Third, write a rhyme of two or four lines about any one of the animals you have made. The rhyme may be on the same sheet of paper with the picture, or on a separate sheet.

When you have finished, send your pictures and rhyme, with your name and full address, to WHAT-IS-IT, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the pictures which are most neatly and accurately put together and named, and accompanied by the cleverest rhymes, Liberty will pay $500 in cash prizes each week, the prizes to be divided as indicated elsewhere on this page. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

This game is open to everyone, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and their families. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and their decision will be final. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

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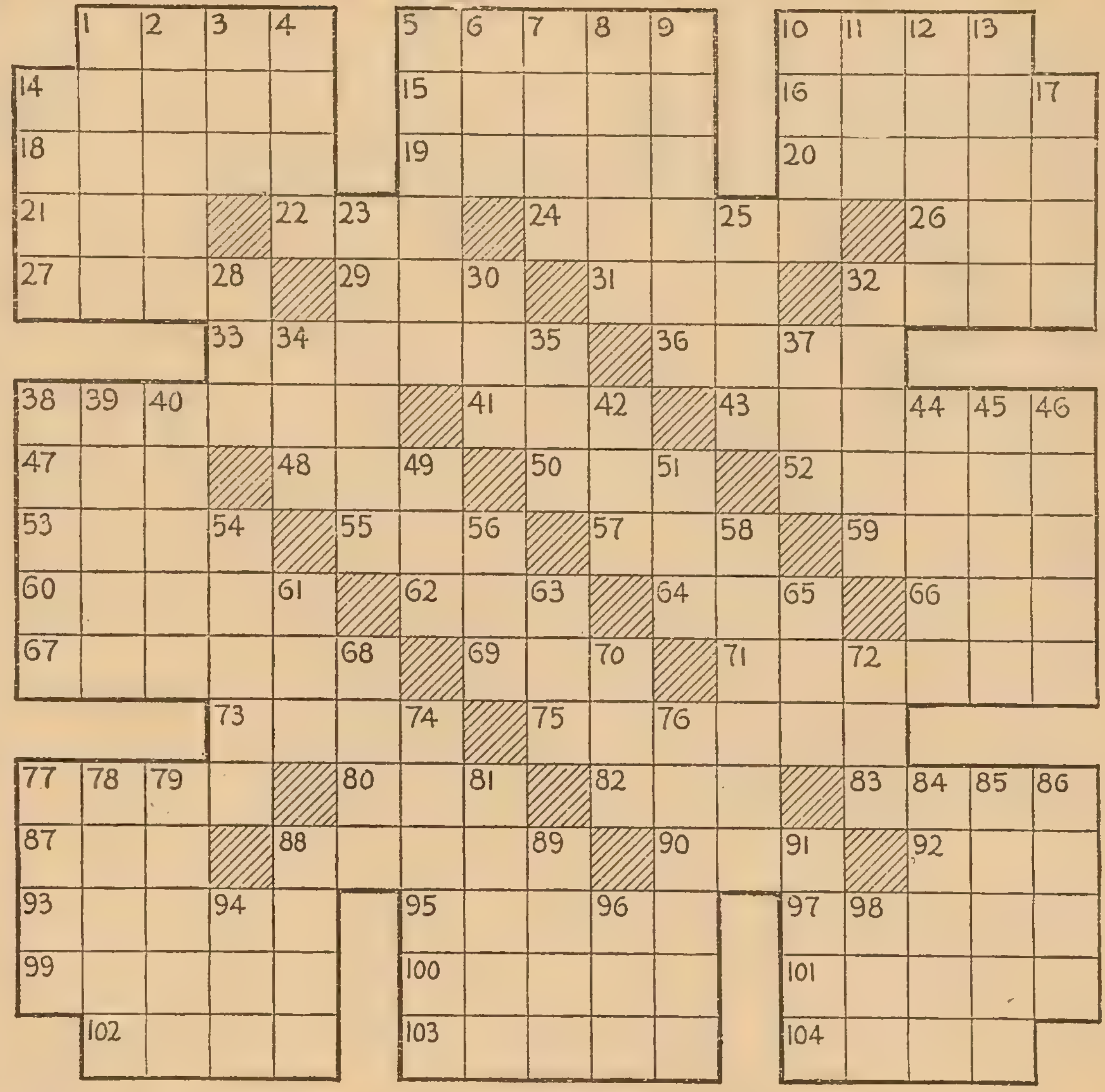
Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

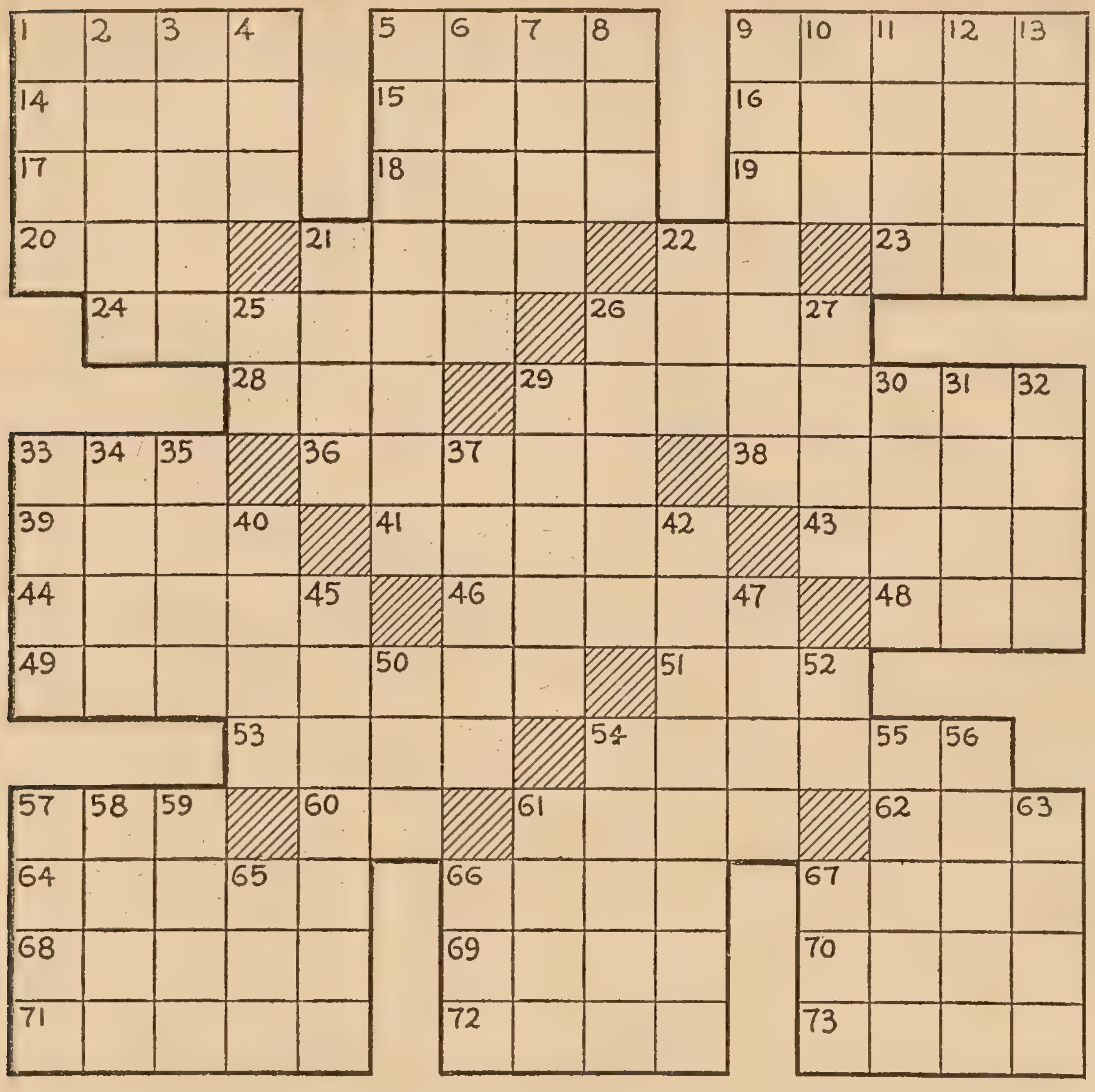
1 To breathe quickly, as from exertion
5 Of the sun
10 Binding fabric
14 Man's name
15 Obliterate
16 Of an area
18 Winged
19 Elevate in rank
20 Rent
21 Entangle
22 Woman's name
24 Carousal
26 Japanese coin
27 Pillage
29 A pronoun
31 Comprehend
32 Dry; withered
33 Assert
36 Slender
38 A part of a saddle
41 Wander about
43 Rocks
47 A salutation
48 Lair
50 Egg of an insect
52 Moved stealthily
53 Classify
55 An affirmative
57 Disfigure
59 A Mohammedan noble
60 Separate particulars in an enumeration
62 Put on
64 Religious recluse
66 American author
67 Discourse for the purpose of religious instruction
69 Part of an apron
71 Planted by strewing
73 Heroic poem
75 Glues
77 Gone by
80 A blow on the head (slang)
82 Any monkey
83 Believers in a particular creed
87 Skill
88 Abnormal bodily temperature
90 Bustle
92 Inferior; mean
93 Decree of the former Turkish sultan
95 An anæsthetic
97 The poplar
99 A bird of the crow kind
100 Staggers
101 Satisfies to repletion
102 Stitches
103 Quench
104 Former allowance for waste

VERTICAL

1 Of or pertaining to the poles
2 Size of type
3 Free of charges or deductions
4 A plant
5 Calm; placid
6 Anglo-Saxon money of account
7 Den
8 Equines
9 A female sandpiper (plural)
10 High
11 Form of to be
12 Edible seeds
13 Device for slackening threads in a loom
14 An incline
17 An unaspirated consonant
23 Term used in tennis
25 Lampreys
28 Edible root
30 Instigate
32 Struck
34 Conducted
35 Bear young
37 Pronoun
38 City in Kentucky
39 Elliptical
40 Measure of length
42 Obscure
44 A wanderer
45 Strike out
46 Withered
49 Man's nickname
51 Color shade
54 An insect
56 Weep
58 Corroded
61 Soak up
63 Pinch
65 Born
68 Baseball team
70 A bleat
72 Kind of worm
74 Overlays
76 Scanty
77 Couple
78 Tapestry
79 Part of a cask
81 Pepper plant
84 Puff up
85 Heavenly body
86 Couples
88 Marshes
89 An ostrich
91 A kiln
94 Condensed moisture
96 Horned animal
98 Roman household god

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-two

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 Slightly turned or opened
5 Feminine personal name
9 The fruit of a particular vine
14 Combining form meaning equal
15 A Hebrew measure of capacity
16 Strike out
17 Character in Idylls of the King
18 Climbing or trailing plant
19 A metallic fastening device
20 Petition; entreat
21 Native of a European republic
22 Syllable sounded in solmization
23 The bitter vetch
24 Showers in fine icy particles
26 Entangles
28 Past; gone by
29 Having the character of an originator or parent
33 Beverage
36 Tree of a shrub of the genus Rhus
38 Ancient Italian goddess of the wood
39 A genus of African trees
41 A soft twilled silk fabric
43 Bow of a vessel
44 One of the Muses
46 American explorer in the Northwest
48 Printer's measures
49 Sentinels
51 Seafaring man
53 Perches
54 Spots
57 An exclamation
60 A bone
61 Agitate
62 Letter of the Greek alphabet
64 An animal of the badger kind
66 A lure
67 Overcomes with reverential fear
68 Unexpired; existent
69 A molding
70 To mark for omission (printing)
71 Suffers deprivation of something
72 Woman's nickname
73 Extent of surface

VERTICAL

1 Monkeys
2 God of gates and doors (Roman religion)
3 A rebel angel in Paradise Lost
4 To disencumber; cause to be quit of
5 Excessively eager to possess
6 Leaves undone
7 A tear
8 An area ten meters square
9 Earned by service or performance
10 A high priest of Israel
11 Characterized by activity
12 River in Germany
13 Mesh fabric (plural)
21 Any long and slender support for an object (plural)
22 Deface
25 Babylonian god of the watery element
26 Species of parrot
27 Cut off suddenly
29 Peels
30 Weed
31 At another time
32 Authoritative rules
33 Playing card (plural)
34 Knowledge; learning
35 Dash; spirit
37 Equine hybrids
40 Coins of an Asiatic kingdom
42 People of an ancient race of Asia Minor and Syria
45 A bird (plural)
47 River in Germany
50 A pronoun
52 Japanese measure
54 Inclosures for domestic animals
55 Fresher
56 Slab used as a gravestone (archæology)
57 Of the mouth
58 Circle around the sun or moon
59 Genus of birds
61 Man of gravity and wisdom
63 On the ocean
65 The day before a holiday
66 To cut short
67 Feminine personal name

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-two

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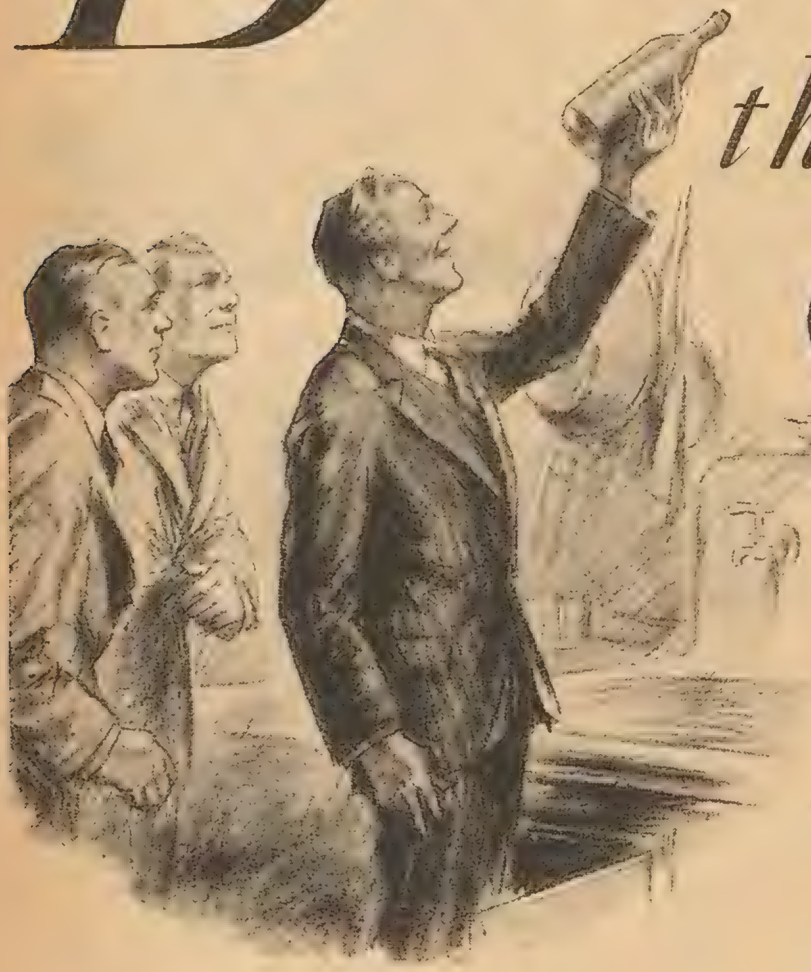
Buck Byer and the STILL



"This," said Buck, "is the finest bourbon whisky you ever drank."

The Story of a Noble Experiment

By

BOGART ROGERS

Pictures by ERNEST FUHR

(Reading time: 24 minutes 58 seconds.)

IF Buck Byer hadn't stopped off to see his brother in Knoxville, Tennessee, Pudge Smith, Buck's brother-in-law, wouldn't have busted Buck's nose, and none of us would have become temporary social outcasts for our connection with what the Portland papers called "Oregon's Biggest Bootleg Ring."

A couple of nights after Buck came back from the south, we all got together over at his house for the regular weekly bridge *mêlée*. "The Big Six"—that's what we called ourselves—me and Buck Byer, Doc Wheaton, Charlie Anderson, Pudge Smith, and Hank Russell, and the wives. You see, the six of us were all together in the Ninety-first overseas, and we've stuck pretty close ever since.

Before we started playing, Buck led us all out into the kitchen.

"Listen, you guys," he said. "I got a nice little surprise for you that I brought all the way from them thar Tennessee mountains."

He unlocked the little cupboard under the sink and pulled out a bottle. It was a plain bottle. He held it up to the light.

"This," said Buck with the impressive air of a man about to make a world-rocking announcement, "is the finest bourbon whisky you ever drank."

"Haw-haw-haw!" said Pudge.

"Prove it, you coward!" said Charlie.

Buck produced six little glasses and set 'em in a row on the sink. He filled them about three-quarters full.

"Gee, you're stingy," said Doc. "What are you trying to do? Save it?"

Buck picked up a glass and sniffed it rapturously. He lifted his glass with a grand gesture, poised it for an instant, and tossed the contents off with one jerk of his head.

We watched him closely. He didn't make a face. We sampled it cautiously.

"That's pretty good whisky," appraised Charlie, who had never had a drink of whisky in his life until after prohibition.

Buck beamed with pardonable pride. "How'd you like to have a barrel of *that* in your cellar?" he asked the assembled gathering.

He never should have made that remark. I think that's what really started all the trouble.

THE following Sunday afternoon we were out at Hank Russell's farm. Buck brought the other bottle along and made two rounds of big icy mint juleps which weakened our moral resistance to the point where we were easy prey to the wicked and unlawful plot he had worked out in all its sinful and hazardous details.

"I'd like to have about twenty gallons of that rat poison," Pudge Smith said, looking sadly at his second empty glass. "It's the best I ever tasted outside of a drug store. Where'd you get it, Buck?"

"Sam gets it from an old guy in the hills outside of Knoxville."

Sam is Buck's brother.

"How much?" asked Pudge.

"Five dollars a gallon," said Buck.

"Imagine that," said Hank, impressed no end.

"He'd make a fortune out here," said Charlie.

"What's his name?" asked Hank.

"Jim Hatrick," said Buck. "He's an old moonshiner; been making it for forty years."

"Let's get him out here to make a batch for us," suggested Charlie.

"I've been thinkin' about that," said Buck.

We were all thinking about it.

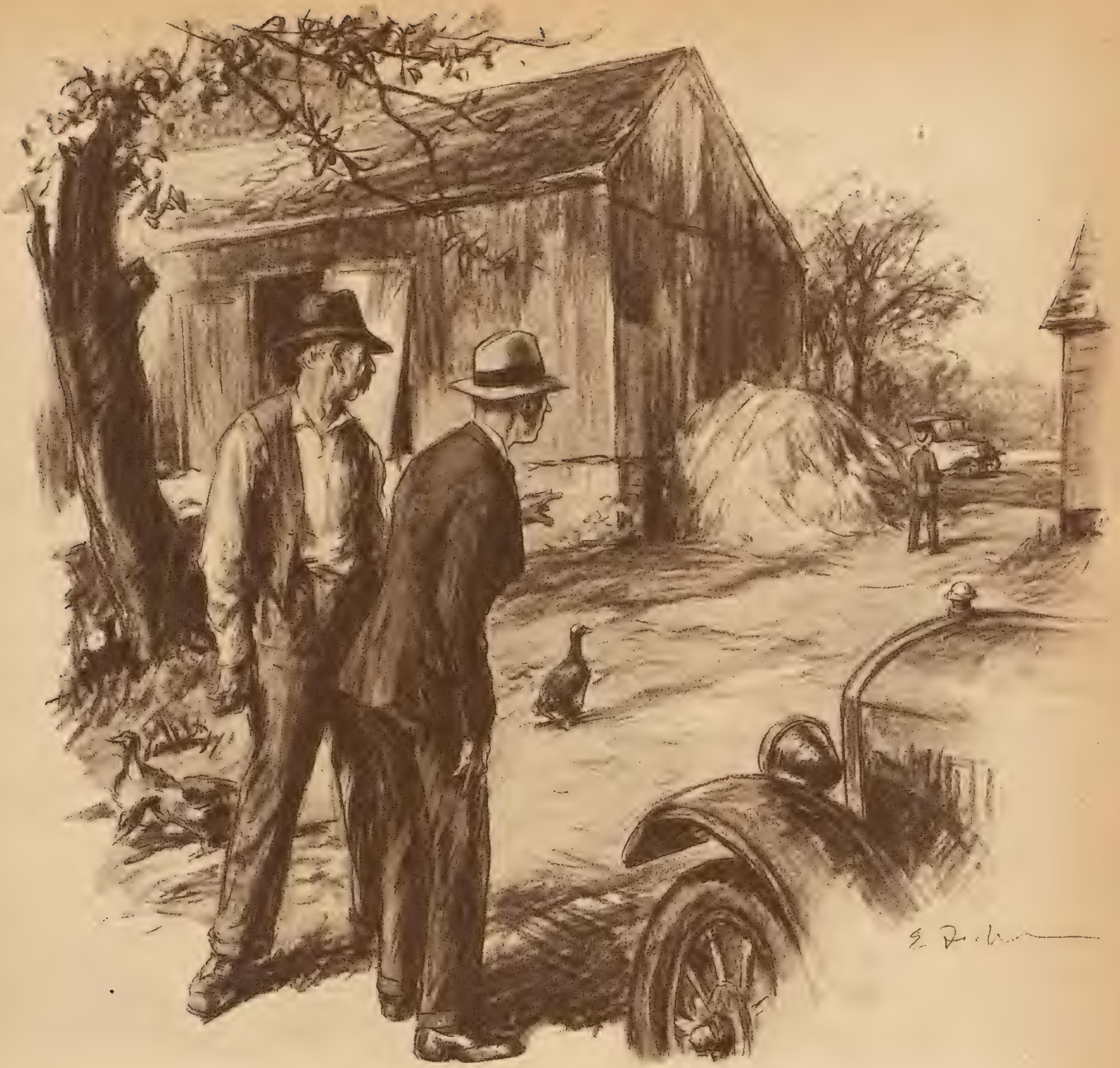
"How much would it cost?" inquired Pudge.

"Well," said Buck, "I talked to Jim when I was back there. He's never been outside of Tennessee—said he kind of thought he'd like to travel somewhere before he got too old. I think if we paid his train fare and expenses he might come out here for a few weeks."

"And then what?"

"Well, say he made a couple of hundred gallons of bourbon while he was here. That would be about thirty gallons each."

Before we left we voted to have Buck wire his brother Sam, asking him to find out if Jim Hatrick would come out



"He got out of the car and started snooping around. He asked if we minded if he went out in the back orchard."

and make us a batch of bourbon. We also decided that the less we said to the wives about it the better off we'd be.

We didn't have any moral scruples against it ourselves. Nobody ever asked us what we thought about the cup that cheers. While we were out fightin' for democracy—or whatever all that monkey business in France was about—somebody took it upon themselves to decide that a little drink now and then wasn't good for us brave soldier boys and we couldn't have it any more.

As a matter of fact, if it hadn't been for a bottle of good old French cognac we managed to dig up and pour into him, Buck would have died of a cold in the Argonne.

Anyway, Buck wrote to Sam.

A week later he got a wire:

HATRICK WILL DO THE JOB FOR EXPENSES YOU TO FURNISH MATERIALS IF OKAY SEND MONEY FOR TICKET SAM

We sent Sam two hundred dollars.

A week later we received another wire from Sam:

HATRICK LEFT TODAY WILL ARRIVE SUNDAY MORNING MEET HIM

When Buck showed us the wire it suddenly occurred to Charlie that we had overlooked a most important detail.

"Where are we going to keep this guy, and where is he going to—er—work?"

Nobody had thought of that—nobody but Buck.

"How about your place, Hank?" he suggested casually.

"Don't be a damn' fool," said Hank.

The rest of us lived in town. Hank's place was six miles out in the middle of nowhere and half a mile off the highway. We all agreed with Buck.

"There's nothin' to be afraid of," Buck assured him. "This Hatrick has been dodging revenuers for forty years. He can smell one ten miles away."

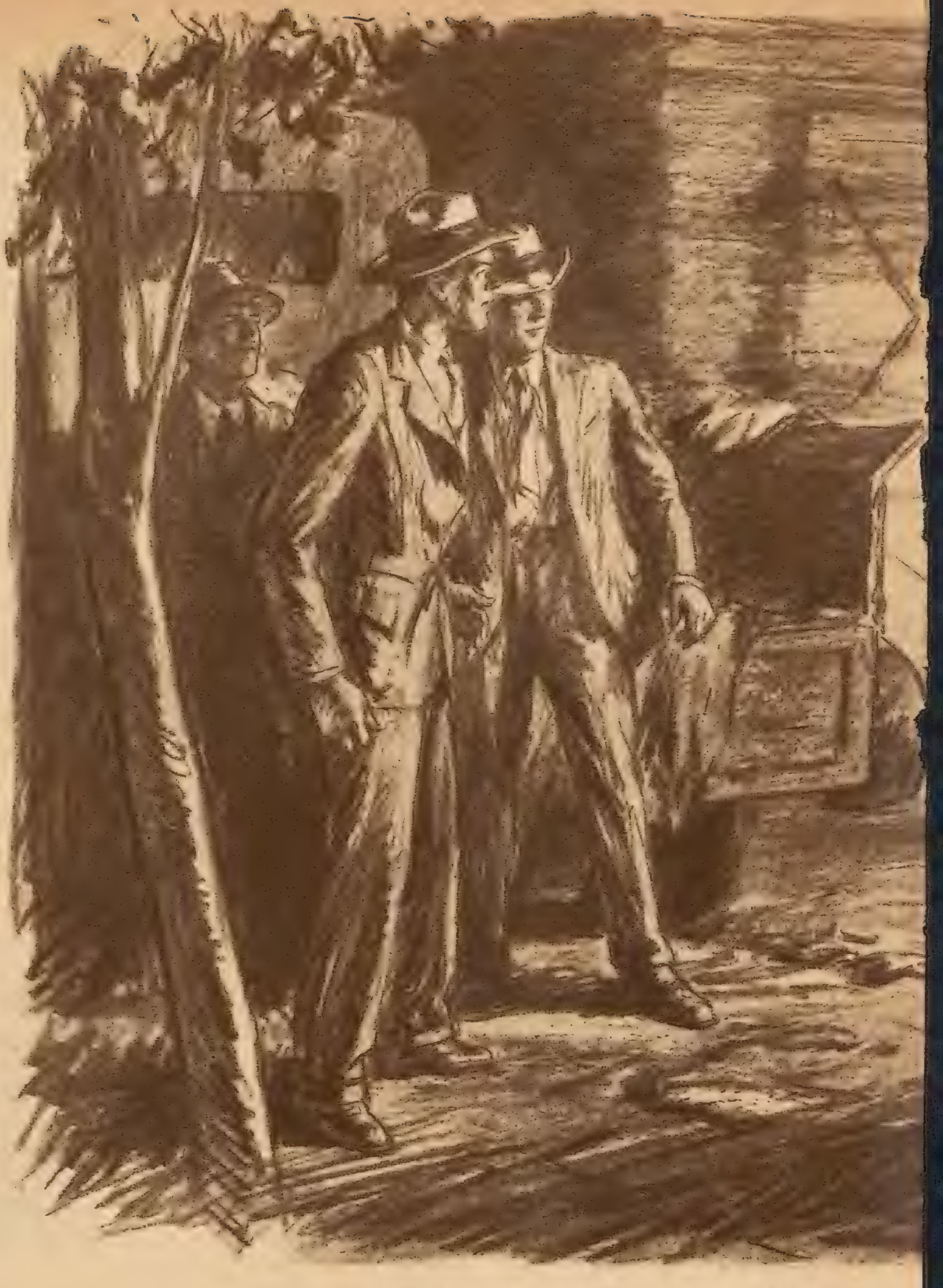
"I'm not afraid of the revenuers," said Hank. "But what about Mary and the kids? This mountaineer might be able to hide his still where all the revenue agents in the world couldn't discover it, but it would take Junior just fifteen minutes to find it, and another fifteen minutes to have every kid in the country over looking at it."

Buck had figured out every little detail. I got to hand it to him for that.

"Why don't you send her up to visit her folks for a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BUCK BYER AND THE STILL
Continued from page fifty-one



We all stood stock-still. A flashlight shot out—

couple of weeks?" he said. "She looks to me like she needs a rest, anyway."

We all agreed that Mary looked bad and needed a vacation.

Before we left Buck's office the dirty deed was done—and done well. Hank had called Mary's father in Portland and told him very confidentially that Mary was all shot to pieces; that he'd been trying to get her to take a vacation and she wouldn't; and that the only way he saw was to have her mother invite her and the kids into town for a week or two. The old gentleman was a trusting old rabbit and never detected the faintest aroma of mouse. Hank—also at Buck's suggestion—said that he could drive Mary and the kids up Sunday and would stay overnight himself.

The next morning Hank reported that Mary had fallen for it without a murmur.

Sunday morning we all left home with the golf clubs, but we weren't going to play golf. We were going to meet Jim Hatrick, who was coming in on the ten fourteen. Buck and I were to pick him up and drive him out to Hank's farm where the rest of the boys would be. You got to be awful careful what you do in a town of six thousand.

We parked below the station, waiting for the train to arrive, but we couldn't avoid Joe Peters, the station agent.

"Meetin' somebody?" asked Joe, strolling up.

"Great-uncle of mine from Tennessee," said Buck.

"What's he comin' out here for?" asked Joe.

"He's interested in hogs," said Buck. "I'd like to have him meet you. We're going to show him what Hank Russell's got; then he's going up to Portland to visit his brother."

"I didn't know you had an uncle in Portland," said Joe.

"Sure," said Buck. "Been there for five years."

Joe stuck around until the train pulled in, asking more questions than I cared for.

Jim Hatrick was tall and gaunt and rural. He wore a conspicuously new brown suit—a sort of brindle brown—a ministerial black felt hat, a blue necktie, and bright tan shoes. He carried a black cardboard suitcase.

"Well, well, Uncle Jim!" said Buck, giving him a wink and trying to relieve him of his suitcase, with which Mr. Hatrick was loath to part—in fact, did not part.

"Hello thar, young feller!" Jim cracked Buck's knuckles with a single squeeze. "What's the uncle for?"

Joe Peters intruded. "Got a trunk?"

"Not me," said Jim. "Had enough trouble packing this damn' little satchel."

WE hurried away to Hank's, introduced him around, and plunged into a conference.

The results were as follows:

Jim said he'd make us two hundred gallons of sour-mash bourbon—two thousand if we wanted it. All we had to do was get him materials he needed. It would take him a couple of weeks. He explained in detail what kind of a still we'd have to get him, and drew pictures of it. He needed some wooden pails or tubs and some charred oak kegs. He also wanted some oak wood for a fire—he just wouldn't distill whisky over anything but an oak-wood fire. He also mentioned that he needed sugar, cracked corn, barley, and yeast. Then he'd be about ready to begin.

"Yuh see," he explained, "I'll start about twenty tubs of mash goin' right off. First ones'll be ready to run in four or five days. Then I just keep making up more mash as I empty the tubs. That way I can keep goin' continuous. Two hundred gallon ain't much of a job."

"How much sugar will you need?" asked Charlie.

"About sixteen hundred pound," said Jim.

"Holy mackerel!" said Pudge.

He was wondering where and how he could buy sixteen hundred pounds of sugar without arousing suspicion.

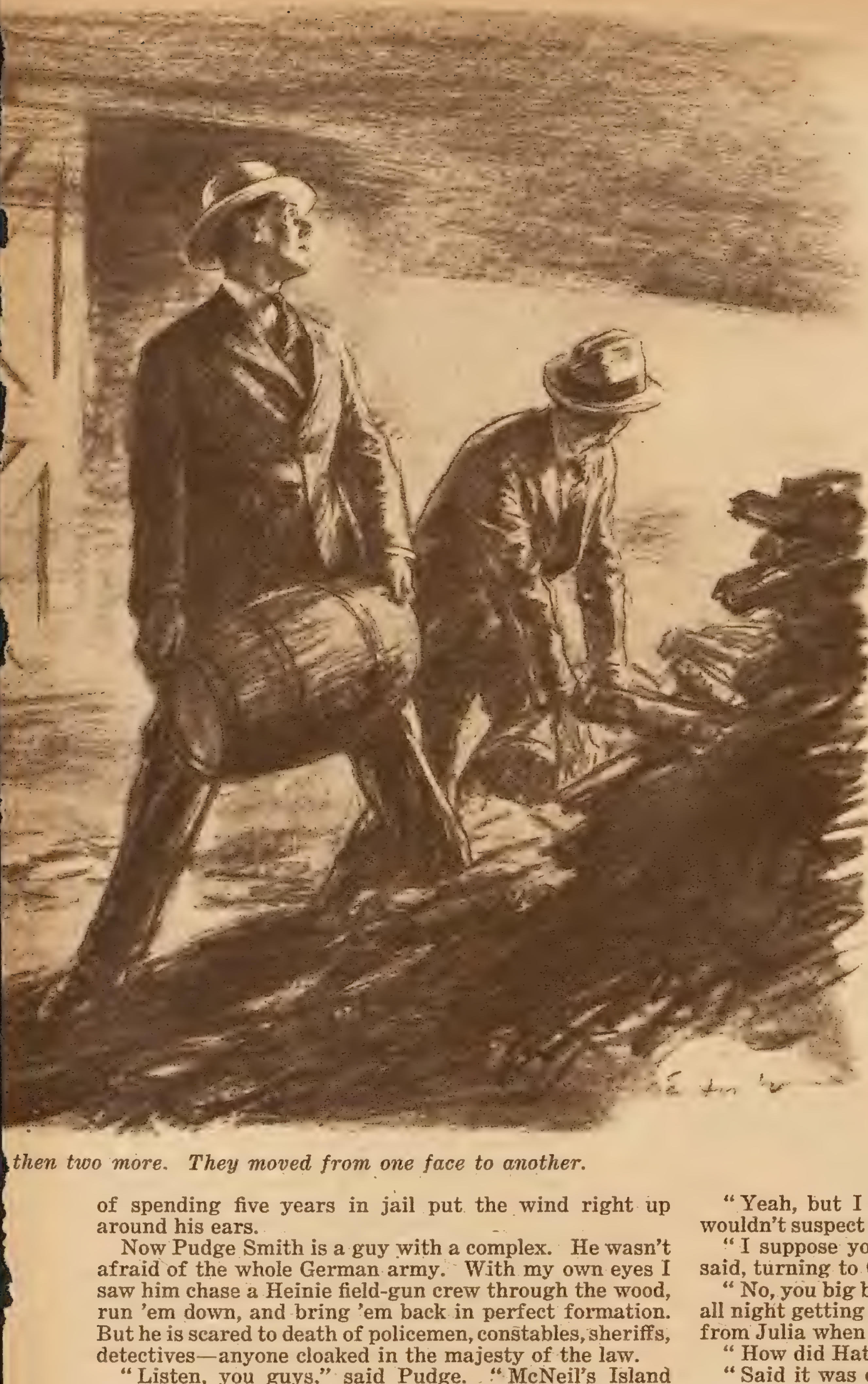
We left Jim Hatrick shortly after noon and reassembled at Buck's office.

"Who's going to make this still?" said Doc.

"I'll take care of the still," said Charlie. "I can make it in the shop tomorrow night." Charlie's got a car agency and garage. "You worry about the other stuff."

We finally drew straws. Pudge was to get the sugar. Doc would take care of the yeast. As Hank was a farmer, anyway, we passed the corn and barley to him. Buck had to dig up the kegs for the finished product—that was a tough one. I drew the easy assignment—the wooden buckets.

Just before we broke up Charlie had to make some smart crack about that new Jones law. Right then and there Pudge wanted to call the whole thing off. The idea



then two more. They moved from one face to another.

of spending five years in jail put the wind right up around his ears.

Now Pudge Smith is a guy with a complex. He wasn't afraid of the whole German army. With my own eyes I saw him chase a Heinie field-gun crew through the wood, run 'em down, and bring 'em back in perfect formation. But he is scared to death of policemen, constables, sheriffs, detectives—anyone cloaked in the majesty of the law.

"Listen, you guys," said Pudge. "McNeil's Island isn't a bad place as prisons go, but I don't want to live there. Let's pay this guy off and send him back home."

"THERE ain't a soul in town even knows this Jim Hatrick is here—except maybe Joe Peters."

"Does Joe Peters know about it?" wailed Pudge.

"Sure! He saw Jim when he got off the train, but he thinks he's my uncle. What harm's Joe Peters?"

"What harm?" wailed Pudge. "What harm? He's the sheriff's brother-in-law, isn't he? He knows everything that's going on in town, doesn't he? Tom Stonner"—Tom's the sheriff—"loves us since we tried to beat him at the last election, doesn't he? Yeah, he loves us like a lot of strange bulldogs! You fellows go ahead. Stick your necks in a noose—but count me out."

Pudge picked up his hat and started for the door. It took us half an hour to win him back to the fold.

That was Sunday. We met again Tuesday evening to report progress. Pudge checked in first.

"We're a cinch to get caught at this," he said. "If you think you can buy sixteen hundred pounds of sugar in this country without creating a sensation you're crazy."

"You got it, didn't you?" said Buck.

"Yeah, I got it!" said Pudge. "After visiting seven towns and twenty-one grocery stores. Old Ed Mossman didn't want to sell me one hundred pounds—said I was crazy and that Alice hadn't put up that many strawberries in six years. Then he insisted on delivering it to the house and wouldn't take cash—wanted to put it on the bill. I had a hell of a time."

"But you got it, didn't you?" said Buck.

"Yeah, I got it, and I delivered it out to Hank's. How about the rest of you birds?"

"I got most of the yeast," said Doc.

"Why not all of it?"

"Ed Mossman didn't have that much—had to order some more."

"Sufferin' cats!" said Pudge. "You didn't go to Mossman's too, did you?"

"Sure," said Doc. "He doesn't suspect anything. I told him I was carrying out some metabolism experiments. He didn't know what I was talking about."

"Neither do you if you think that old bunny doesn't suspect something," said Pudge.

BUCK asked me about the wooden buckets. I explained that I had to go over to Victorville for them—that Ed Mossman didn't have any wooden ones.

Pudge groaned. "I'm your man, officer," he said, extending his hands, wrists together. "What in hell did you go to Mossman's for?"

"Buckets, you sap!" I told him.

"I know, but—"

"You went there, didn't you?"

"Yeah, but I was first. And sugar's different. He wouldn't suspect sugar so much." He wiped a moist brow.

"I suppose you went to Mossman's for the still," he said, turning to Charlie.

"No, you big brave boy!" said Charlie. "But I worked all night getting the darn' thing together and caught hell from Julia when I got home."

"How did Hatrick like it?" asked Buck.

"Said it was one of the best stills he ever saw," said Charlie proudly. "I got it rigged up so he can dump and refill it by just removing two thumbscrews, and I'm fitting it up with a thermometer."

Hank Russell reported favorably on the corn and barley.

"When's he going to start?" asked Buck.

"Right away," said Hank. "He's certainly cute, that old guy. You know that old feed closet in the barn between the implement room and the stalls? Well, he's brewing all his mash in there. Nobody could ever find it and he's got all the doors locked."

"I don't suppose the sheriff could pry off the padlocks, could he?" asked Pudge.

Hank ignored him. "And you ought to see where he's planning on putting his still."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BUCK BYER AND THE STILL
Continued from page fifty-three

"On the kitchen stove, I'll bet," said Pudge. "Where the sheriff can't find it."

"In the incinerator," said Hank. "He's rigging it up so he can just let it down there and build his fire right underneath with smoke going up the chimney just like he was burning rubbish. There's a water tap handy for condensing, and if he sees anyone suspicious prowling around, he can detach the worm and shove it down the incinerator chimney."

"That detachable worm was my idea," Charlie reminded us.

Tuesday night we met at Charlie's—the regular bridge party.

Hank Russell couldn't wait to get us out in the kitchen, where he pulled a pint flask out of his hip pocket and held it up triumphantly.

"Here it is," he said. "A sample of the finest, purest double-distilled bourbon whisky in the State of Oregon."

"That stuff bourbon?" said Pudge. "You're crazy. Look at the color. It's white."

"Sure it is," said Buck. "It's always white at first—mountain dew they call it down there. It don't get any color until it's been in the keg for a couple of years. But we can hurry that along by rocking it. The government says that whisky in kegs which are being constantly rocked will age and color ten times faster than if it's just allowed to sit still."

"The government shouldn't say such things," said Pudge. "I thought making whisky was against the law."

"This was after some tests a long time ago," Buck explained.

"Who's going to rock it?" asked Pudge. "I can't except on Saturday afternoons and all day Sunday. I got to work weekdays."

"We'll find a way," said Buck.

Charlie took the first drink. He tried to toss it off in one gulp. It got as far as his esophagus and squirted right back out of his eyes, ears, nose, and elbows.

"I'm on fire!" he hollered, and grabbed a glass of water.

We all tried it. It was just like drinking so much Tabasco sauce. Buck had to use all his powers of persuasion to convince us that it was pure, undiluted, high-proof new whisky and that a couple of months in the keg would mellow it down fit for the baby's bottle.

Anyway, it had a kick. Ten minutes later we were all agreeing it was the finest bourbon we had ever tasted.

EVERYTHING went along great for a week. Then Pudge called us all up one evening and insisted we come over to his house for a minute after dinner. Something terrible had happened. We hurried over without waiting for dessert and called the meeting in Pudge's garage.

"Listen, you guys! We're in a hell of a mess!" Pudge was white as a sheet. "About four o'clock I drove out to Hank's to see what was going on—hadn't been out before. Hank wasn't there. While I was out talking to Hatrick a guy drives up in a roadster. It was a state car. I could tell by the license plates. Thank God the still wasn't running! He was a stranger—never saw him before. He got out of the car and started snooping around. Then he came over to talk to us. Listen! You could smell that mash a mile away. If this guy had had pneumonia he could have smelled it. It was awful."

He paused for breath.

"That's nothing to get all excited about," said Buck.

"You don't think so, huh?" said Pudge. "Well, I do. He started asking questions—wanted to know who owned the place, who we were, where the owner was. Then he asked if we minded if he went out in the back orchard and looked around. We steered him away from the barn and the incinerator. He was there for half an hour before he left."

"Well," said Buck, "what's wrong about that?"

"Here's what's wrong," continued Pudge. "I came right back into town and who do you suppose the first two people I saw were?"

"Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford," guessed Doc.

"Yeah," said Pudge defiantly. "I'll tell you who I saw: this guy and the sheriff standing right down in front of the sheriff's office talking together."

"It's only a coincidence," said Buck. "I'm confident the sheriff doesn't know a thing about it."

"Coincidence my eye!" said Pudge. "It was a prohibition agent."

"What did Hatrick think?" asked Buck.

"He didn't think this guy was one," admitted Pudge. "But his opinion doesn't mean anything to me. He figures a man isn't a revenue agent unless he carries a rifle like they do down in Tennessee."

"There's only one thing to do," said Doc suddenly. "Go out there right now, dump all this grog and mash down the sewer, burn the tubs, bust up the still, and send this Jim Hatrick back home. They've probably trailed him out here from Tennessee. Probably he's killed some federal men and they're after him."

"That would be bright, wouldn't it?" said Buck. "Go out there so we could all be caught. Don't be a sap, Doc! They haven't got anything on us."

"Only on Hank."

We finally all went home. Buck talked us into not saying anything to Hank for fear he might get cold feet if he knew about it.

The next morning Buck phoned Hank, who reported all quiet on the Brandywine. The still was simmering merrily.

JIM HATRICK finished the job three days later and stowed the kegs away in Hank's barn. There were twenty-four of them—four for each of us—forty gallons apiece.

Buck and Hank destroyed all the evidence—all except the still. Charlie insisted they give it back to him so he could perfect his improvements. We shipped Jim Hatrick out of town.

It looked like clear weather ahead. We'd even ceased to worry about the sheriff's mysterious friend. We checked up on the girls to make sure there hadn't been any leaks there, and every man swore his wife didn't know a thing about it.

"I told you everything would be okay," said Buck. "You guys just got the wind up, that's all. You're a lot of chicken hearts." He looked at Pudge mostly.

He hadn't any more than closed his mouth when the phone rang. It was Hank—in a terrible sweat. He was driving into town immediately. Things looked bad.

"Now, look here, you fellows!" he said when he arrived. "I've been the goat so far. You've used my place to make this red-eye in. It's made. Now get it out of there. The sheriff's wise."

"I'm innocent," said Pudge. "I can't help it if you use your farm for a distillery."

"What makes you think the sheriff's on to us?" asked Buck, just as calm as ever.

"He was out this afternoon—he and a very suspicious-looking egg I never saw before."

"The same fellow?" said Charlie. "That prohi?"

"What same fellow?" Hank wanted to know. Remember, we hadn't told him about the previous visit.

"He was out once before," said Doc.

"Snooping around," said Pudge.

"We didn't tell you," said Buck.

"You're a fine lot of friends, you are," said Hank, pretty peeved. "I suppose you'd have denied you had anything to do with it."

"Aw, no," said Buck.

"Aw, yes," said Hank. "Well, out it comes tonight. This guy and the sheriff weren't out there for their health."

"We can't take it out tonight," said Buck.

"You can and will," insisted Hank. "I've been the sucker long enough. Out it comes or down the sewer it goes—and I don't mean maybe." He was good and sore.

We couldn't talk him out of it. Charlie had a truck. We'd go out in that, load the stuff aboard, and distribute it. Hank insisted we all go along and we agreed. We called up the wives, gave 'em phony excuses about why we couldn't get home to dinner, waited till dark, and set out to Hank's in the truck.

We loaded the kegs and piled a lot of firewood in on top to cover them up. Buck claimed that with all that wood he could talk the sheriff out of it if he was laying for us. We started back to town about eight o'clock. Hank bowed out. He said he had done his share and from now on it was our party. He had dug a hole and buried his four barrels in the ground.

It's six miles in from Hank's. About two miles from town Charlie's truck started to make horrible noises—like a cement mixer. Something had busted loose in the rear end.

"Hey, stop it!" said Buck.

"Stop, hell! Keep right on going," said Doc.

"Stop!" hollered Buck.

"If we stop we'll never get started again," argued Doc.

We finally had to stop. Just as we did a car drove up.

"Everything all right?" asked the driver, sticking his head out of the window.

"Okay," said Buck. "Don't need any help at all." The car drove on.

We wrangled about what to do. Another car drove up. We assured him everything was under control. He departed.

"That settles it," said Charlie. "For the love of Mike, let's get going before every yap in the country stops and somebody gets suspicious."

"But the noise," protested Pudge.

We couldn't do anything about the noise. We moved on, exuding astonishing sounds.

Buck cracked an idea.

"We'd better not try to go through town like this," he said. "You guys are all scared to death anyway. My place is the closest. We'll drive over there and hide this stuff in the woodpile. I just got a carload of slab cut up yesterday. That'll cover it, and you fellows can come over and get yours tomorrow."

We were getting to the outskirts of town and a lot of little kids had started running along beside us, making smart cracks as we clattered along at about three miles an hour.

Half the people in town ran out on their front porches when they heard us coming down the street. We didn't dally when we arrived at Buck's back yard. We turned out all the lights, cleared a hole in the center of the woodpile, and started stowing the kegs away. It looked like a cinch.

WE were just dragging off the last kegs, and Buck was telling us what a lot of timid old women we were, when he heard a noise around the corner of the garage.

"Jiggers!" whispered Charlie.

We all stood stock-still. A flashlight shot out—then two more. They moved from one face to another. Pudge's was so white it shone like a full moon.

"Better put up your hands, you fellows," said a voice behind one of the lights. It belonged to Tom Stonner, the sheriff. He had us with the goods. In fact, Pudge and Doc had to set down a keg so they could put their hands in the air.

Next morning we were languishing in durance vile waiting for Hank to bail us out. We couldn't understand why they hadn't pinched Hank, but they hadn't. We were talking to old Horace Bushnell the jailer—when there was anybody in jail. He was a patient of Doc's.

"I guess the sheriff isn't so dumb after all," said Charlie.

"He'd never have got us without that federal man," said Buck.

"What federal man are you talkin' about?" asked Horace.

Pudge looked at him reprovingly. "You wouldn't kid us, would you, Horace?"

"There wasn't no federal man," said Horace.

"Who was that bird that was hanging around with the sheriff all last week, then?" Buck asked him.

"Oh, him!" said Horace. "He's from the state surveyor's office—getting the dope on some new power line that's comin' through next spring. He didn't know anything about you fellows bootlegging, and neither did the sheriff until last night."

"See?" said Buck. "I told you fellows nobody knew about this and there wasn't anything to be worried about."

"I suppose a little fairy came along and threw us in jail," said Pudge.

"That's the funny part of it," said Horace and started a mean chuckle. "I was doin' night shift. The phone rang. I answered. It was a lady talkin'. 'This is Mrs. Byer up on Brook Street,' she says. 'My husband's away for the evening, and there are some men prowling around out in the back alley. It looks like they are loading all our firewood on a truck. I wish you'd send a man up to investigate. I'm here all alone with the children and I'm scared.' So the sheriff and some of the boys beat it right up there."

FLABBERGASTED doesn't hardly describe what we were. We just sat and looked at each other—all but Buck. He turned red, white, and blue, and then red again.

"Do you mean to tell me my wife phoned the sheriff to come up to my place?" he said.

"That's right," said Horace.

Buck nearly broke a blood vessel. "Well, of all the crazy, dumb, idiotic—" He said a lot of much worse things about Virginia. I won't repeat them, because he didn't mean them.

About the twelfth adjective Pudge jumped up and grabbed him by the arm.

"Here!" he hollered. "You can't say such things about Virginia."

"Who says I can't?" shouted Buck.

"I say you can't!" screamed Pudge, and let Buck have it—right on the end of the nose. He flattened that big beak of Buck's out till it reached from ear to ear. We finally pried them apart, and Horace had to put them in separate cells.

How'd we get out of it? We paid the judge an even five hundred apiece after being indicted by a federal grand jury. I got fired from the bank, which was the best thing that ever happened to me. I'm getting somewhere now. Doc lost a few patients, but got a lot of new ones. I guess they thought he'd be free with his prescriptions. Pudge isn't afraid of policemen any more—says it's silly to be afraid of anyone as dumb as that sheriff was.

Well, got to be going. Where? Oh, out to Hank Russell's. Charlie fixed the still all up again and we're going to run a couple of tubs of mash this afternoon. The stuff Jim Hatrick made for us is a year old now and smooth as velvet. Hank's still got a couple of kegs of his left. Better come along.

THE END

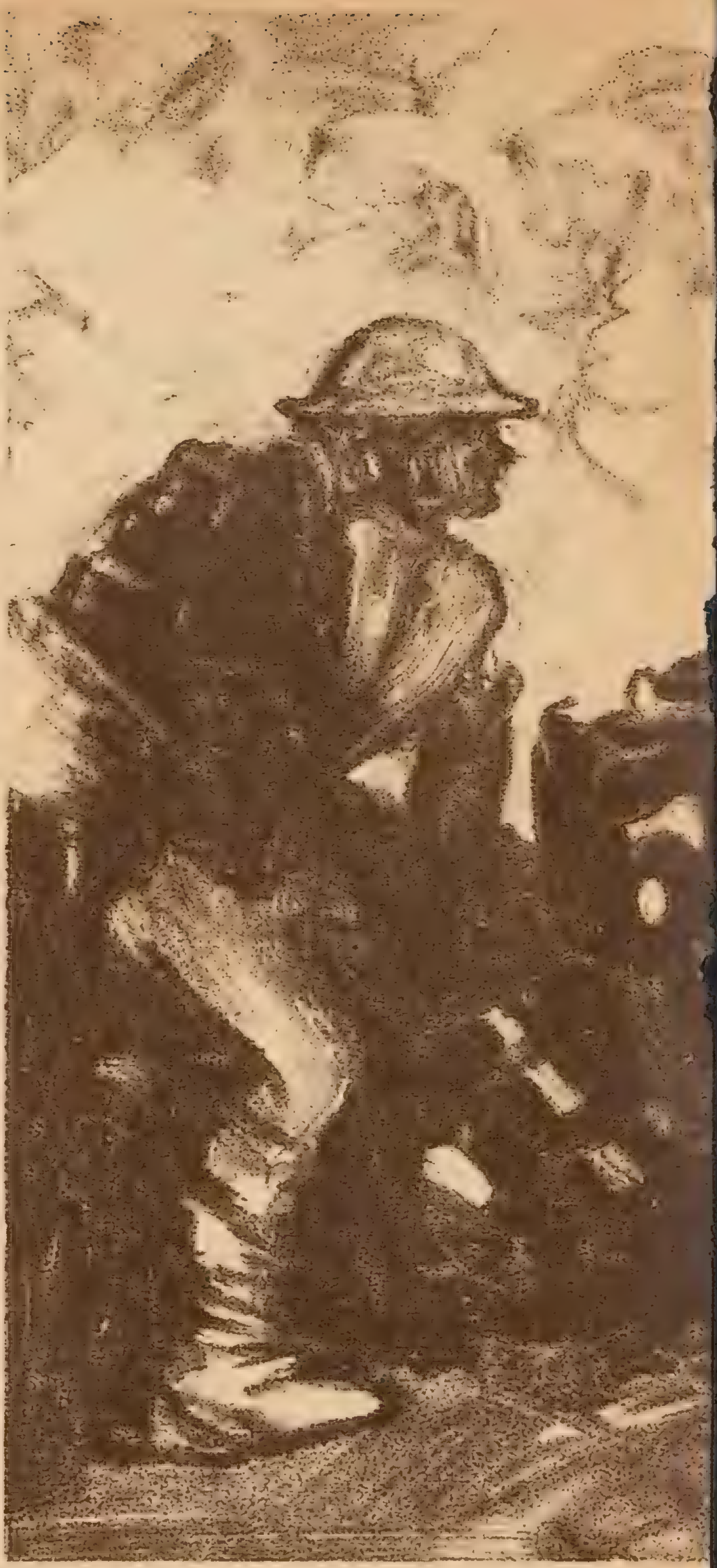
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—Garnet.
2—The night deck watch when a ship is at anchor.
3—Cuba.
4—The minim—about one drop.
5—At Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.
6—Abundance.
7—Isthmus of Darien.
8—Admiral George Dewey.
9—A group of fixed stars.
10—A self-evident truth.
11—Teheran.
12—Pericardium.
13—Andrew Johnson.
14—Cooking soda.
15—Monogamy.
16—Conducive to health.
17—A species of kangaroo.
18—The general style or get-up of a book.
19—One written wholly in the handwriting of the testator.
20—Pegasus.

The Americans' FIRST SHOT in the War

A HEADLINE HUNTER Adventure

By FLOYD GIBBONS



By almost superhuman work

(Reading time: 31 min. 4 sec.)

THE first American shot in the war was fired at six in the morning, October 23, 1917—or more than six months after the declaration of war by Congress.

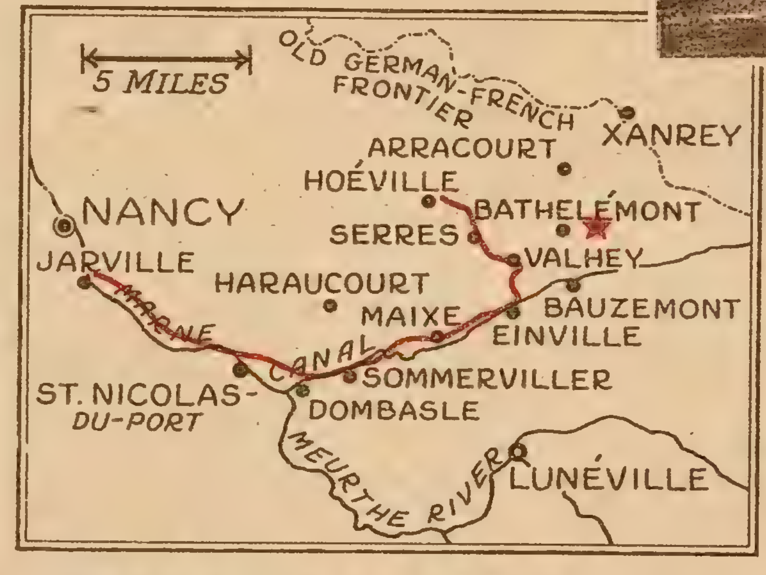
The historic spot where the first American shot was fired was one kilometer due east of the town of Bathelémont, 300 meters northeast of the Bauzemont-Bathelémont road, in the Lunéville sector.

The first night at the front the Americans didn't suffer a single casualty.

For the doughboy, until then, war had been a game. There was something so fresh and rollicking about those recruits trained for war, yet not embittered, unnerved, or calloused by its horrors. There were the kidding between the respective companies or branches of service, the good-natured pranks and jokes among the soldiers, the bluster, bluff song, and laughter.

That is the *esprit* of a fresh army entering the trenches—but as comrades fall beside comrades, as death and the fear of death appear, as nerves become shattered, then songs and laughter die, too.

Brutality is a crust over the emotions—gruffness is the skin over affection—and a forced conviviality is the refuge for tragedy.



The march of the first American front-line troops from Jarville is shown by the red line on this map. The star marks the place where Battery C of the Sixth Field Artillery fired its opening shot.

But that first day all went well. An army unbled can afford to be care-free.

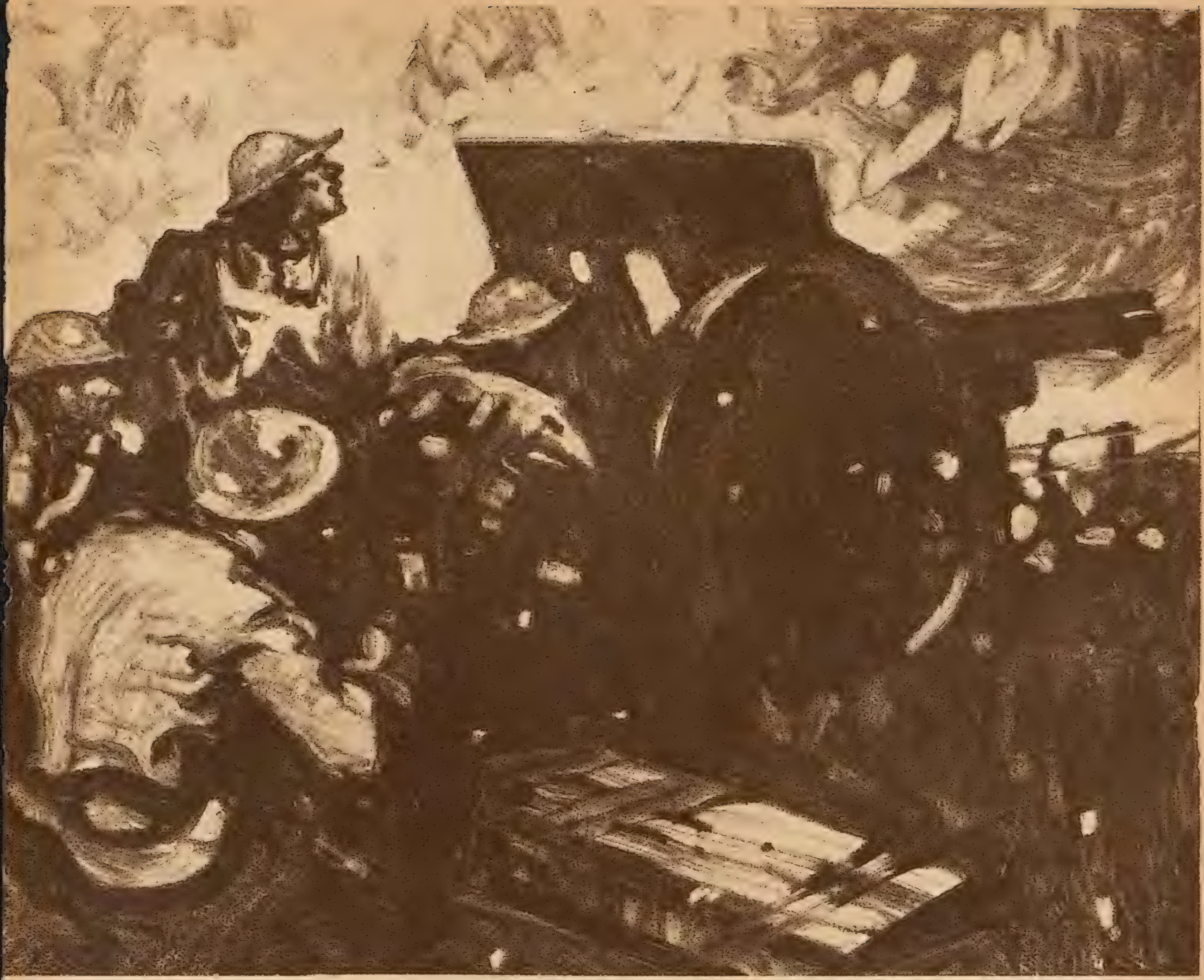
A damp, chill morning mist made the dawn even grayer as our battery train slid up to a loading platform almost under the walls of a large manufacturing plant engaged in producing war materials.

We had had a foretaste of battle in an air raid the previous night.

In spite of the fact that the section chiefs reported that not a man had been injured and not so much as a leg broken in the crowded horse cars, every man in the battery now declared the absence of any doubt that air raid had been directly aimed at Battery A.

"There might be a spy in this here very outfit," said Texas Tinsdale, the battery alarmist. "Else how could them German aviators have known that Battery A was on the road last night? They knew we was on the way to the front and they tried to get us."

"Hire a hall!" shouted the gruff top sergeant. "We've got two hours to unload. A lot of you fireside veterans get busy. Gun crews get to work on the flats



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

details from Battery C had pulled one cannon across a field. The shot was fired at 6:5:10 A. M., October 23, 1917.

and drivers unload horses. No chow until we're ready to move out."

The sign on a station lamp-post told us the name of the town. It was Jarville. But it jarred nothing in our memories.

None of us had ever heard of it before. I asked the captain where we were.

" Just about thirty miles behind the front," he replied. " We are moving up to our last billets as soon as we unload and feed."

The horses had made the ride wearing their harness, some of which had become entangled and broken in transit. A number of saddles had slipped from backs and were down behind forelegs.

" We're learning something every minute! " the captain exclaimed. " American army regulations call for the removal of all harness from the horses before they are put into the cars, but the French have learned that that is a dangerous practice over here.

" You can't unload unharnessed horses and get them hitched to the guns as quickly as you can harnessed horses.

" The idea is this. We're pretty close behind the lines. A German air party might pay this unloading platform a visit at any time, and if enemy planes were in the air and happened to see us unloading, they'd sure call on us.

" The French have learned that the only way to make the best of such a situation, if it should arise, is to have the horses already harnessed, so that they can be run out of the cars quickly, hitched to the guns in a jiffy, and hurried away.

" If the horses are in the cars unharnessed and all of the harness is being carried on other cars, confusion is increased and there is a greater prospect of your losing your train, horses, guns, and everything else from an incendiary bomb, not to mention low machine-gun work."

HIS explanation revealed a promising attitude that I found in almost all American soldiers of all ranks I had encountered up to that time in France. The foundation of the attitude was a willingness to admit ignorance of new conditions and an eagerness to possess themselves of all knowledge that the French and British had acquired through bitter and costly experience.

Further than that, the American inclination pushed the soldier students to look beyond even the then accepted standards. The tendency was to improve beyond the French and British, to apply new American principles of time- or labor-saving to simple operation, to save man-power and horseflesh by sane safety appliances, to increase efficiency, speed, accuracy—in a word, their aim was to make themselves the best fighting men in the Allied cause.

One instance of this is worth recounting. I came upon the young Russian who was the battery saddler. He was a citizen of the United States whose uniform he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE AMERICANS' FIRST SHOT IN THE WAR
Continued from page fifty-seven

wore, but he was such a new citizen that he hardly spoke English. I found him handling a small piece of galvanized iron and a horseshoe. He appeared to be trying to fit the crumpled piece of metal into the shoe.

In his broken English he explained that he was trying to fashion a light metal plate that could be easily placed between a horse's shoe and the hoof to protect the frog of the foot from nails picked up on the road. With all soldiers wearing hobnailed boots, the roads were full of those sharp bits of metal, which had caused serious losses of horseflesh through lameness and blood poisoning.

The unloading had continued under the eyes of smiling French girls in bloomers who were just departing from their work on the early morning shift in the munition factory beside the station.

These were the first American soldiers they had seen and they were free to pass comment upon our appearance. The men of Battery A, for their part, looked over the oiled, grimed faces and hands of the bloomered beauties and announced the general verdict that "they sure were fat little devils."

The unloading completed, a scanty snack, consisting of two unbuttered slices of white bread with a hunk of cold meat and maybe the bite of an onion, had been put away by the time the horses' nose bags were empty. With a French guide in the lead, we moved off the platform, rattled along under a railroad viaduct and down the main street of Jarville, which was large enough to boast street-car tracks and a shell-damaged spire.

Onward into the zone of war we rode.

On through battered villages, past houses without roofs, windows with shattered panes, stone walls with gaping shell holes, churches without steeples, our battery moved toward the last billeting place before entering the line.

This was the ancient town of St. Nicolas-du-Port, on the banks of the river Meurthe. Into the Place de la République of the town the battery swung with a clamorous advance guard of school children and street gamins.

The top sergeant who had preceded the battery into the town galloped up to the captain upon our entry and presented him with a sheaf of yellow paper slips which bore the addresses of houses and barns and the complements of men and horses to be quartered in each. This was the billeting schedule provided by the French major of the town. The guns were parked, the horses picketed, and the potato peelers started on their endless task. The absence of fuel for the mess fires demanded immediate action.

U. S. Official photo

Loading horses at Toul. Battery E of the Fifth Field Artillery, First Division, on the way to the front.

IT was a few minutes past noon when the captain and I entered the office of the French town major. It was vacant. The officers were at *déjeuner*, we learned from an old woman who was sweeping the commandant's rooms. Where? Ah, she knew not. We accosted the first French officer we met on the street.

"Where does the town major eat?" the captain inquired in his best Indianapolis French. After the customary greetings, the Frenchman informed us that *monsieur le commandant* favored the Pommard that Mme. Larue served at the Hôtel de la Fontaine.

We hurried to that place, and there in a little back room, behind a plate-cluttered table with a red and white checkered tablecloth, we found the major. The major said he spoke the English with the fluency. He demonstrated his delusion when we asked for wood.

"Wood! Ah, but it is impossible that it is wood you ask of me. Have I not early this morning seen with my own eyes the wood ordered?"

"But there is no wood," replied the captain. "I must have wood for the fires. It is past noon and my men have not eaten."

"Ah, but I am telling you there is wood," replied the major. "By now I believe it has been delivered for you in the Place de la République."

"But it hasn't," remonstrated the captain, "and the fires have not yet been started, and—"

"But it is on the way, probably," said the major. "Maybe it will be there soon. Maybe it is there now."

The captain took another tack.

"Where was the wood bought?" he asked.

"From the wood merchant beyond the river," replied the major. "But it is already on the way, and—"

"How do you go to the wood merchant?" insisted the captain. "We have got to have the wood and have it toot sweet."

"AH! *tout de suite—tout de suite—tout de suite,*" repeated the major in tones of exasperation. "With you Americans it is always *tout de suite.* Here—"

He took my notebook and drew a plan of streets indicating the way to the place of the wood merchant.

In spite of his remark and the undesired intrusion of business upon his *déjeuner,* the major's manner was as friendly as could be expected from a town major.

We left on the run.

The wood merchant was a big man, elderly and fat. His face was red and he had bushy gray eyebrows. He wore a smock of blue cloth that came to his knees. On him the captain made a direct frontal attack.

"*Avez-vous de bois?*" asked the captain.

"*Oui,*" the merchant nodded.

"*Avez-vous de chevaux?*" the captain asked.

"*Oui,*" the merchant nodded again.

"*Avez-vous de voiture?*" the captain asked.

"*Oui.*" Another nod.

"All right, then," continued the captain, and then, emphasizing each word by the sudden production of another stiff finger on his extended hand, he said, "*Du bois—des chevaux—une voiture—de* whole damn business—and toot sweet."

In some remarkable fashion the wood merchant gathered that the captain wanted wood piled in a wagon drawn by a horse, and wanted it in a hurry. *Tout de suite,* pronounced toot sweet by our soldiers, was a term calling for speed that was among the first acquired by our men in France.

The old man shrugged his shoulders, elevated his hand palm outward, and signified with an expression of his face that it was useless to argue further for the benefit of these Americans. He turned and gave the necessary loading orders to his working force.

That working force consisted of two French girls, each about eighteen years of age. They wore long, baggy bloomers of brown corduroy, tight at the ankles and flopping about in folds over clumsy wooden shoes. They wore blouses of the same corduroy and tam-o'-shanter hats to match.

Each one of them had a cigarette hanging from the corner of her mouth. One stood on the ground and tossed up the thirty- or forty-pound logs to her sister, who stood above on top of the wagon. The latter caught them in her extended arms and placed them in a pile. To the best of my recollection, neither one of the girls missed a puff.

While the loading proceeded, the wood merchant, speaking slowly in French, made us understand the following:

U. S. Official photo

The gun that fired the first shot and won the race for Battery C.

"Many peculiar things happen in a war, *monsieur*," he said. "Your country, the America, is the land of wonders. Listen, my name is Helois. Ten days ago there came to me one of the washerwomen who clean the clothes on the banks of the Meurthe, and she said to me:

"'Ah, *monsieur* the wood merchant, you are the sly fox. I have your secret.' And I say to her that I know not of what she speaks.

"'You boast in the town that your two sons are at the front,' she said, 'but I know that at least one of them is not.' And I was dumfounded. I say to her, 'Woman, it is a lie you tell me. Both of my boys are with their regiments, in the trenches even now, if by the grace of the good God they still live.'

"'No,' she says to me, 'one of your sons hides in the hotel of Mme. Larue. How do I know this secret, *monsieur* the wood merchant? I know because this day have I washed the shirt, with his name on it, at the river bank. His name, Helois—the Lieutenant Helois—was stamped on the collar, and the shirt came from the Hôtel de la Fontaine.'

"I tell her that it is a mistake—that it is the great injustice to me she speaks—and that night I dressed in my best clothes to penetrate this mystery, to meet this man who disgracefully used the name of my son, to expose this impostor who would bring shame to the name of Helois, the wood merchant, whose two sons have been fighting for France these three long years.

"And so, *monsieur*, I meet this man at the hotel. She was right. His name was Helois. Here is his card. The Lieutenant Louis F. Helois, and he is a lieutenant in the United States army."

"So it was a mistake," replied the captain, handing the card back to the wood merchant, whose lobster-red features bore an enigmatical smile.

"No—not the mistake, the truth," replied the wood merchant. "Not my son, but my grandson—the son of my son—the son of my third son, who went to America years ago. And now he comes back in the uniform of liberty to fight again for France. Ah, *messieurs les officiers*, the sons of France return from the ends of the world to fight her cause."

While the wood merchant was telling us that the American grandson had stopped only three days in the town and then had moved up to service at the front, the air was shattered by a loud report. It was the snap of the whip in the hands of the young French Amazon standing high on the load of wood. We escorted the fuel proudly to the Place de la République. Soon the fires were burning briskly and the smell of onions and coffee and hot chow was in the air.

THE stoves were set up at the bottom of a stone monument in the center of the square. Bags of potatoes and onions, burlap-covered quarters of beef, and other pieces of mess sergeants' paraphernalia were piled on the steps of the monument, which was covered with green and black scars from dampness and age.

The plinth supported a stone shaft fifteen feet in height, which touched the lower branches of the trees. The monument was topped with a huge cross of stone on which was the sculptured figure of Christ.

Little Sykoff, the battery mess sergeant, stood over a stove at the bottom of the monument. He held in his hand a frying pan, which he shook back and forth over the fire to prevent the sizzling meat in the pan from burning.

His eyes lowered from an inspection of the monument and met mine. He smiled.

"Mr. Gibbons," he said, "if that brother of mine who runs the photograph gallery out on Paulina and Madison streets in Chicago could only see me now, he sure would tell the rabbi. Can you beat it—a Jew here frying ham in the shadow of the Cross!"

IT was rather hard to beat—and so was the ham. We made this concession as we sat on the plinth of the monument and polished our mess kits with bread. And such bread! It was the regulation United States army issue bread—white, firm, and chock-full of nourishment—bread that seemed like cake to the French youngsters who tasted it and who returned with open mouths and outstretched hands for more of the "good white bread."

After the meal, those members of Battery A not detailed for immediate duty denied themselves none of the joys that a new town, in a strange land, holds for a soldier.

St. Nicolas-du-Port boasts a remarkable church of medieval architecture. Time and the elements had left the traces of their rough usage upon the edifice when we saw it. Half of the statues on the broad façade had been broken, and now the niches afforded domiciles for families of pigeons.

On the ground, at one side of the frontal arch, was a pile of miscellaneous arms and legs and heads of sculptured figures resting in anything but saintly dignity. Two of our young artillerymen were standing in front of the church surveying it.

"Certainly is in need of repairs," said one of them. "I'll bet they haven't done no bricklaying or plumbing in this place since before the Civil War."

"That ain't hardly the right way to treat old saints," replied his companion, referring to the pile of broken statuary. "Seems like they ought to cement the arms and legs and heads back on those old boys and old girls and put them back on their pedestals. I guess, though, there ain't nobody living to identify the pieces so they could get the right arms and heads on the right bodies."

Our battery had among its drivers an old-timer who might have been called a historian. His opinion held weight in the organization. He professed to be able to read American ball scores and war news out of French newspapers, a number of which he always carried. Later that day, I heard him lecturing the church's critics on their lack of appreciation of art and history.

"New things ain't art," he told them; "things has got to be old before they are artistic. Nobody'd look at the

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THE AMERICANS' FIRST SHOT IN THE WAR
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Venus dee Milo if she had all her arms on. You never hear nobody admiring a modern up-to-date castle with electric lighting and bathtubs in it. It simply ain't art.

"Now, this cathedral is art. This country around here is just full of history. Here's where whole book stories of it was written. Why, say, there was batteries of artillery rolling through this country a million years ago. It was right around here that Napoleon joined forces with Julius Cæsar to fight the Crusaders. This here is sacred ground."

In the evening, a number of battery members located the *buvette* that carried across its curtained front the gold-lettered sign Bar Parisian.

It was a find. Some thirty American artillerymen crowded around the tables.

Cigarette smoke filled the low-ceilinged room with blue layers through which the lamplight shone. In one corner stood a mechanical piano which swallowed big copper *sous* and gave out discord's metallic melody.

It was of an American make and the best number on its printed program was Aren't You Coming Back to Old Virginia, Molly? *Sous* followed *sous* into this howitzer of harmony and it knew no rest that night. Everybody joined in and helped out on the choruses.

Things were going fine when the door opened about nine thirty, and there stood two members of the American provost guard.

They carried with them two orders. One instructed *madame* the proprietress to dispense no more red ink or beer to American soldiers that night, and the other was a direction to all Americans around the table to get back to their billets for the night.

It was warm and comfortable within the Bar Parisian and *madame's* smiles and red wine and beer and Camembert cheese composed the Broadway of many recent dreams. But the bunch left without complaint.

They made their rollicking departure, returning *madame's* parting smiles, gallantly lifting their steel helmets, and showering her with vociferous "bong swores." And—well, it simply must be told. She kissed the last one out the door and, turning, wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron. *Madame* had seen youth on the way to the front before.

The billets were comfortable. Some were better than others. Picket-line details slept in their blankets in the hay over the stables. Gun crews drew beds and pallets on the floor in occupied houses. In these homes there was always that hour before retirement for the night when the old men and remaining women of the French household and their several military guests would gather about the fireplace in the kitchen and regale one another with stories, accompanied by the murder of French and English languages and a wealth of pantomime.

U. S. Official photo

Members of Battery C in action on the Lorraine front.

LOUISE, the eighteen-year-old daughter of the town crier—he who daily beat the drum in front of the *hôtel de ville* and read lengthy bulletins—was interested in the working of Gunner Black's Colt automatic. Gunner Black, most anxious to show her, demonstrated the action of the pistol, but, forgetting that inevitable shell in the chamber, shot himself in the arm.

It was only an incident. The noise, not the wound, was what scared Louise. She had seen too many Americans get shot in the moving pictures.

The captain and I were quartered in the house of the *curé* of the church. The old housekeeper of the place made the captain blush when she remarked her surprise that there were such young captains in the American army. Her name was Mme. Dupont, and she was more than pleased to learn from the captain that Dupont had been the maiden name of his mother.

The captain's room had the interior dimensions and heavy decorations of the mystic inner sanctum of some secret grand lodge. Religious paintings and symbols hung on the walls, which were papered in dark red to match the heavy plush hangings over the ever-closed windows.

Two doors in the blank wall swung open, revealing a hermetically sealed recess in which a bed just fitted. This arrangement, quite common in France, indicated that the device now popular in two-room sleeping apartments in America must have been suggested by the sleeping customs of medieval times.

Early the next morning, our battery pulled out for the front. We were bound for the line. We took the roads out of St. Nicolas to the east, making our way toward that part of the front that was known as Lunéville sector.

Our way lay through the towns of Dombasle, Sommerviller, Maixe, Einville, Valhey, Serres, to the remains of the ruined village of Hoéville.

Since the close of the fighting season of 1914, there had been little or no progress on either side in this section. The opposing lines here had been stationary for almost three years and it was known on both sides as a quiet sector.

THE countryside was of a rolling character, but very damp. At that season of the year when our first American fighting men reached the Western Front, that part of the line that they occupied was particularly muddy and miserable.

Before nine o'clock that morning, as we rode on to the front, the horse-drawn traffic, including our battery, was forced to take the side of the road many times to permit the passage of long trains of motor trucks loaded down with American infantrymen bound in the same direction.

Most of the motor vehicles were of the omnibus type. A number of them were worthy old double-deckers that had seen long years of peaceful service on the boulevards of Paris before the war. Slats of wood ran lengthwise across the windows of the lower seating compartment and through these apertures young, sunburned American faces, topped with steel helmets, peered forth.

Some of our men reposed languidly on the rear steps of the busses or on the tops. Most of the bus-loads were singing rollicking choruses. The men were in good spirits. They had been cheered in every village they had passed through on the way from their training area.

"Howdy, bowleg," was the greeting shouted by one of these motoring mockers who looked down on our saddled steeds. "Better get a hustle on them hayburners. We're going to be in Berlin by the time you get where the front used to be."

"Yes you will," replied one of the mounted artillerymen with a negative inflection. "You'll get a heap of a long ways without us. If you doughboys start anything without the artillery, you'll see Berlin through the bars of a prisoners' cage."

"Lucky pups, the artillery—nothing to do but ride," was the passing shout of another taunter, perched high on a bus. This was an unanswerable revision of an old taunt that the artillery used to shout to passing infantry in the days when a foot soldier was really a foot soldier. Then the easy-riding mounted troops, when passing an infantry column on the road, would say, "Pretty soft for the infantry—nothing to do but walk."

"Times certainly have changed," one of our battery drivers felt it necessary to remark to me in defense of his branch of the service. "But there ain't no spark plugs or carburetors to get out of order on our mounts.

"However, we do have our troubles. That runaway

U. S. Official photo

Another view of Battery C at work. The same men helped defend Soissons in September, 1918.

wheeler in Number Two section broke away from the picket line last night and Kemball and I were detailed to hunt all over town for him.

"You know that dark, narrow street that winds down the hill back of the church. Well, it was about midnight and blacker than the ace of spades when Kemball and I pushed along there in the dark, looking for that ornery animal.

"Suddenly we heard a sharp clatter on the cobblestones half a block up the hill. It was coming our way full speed. 'Here he comes now,' said Kemball, 'and he's galloping like hell. Jump into a doorway or he'll climb all over us.'

"We waited there pressed against the wall in the dark as the galloping came up to us and passed. What d'ye s'pose it was? It wasn't that runaway horse at all. Just a couple of them French kids chasing one another in wooden shoes."

The road to the front of us was a populous one. We passed numerous groups of supply wagons carrying food and fodder up to the front lines. Other wagons were returning empty and here and there were ambulances with bulgy blankets outlining the figures of stretcher cases, piled two high and two wide.

Occasionally a Y. M. C. A. runabout loaded down with coffee pots and candy tins and driven by helmeted wearers of the red triangle would pass us carrying its store of extras to the boys up front.

We passed through villages where manufacturing plants were still in operation, and nearer the front the roads lay through smaller hamlets, shell-torn and deserted, save for sentries who stood guard in wooden coops at intersections.

Civilians became fewer and fewer, although there was not a village that did not have one or two women or children or old men unfit for uniform.

Finally the road mounted a rolling hill, and here it was bordered by roadside screens consisting of stretched chicken wire to which wisps of straw and grass and bits of green-dyed cloth had been attached. Our men riding behind the screen peered through apertures in it and saw the distant hills forward, from which German glasses could have observed all passage along that road had it not been for the screen.

SO we moved into position. It was late in the night of October 22, 1917, that our batteries of artillery and companies of infantry moved through the darkness on the last lap of their trip to the front. The roads were sticky and gummy. A light rain was falling. The guns boomed in front of us, but not with any continued intensity. Through streets paved with slippery cobbles and bordered with the bare skeletons of shell-wrecked houses, our American squads marched four abreast. Their passing in the darkness was accompanied by the sound of the unhastened tread of many hobnailed boots.

At times the rays of a cautiously flashed electric light would reveal our infantrymen with packs on backs and rifles slung over shoulders. A stiff wind whipped the rain into their faces and tugged the bottoms of their flopping, wet overcoats.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that they had made it on foot a number of miles from the place where they had disembarked from the motor trucks, the men marched along to the soft singing of songs, which were ordered discontinued as the marching columns got closer to the communicating trenches which led to the front line.

In the march were machine-gun carts hauled by American mules, and rolling kitchens which at times dropped on the darkened road swirls of glowing red embers that had to be hurriedly stamped out. Anxious American staff officers consulted their wrist watches frequently in evidence of the concern they felt as to whether the various moving units were reaching designated points upon the scheduled minute.

It was after midnight when our men reached the front line. It was the morning of October 23 that American infantrymen and Bavarian regiments of Landwehr and Landsturm faced one another for the first time in front-line positions.

Less than 800 yards of ground, blotched with rust-red expanses of wire entanglements, separated the hostile lines.

There was no moon. A few cloud-veiled stars only seemed to accentuate the blackness of the night.

There, in the darkness and the mud, on the slippery firing step of trench walls and in the damp, foul-smelling dugouts, Americans tingled for the first time with the thrill that they had trained so long and traveled so far to experience.

Through unfortunate management of the press arrangements in connection with this great historical event, American correspondents accredited by the War Department to our forces were prevented from accompanying our men into the front that night. Good fortune, however, favored me as one of the two exceptions to this circumstance. Raymond G. Carroll and myself were the only two newspaper men who went into the line with the men that night.

For enjoying this unusual opportunity we both were arrested several days later; not, however, until after we had obtained the first-hand story of the great event.

A mean drizzle of rain was falling that night, but it felt cool on the pink American cheeks that were hot with

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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excitement. The very wetness of the air impregnated all it touched with the momentousness of the hour. Spirits were high and the mud was deep, but we who were there had the feeling that History was chiseling that night's date into her book of ages.

Occasionally a shell wheezed over the soggy atmosphere, seeming to leave an unseen arc in the darkness above.

It would terminate with a sullen thump in some spongy, water-soaked mound behind us. Then an answering missive of steel would whine away into the populated invisibility in front of us.

French comrades, in half-English and half-French, gushed their congratulations and shook us by the hand. Some of us were even hugged and kissed on both cheeks. Our men took the places of French platoons that were sent back to rest billets. But other French platoons remained shoulder to shoulder with our men in the front line. The presence of our troops there was in continuation of their training for the purpose of providing a nucleus for the construction of later contingents. Both our infantry and our artillery acted in conjunction with the French artillery and infantry and the sector remained under French command.

Our men were eager to ask questions and the French were ever ready to respond. They first told us about the difference in the sound of the shells. Now, that one that starts with a bark in back of us and whines over our heads is a *départ.*

It is an Allied shell on its way to the Germans. Now, this one, that whines over and ends with a distant grunt, like a strong wallop on a wet carpet, is an *arrivée.* It has arrived from Germany.

The men slosh back and forth through the mud along the narrow trenches. The order is against much movement, but immobility is unbearable. Wet slickers rustle against one another in the cramping traverses.

At times a steel helmet falls from some unaccustomed head and, hitting perhaps a projecting rock in the trench wall, gives forth a clang which is followed by curses.

"Olson, keep your damn-fool head down below the top of that trench or you'll get it blown off." The sergeant is talking, and Olson, who brought from Minnesota a keen desire to see no man's land even at the risk of his life, is forced to repress the yearning.

"Two men over in B Company just got holes drilled through their beans for doing the same thing," continued the sergeant. "There's nothing you can see out there, anyhow. It's all darkness."

EITHER consciously or unconsciously, the sergeant was lying, for the purpose of saving Olson and others from a fool's fate. There was not a single casualty in any American unit on the line that first night.

"Where is the telephone dugout?" a young lieutenant asked his French colleague. "I want to speak to the battalion commander."

"But you must not speak French over the telephone," replied the Frenchman. "The Germans will hear you with the instruments they use to tap the underground circuit."

"But I was going to use our American code," said the front-line novice; "if the Germans tap in they won't be able to figure out what it means."

"Ah, no, my friend," replied the Frenchman, smiling. "They won't know what the message means, but your voice and language will mean to them that Americans are occupying the sector in front of them, and we want to give them that information in another way, *n'est ce pas?*" I believe the Germans did become nervous, because they made repeated attacks on the enveloping darkness with numbers of star shells.

A rocket that went up shortly before morning had an effect different from its predecessors. It reared itself from somewhere on the left. Its flight was noiseless as it mounted on its fiery staff. Then it burst in a shower of green balls of fire.

That meant business. One green rocket was the signal that the Germans were sending over gas shells. It was an alarm that meant the donning of gas masks. On they went quickly. It was the first time this equipment had been adjusted under emergency conditions.

Then the word was passed along the trenches and through the dugouts for the removal of the masks. It had not been a French signal. The green rocket had been sent up by the Germans. The enemy were using green rockets that night as a signal of their own.

WHILE the infantry were experiencing these initial thrills in the front line, our gunners were struggling in the mud of the black gun pits to get their pieces into position in the quickest possible time and achieve the honor of firing that first American shot in the war.

Each battery worked feverishly in intense competition with every other battery. Battery A of the Sixth Field, to which I attached myself, lost in the race. Another battery in the same regiment won the honor. That was Battery C.

By almost superhuman work through the entire previous day and night, details of men from Battery C had pulled one cannon by ropes across a muddy, almost impassable meadow. So anxious were they to get off the first shot that they did not stop for meals.

They managed to drag the piece into an old abandoned French gun pit. The historical position of that gun was one kilometer due east of the town of Bathelémont and 300 meters northeast of the Bauzemont-Bathelémont road. The position was two miles from the old international boundary line between France and German-Lorraine. The position was one and a half kilometers back of the French first line, then occupied by Americans.

The first shot was fired at 6:5:10 A. M., October 23, 1917.

Lieutenant F. M. Mitchell acted as platoon chief.

Corporal Robert E. Braley laid the piece.

Sergeant Elward Warthen loaded the piece.

Sergeant Frank Grabowski prepared the fuse for cutting.

Private Louis Varady prepared the fuse for cutting.

Private John J. Wodarczak prepared the fuse for cutting.

Corporal Osborne W. De Varila prepared the fuse for cutting.

Sergeant Lonnie Domonick cut the fuse.

Captain Idus R. McLendon gave the command to fire.

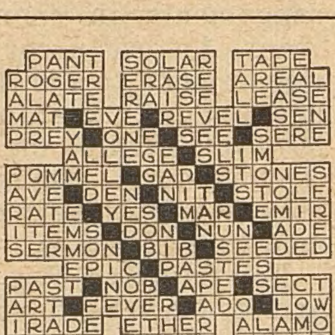
Sergeant Alex L. Arch fired the first shot.

The missile fired was a seventy-five-millimeter, or three-inch, high-explosive shell. The target was a German battery of 150-millimeter guns located two kilometers back of the German first-line trenches, and one kilometer in back of the boundary line between France and German-Lorraine.

The position of the enemy battery on the map was in a field 100 meters west of the town which the French still call Xanrey, but which the Germans have called Schenris since they took it from France in 1870.

Near that spot—and damn near—fell the first American shell fired in the great war.

Next week, in the concluding article of this series, Mr. Gibbons will describe his greatest adventure, in which he was hit by three bullets and left lying on a lead-swept field.



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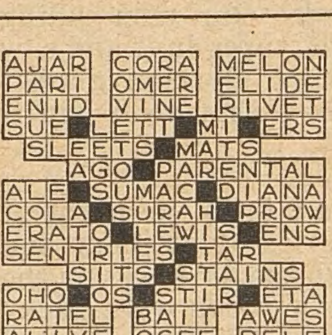
Answer to the puzzle on page 48



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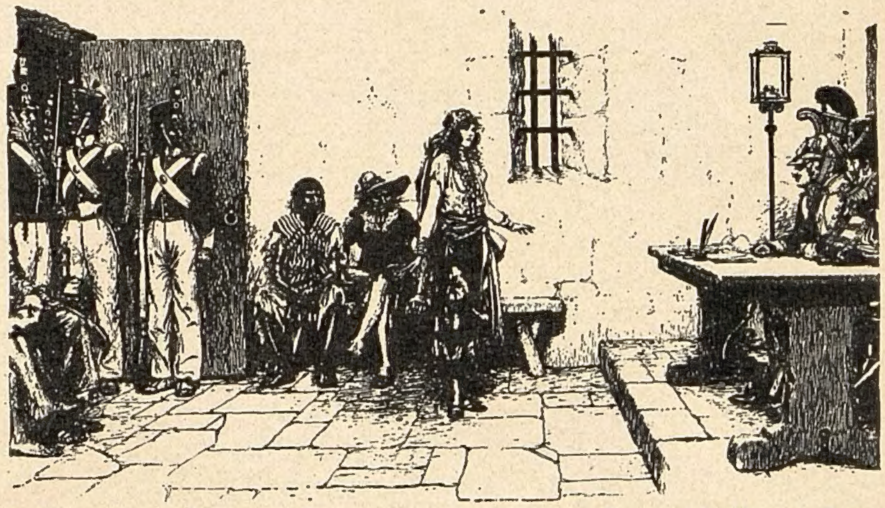
LOSES BESS AREA

Answer to the puzzle on page 49

What our readers may expect in 1931



Drawing by Norman Price

1. *Robert W. Chambers . . .* SILVER KNEES

Romance—history—adventure, back-grounded against the exciting, glamorous days of the Mexican War. A superb historical romance.

2. *Robert Hichens writes* LORD BRANDON

The noted author of "The Garden of Allah" contributes a fascinating new novel of England, of the men who follow the flag to the ends of the earth for England's sake . . . and the women who follow their men—for love's sake.

3. *J. P. McEvoy writes* SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY

This delightful American humorist returns to the pages of Liberty—and brings with him America's favorite heroine—Dixie Dugan!

Chambers—Hichens—McEvoy—three headliners leading off the list of big fiction features which Liberty will publish in 1931. More fiction by

Bogart Rogers
Sax Rohmer
Warwick Deeping
Edward L. McKenna
Viña Delmar
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan
Phyllis Duganne
Fred Mac Isaac
Paul Annixter
Edwin Balmer
Cosmo Hamilton
Elizabeth Sanxay Holding
W. R. Burnet
Thyra Samter Winslow
MacKinlay Kantor
Rita Weiman
Sir Philip Gibbs
Elliott White Springs
Mazo de la Roche

Some of the special feature articles:

THE REAL McCOY—Exploits of Bill McCoy, ex-rum-runner, as told to and written by Frederic Van De Water.

OLD PETE—The life story of Grover Cleveland Alexander, the pitcher, by Edward Doherty.

A new series of real-life detective stories by Sidney Sutherland.

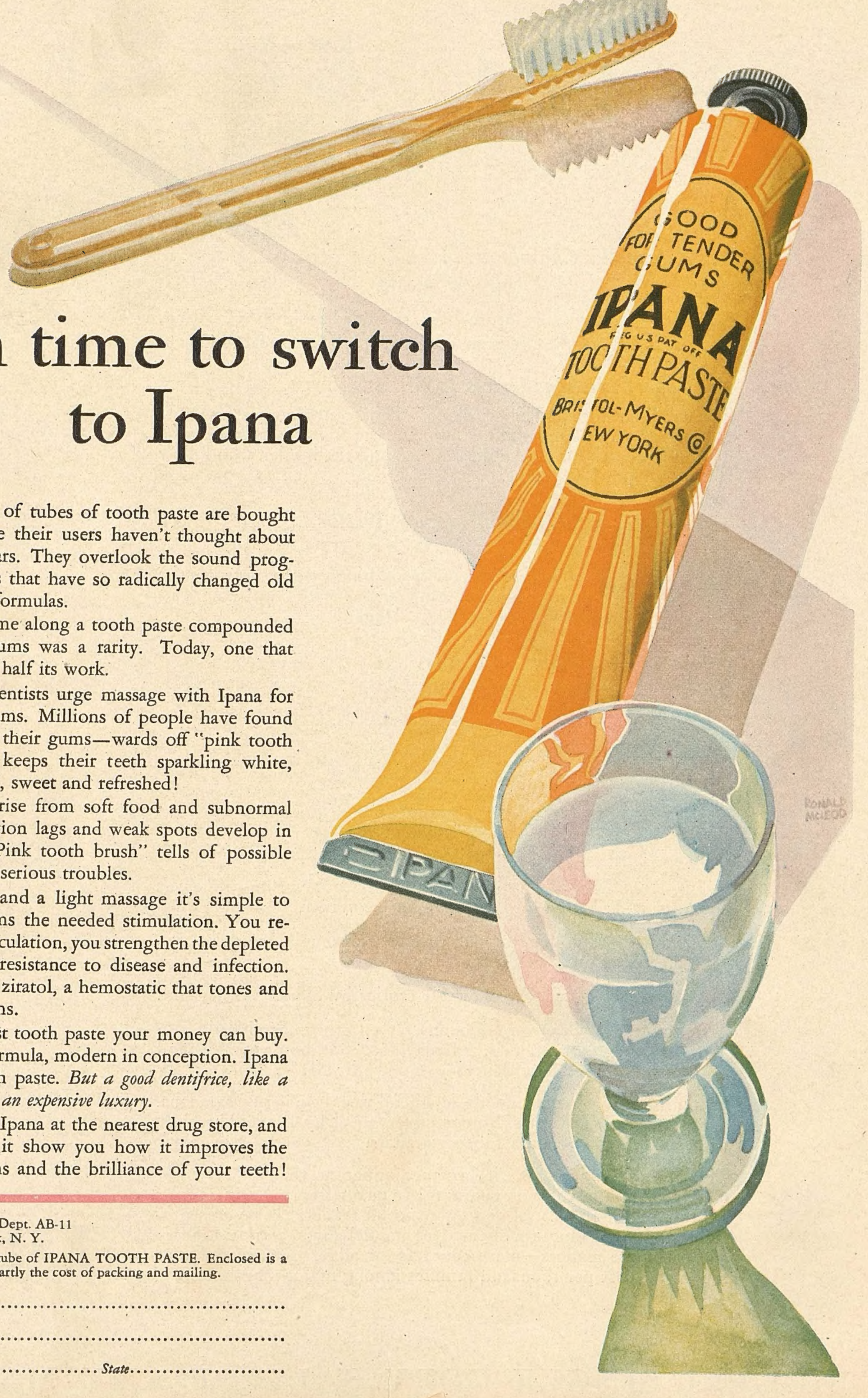
Articles by
George M. Cohan
Franklin P. Adams
Robert Benchley
Lothrop Stoddard
Charmion von Wiegand
Ida M. Tarbell

Ralph Barton will continue his delightful weekly page of cartoons. Sandy and Lil, Liberty's famous cover serial by Leslie Thrasher, will continue to entertain Liberty readers.

THUS—even this early—it becomes apparent that Liberty will match its 1931 circulation guarantee to advertisers with an equally impressive 1931 editorial guarantee to its readers! With this program, and many more timely articles and delightful stories, Liberty will win more readers—more contacts for advertisers available at the lowest cost per thousand families among major magazines.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Tender gums . . "pink tooth brush"?



High time to switch to Ipana

THOUSANDS of tubes of tooth paste are bought simply because their users haven't thought about the subject for years. They overlook the sound progress, the new ideas that have so radically changed old methods and old formulas.

Before Ipana came along a tooth paste compounded to care for the gums was a rarity. Today, one that doesn't, does only half its work.

Thousands of dentists urge massage with Ipana for the care of the gums. Millions of people have found that Ipana guards their gums—wards off "pink tooth brush"—while it keeps their teeth sparkling white, their mouths clean, sweet and refreshed!

Gum troubles arise from soft food and subnormal chewing. Circulation lags and weak spots develop in the gum walls. "Pink tooth brush" tells of possible danger from more serious troubles.

But with Ipana and a light massage it's simple to restore to your gums the needed stimulation. You revive the flagging circulation, you strengthen the depleted tissues, you build resistance to disease and infection. For Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic that tones and invigorates the gums.

Ipana is the finest tooth paste your money can buy. It is scientific in formula, modern in conception. Ipana is not a cheap tooth paste. *But a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is never an expensive luxury.*

So get a tube of Ipana at the nearest drug store, and in one month let it show you how it improves the health of your gums and the brilliance of your teeth!

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